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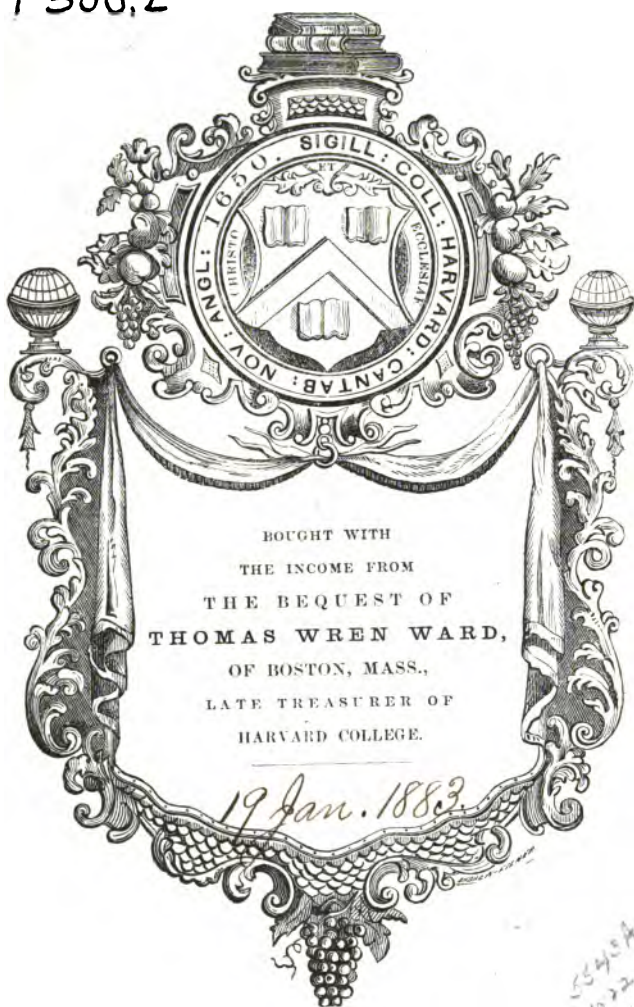
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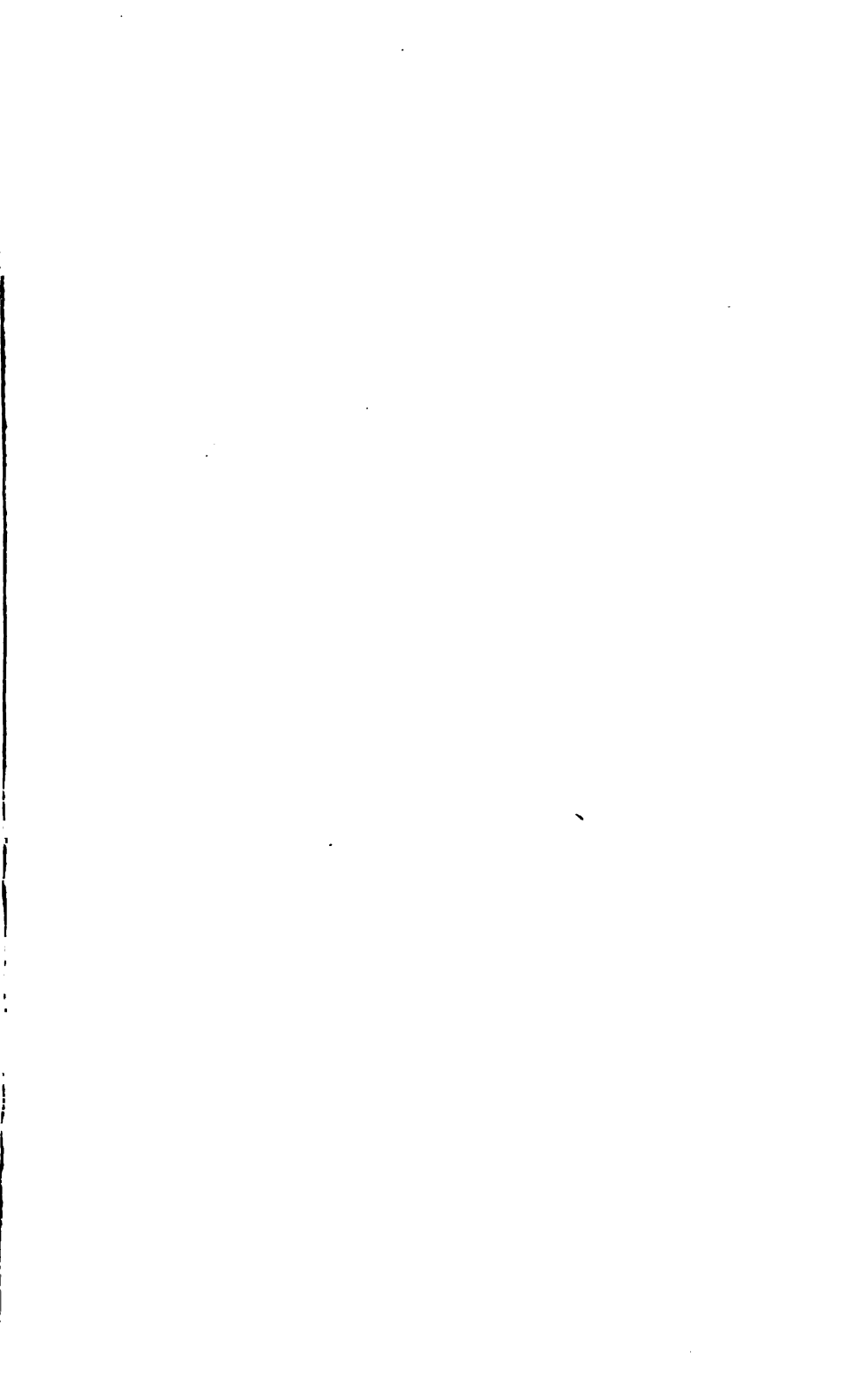
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OR,

MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

— “A just image of human nature, representing its humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind.”—DAVEN.

VOL. XI.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Published by

JOSEPH SHACKELL, 15, WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET.

SOLD BY LONGMAN AND CO.; WHITTAKER AND CO.; SHERWOOD AND CO.; SIMPSON AND MARSHALL; S. STRILL; W. STRANGE; CARVILL. NEW YORK: LANCE, PARIS; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN our little bark was first launched on the literary ocean, our friends and companions caressed us with zealous anxieties, till our sheets spread valiantly into a goodly volume.

Freighted with amusement, instruction, and genial dispositions, notwithstanding very numerous competitors ventured to hoist their type-sails with us and pass the customary current in the tide of 'Public Opinion,'—we, have met with no disasters from collision; but are steering our successful course, and arrived to the Port of our 'Eleventh Voyage' improved in feature; and, we hope, invigorated in constitution.

Were we to refer to the unanimous voice of the heralds of the *Press*, cordially recommending our commodities:—if our plaudits were heard from the sources which the *Drama* has experienced in selecting many of our original papers for adaptation:—were we permitted to print the various letters received in behalf of our value; and, to mention how often our volumes have been *reprinted*—our Preface would extend to a gossiping Essay, and assume an adulatory proof of egotistical distinction.

In this volume, as in its predecessors, we have scrupulously abstained from controversy:—our *Extracts*, which are ‘elegant;’ and our ‘*Original* articles,’ by Authors and Contributors of acknowledged talent, (whom we sincerely thank, and especially those of the ‘*Softer Sex*’) are varied, untedious, and novel.

Like SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, we can always write best, as he could paint, when most encouraged; we hope our Patrons, Subscribers, Readers, and Correspondents, will give us continued favour to be in good humour with our exertions in our future progress, which shall be more strongly directed; if possible, to the advancement of well-seasoned knowledge, and the conservation of additional supporters.

THE EDITOR.

OLIO OFFICE,

July 30th, 1833.



See page 3.

Illustrated Article.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.*

BY J. S. KNOWLES, ESQ.

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart *indeed* they had got it—but I love you to guess the book they had conned it from.

It was in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and

down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him, might have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlour, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age had begun to appear the woman.

* From the Edin. Weekly Mag.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtsying coloured, and walked to a seat next to the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore, in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtsying, coloured again; and sat down again without having interchanged a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her, and her bulk had expanded correspondingly; while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and

he had so many capital stories for Rosalie when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, every thing and every body in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a vale of haze; her bosom had enlarged its heavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it used to be, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample

drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavour of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of the young womanhood began its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman, which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled, and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go—he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting his eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such a one, and had fifty things to say to each of them: he had eyes and tongue for every body but Rosalie—not a look, or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here, and there, and everywhere! In short, he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all at

once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, he threw himself into a chair, and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife?" said a soft voice near him—"twas Rosalie's—"if you have," she added as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you."

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie!" replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," replied Rosalie, hanging her head, "and—and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There now; I have asked you," added she, "which is more than you deserve!" Of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard every body else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B——; that she hoped that Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of her head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. It was thus she learned to admire the face and person, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud,

that he *was* the handsomest young man in B——. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of any thing she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down, either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up if only in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks the female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed his wife?

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and specially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced, that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with every body but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him; found him sitting down with a book in his hand; perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on any thing but reading; she was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day indeed become his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before; and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done—"Ro-

salie," said Theodore, 'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I will get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded arm-in-arm to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well?"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie. "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us," said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for ever? Dear Rosalie! will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean *in play*, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice, recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others.—"

To whom did I play the suitor from that day! To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie! was I not always with you! Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house! When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you! Whom did I stand behind at the pianoforte, but you! Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you! Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me! No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you! Will you give yourself to me! Will you marry me! Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife!"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent," she exclaimed, and tried to get away, but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear that night in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding-day was fixed; it wanted but a fortnight to it, when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by the mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years before, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B—.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, tell-

ing him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to shew Theodore into the parlour when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"—"No."

Theodore was shewn into the parlour. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one; and then he is at large. A vicious-tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth; he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs upon four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! It is he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlour; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar! Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship all at once is going down. The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straightforward man: young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!" (How much more in place to have wished him a good halter!) Saying this, the straightforward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress; and steadily walked up stairs. It was several minutes before Theodore could recover his self-recollection; when he did so, he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you he has given me orders not to admit you again."—"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house. Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise me of the time and place," said Theodore; and the next moment the hall-door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness—which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself: at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore; "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go up to London, and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset; the sun had scarcely set when he was there, —and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half-way down the lane, she heard a light quick step behind her, and, turning, beheld Theo-

dore. Theodore's wishes were granted soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good bye—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers for ever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half-suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the preconcerted warning came; she heard it again; she had stopped till the last moment! She had half-withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck! In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns will not believe that gold is gold, unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to shew itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says, whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Shew but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why, you shall be brought into notice, even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!—He was certainly happy in one thing; the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's, whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with, is that which it receives from adversity. If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him!" In a day he was settled, and at his work.—And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of

making a fortune, and rising to fame in London? Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought that he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that, at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. " 'Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, yet the author had not twenty friends in the house.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEW HOLLAND NATIVE POLICE.

EVERY traveller, who has enjoyed an opportunity of personally observing the American Indians, the natives of the Polynesian groups, and other dark races, must have been struck with the amazing powers of vision and smell they enjoy. The acuteness of their senses appears to have been designed by Providence to compensate for their want of intellectual acquirements. The truly simple aborigines of New Holland, who have been designated as the last link in the chain of humanity, or the most distant remove from civilization, have been found to possess those powers in a pre-eminent and astonishing degree. Among many well authenticated instances of their displaying their truly wonderful acuteness, the following seems worthy of remark, particularly as it is connected with a strange and inexplicable circumstance that occurred about the same time, not many years since, and which may be

found on the records of his majesty's supreme Court at Sydenham.

A free settler, by name——Fisher, who had long successfully cultivated a grant of land in a remote district, and was well known to be possessed of a considerable sum of money, had been for some time missing at the nearest market-town, whither he had been in the habit of repairing with cattle and produce for sale. An inquiry was instituted by his acquaintance; and his head servant, or rather assistant on the farm, a convict, who had lived many years with him in that situation, declared that his master had left the colony for some time on business, but that he expected him to return in a few months. As the man was generally known as Fisher's confidential servant, his assertion was believed, although some expressed their surprize at the settler's abrupt and clandestine departure; for his character for honesty and sobriety was good, and, as far as was known, he owed no money in the colony. The month's wonder, however, soon subsided, and Fisher was forgotten. His assistant, meanwhile, managed the farm, bought and sold, and spent money freely. If questioned, which was but rarely, he would express his surprize at his master's delay, and pretend to expect him daily.

A few months after he had first been missed, a neighbouring settler, who was returning late on Saturday night from the market-town, had occasion to pass within half a mile of Fisher's house. As he was riding by the fence, which separated the farm from the high road, he distinctly saw the figure of a man seated on the railing, and at once recognized the form and features of his lost neighbour. He instantly stopped, and called to him familiarly by name; but the figure descended from the railing, and walked slowly across the field, towards the farm-house. The settler, having lost sight of him in the gloom, proceeded on his journey; and, on his arrival at his plantation, informed his family and neighbours that Fisher had returned, and that he had seen and spoken to him. The news soon spread from farm to farm; and most of the neighbouring settlers repaired, the next day, to visit and welcome their old friend. On inquiry, however, Fisher's assistant declared that he had not arrived; and affected to laugh at the settler's story, insinuating that he had probably drank too freely at market. The neighbours were not so easily satisfied; their dormant suspicions were awakened, by what they now began to consider a preternatural apparition; and they applied to the magistrates of the district, who directed an immediate

and strict investigation to be instituted. —Several natives, of well-known sagacity and fidelity, are attached to the Paramatta police, as constables, and are of invaluable service in tracing and pursuing bush-rangers, and other criminals who have absconded. One of these, known by the name of Sam, was ordered to examine Fisher's house and farm, and to endeavour to find traces of him in the bush. He set off, followed by most of the settlers belonging to the Nepean and other neighbouring districts, who had been collected by curiosity and intense interest. The farmer who had seen the figure resembling Fisher, pointed out the exact spot; and the black, having examined the railing, discovered a dark brown stain on the split timber, which he scraped, smelt, and at once declared to be "*white man's blood*." He then, without the least hesitation, set off in full run, after the manner of a staunch blood-hound towards a pond not far from the house. A little dark scum was floating on the surface; he scooped some off with his hand—smelt—tasted it—and cried out, "*White man's fat*." Having tried the field, backwards and forwards in different directions, as if to recover the scent, Sam led the chase to a small coppice. Here he bored the earth in several places with a ramrod, smelling the point every time until he paused, pointed to the ground, and said, "*White man here*." The spot was speedily dug up; and a corpse, sworn to by the neighbours as that of Fisher, was discovered, with the skull fractured, and in a state of rapid decomposition, evidently many weeks buried.

The guilty assistant was immediately arrested, and tried at Sidney, on circumstantial evidence alone—strong enough, however, to convict him, in spite of his self-possession and protestations of innocence. He was sentenced to death; and previous to his execution, made an ample confession of his guilt. He declared that he had murdered Fisher, while sitting on the very rail that the settler had pointed out, about three months before the appearance of that extraordinary apparition;—that he had, in the first place, dragged the body to the pond, where the black constable had discovered traces of it; but, that after it had been some days immersed there, his apprehensions of detection had impelled him to remove it to the coppice, where he had buried it by night, and alone.

Mon. Mag.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Here gentle steps, bright eyes, and feminine hearts,
Look on the vivid paintings, and, as taste
Or judgment dictates, smile applause, or turn
Indifferent. Here let candour rule the art,
And due desert award the meed to each,—
Whether a gem, a face, a landscape, flower,
A still life animal, or sculptured bust.

Our first visit to this hallowed, pictured spot was, what is termed in select vestry parlance, strictly private; but, in imitation of the aforesaid junta, we found a large portion of *ourself*, absent from the press, but present with the pre-age of an indubitable progress towards excellence and perfection in the art of oil painting in this country. Like adventurers in the lottery, *ourself* were busily looking after favourite numbers; and, like shrewd folks at sales, noting marginal interrogations, for the most engaging articles in the catalogue. These, pointed out with trite specification to old and new subjects, with old and new aspirants to fame, forwarded our *views*, and we were fixed at No. 65, *Fortuna*. J. Partridge. This is a delightful composure of animal and vegetable beauty. The sweet girl is spending the happy hour of childhood among flowers, as laughing and beautiful, in nature's nascent robes.

9. *A Solicitor*. H. Wyatt. Not a member of one of the inns of court, or a sprig of the limbed law thrusting into notice for practice, but a well painted and vigorous female, that cannot long solicit in vain, or fail in being solicited.

340. *Veiled Prophet*. D. McClise. The conception and execution of decided excellence. The passions are forcibly expressed. Mokanna unveiling before Zelica,—

"Here, judge if h—ll, with all its power to d—n,

Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

—He raised his *cell*—the maid turned slowly round.

112. *Maternal Affection*. G. Patten. In colour, tone, and character, this is an evidence of affectionate maternity; and such as pure natural feeling evinces when breathed from the tenderest recesses of a feminine bosom.

366. *Fishing Boats*. J. Starke. A sufficient number of smacks to produce a good landscape, without being stark naked.

163. *The Mourner*. Charles Landseer. Something touching and sentimental.—The mourner, the bereaved widow, is at the grave of her beloved one, and exhibits the true test of her trials in an exemplary manner.

1. *Peasants of the Cordilleras Moun-*

tains, Spanish America. J. Hayter. A fine painting, not every way worthy of the name which it bears; not that it is too *mule-ish*, but it wants grandeur.

15. *Children driving a hard bargain with an apple-woman.* T. Webster.—Here is a treat for boys! Conceive the urchins struggling for the choicest fruit for their spare cash; their teeth ready to grind the redstreaks to the very core: their eyes and hands eagerly in search after a gluttonous repast. The contrast of the apple-woman and her hard bargainers is finely preserved and freshly effective.

14. *John Anderson, my jo.* J. P. Knight. Much as the subject has appeared on canvas, it will not detract from the interest of this picture, which is faithfully described, and the drawing natural and correct.

Taking a peep at the 'Hawking Scene,' the 'Dog Leveret,' an 'Italian Flower Girl;' making our mouth water at a 'Fruit Piece;' paying a 'Visit to the Harem;' admiring the 'Head of Beatrice'—the 'Keeper going on his traps'—a 'Head of a Corsair'—'Landscape with cattle in the river'—'Lolah Dudee'—'Bleaching in the W. Islands'—'Garden in the Villa'—'View of Greenwich Hospital,'—and leaving our friends of the fair sex to play with 'the Dangerous Playmate,' wicked Cupid, we defer another paper, till space permit us to resume a correspondence with our catalogue.

OLIO.

CHARACTERS IN NELL GWYNNE. *For the Olio.*

With "Nell Gwynne," Keeley's counterpoints so droll,

Liston's *Moll Flagon's* swamp'd in *Orange Moll*;
Stockfish—an upright of the Cromwell caste;
Snowdrop—Gwynne's patroness, perhaps her last;

Joe Haines—a stroller of the crack-brain kind,
And *Betterton*, the masager, refined;

Sir Charles—a very Flower of the time;

Major Moken—Charles Hart, and groups in prime.

Here Blanchard's *Crowsfoot* proves the adage true,

"What fools are old men when the young they woo!"

His purse, watch, ring—the wine, and damask gown,

Are, in his dotage, coaxed without a frown:

Jones, as the smitten Monarch, poor in purse!
Exalts an orange girl, for *Aer* reverse;
But *Nell*, all life, recites the 'Prologue's' part,
Triumphs through Nature and sustains her Art.

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP AND HIS DOG.

COMING down Chestnut-street a few mornings since, our attention was attracted towards a cluster of people in the middle of the street. We hastened toward them with a view of ascertaining

the cause of the convention. It was not until we had made our way towards the centre of the mass, that we could even guess at the cause. The whole were silent, and looking wistfully at some object in the centre; we soon discovered what it was; a dog, of rather more than middling size, lay stretched out in the midst of the crowd. Shortly afterwards, a little chimney-sweep kneeled down beside the animal, applied his hand to his left side, withdrew it, lifted up the dog's head, let it fall, and rising slowly, with a heavy sigh, exclaimed, "he is dead." There was a cadence in the tone of the boy that particularly arrested our attention. We looked into his face; the tears that had gushed up into his eye, warm from the fountain of his heart, had worn furrows in his soot-encrusted cheek, so that had a painter desired to sketch an emblem of grief, the sweep-boy might have served his purpose with remarkable adaption.

The dog had been killed by the wheel of a carriage passing over his neck, and the solicitude of the sweep had drawn together the crowd.

A lad struck the dog with his foot, and observed, "he was good for nothing—he was neither pointer, setter, nor hound."

It was most true—the animal did certainly rank with "curs of a low degree," and the remark was well nigh disturbing the gravity of the assembly. But the poor sweep, who had borne a few taunts upon himself with patience, could not tamely hear his dog discredited.

"He may be good for nothing for you, and gentlemen who go a gunning," said the sweep, raising his eyes to the person whom he addressed, "but he was good to me. He has been with me, night and day, these three years, and once he saved me from drowning."

This was the true philosophy of the human heart. The poor sweep had turned upon himself the whole current of the dog's affection; and now that it was dried up, he felt how much his heart was to become a wilderness, and he "lifted up his voice and wept."

A person present gathered from the crowd a small sum of money, which he gave to the boy, adding, that he could purchase another dog with the contribution. The boy took the change into his hand with a bow of humble gratitude, and for a moment a gleam of pleasure beamed in his eye. He turned the pieces of money over with his finger, and paused, as if weighing some important question, at length he stood firm, and reaching his hand towards the person who gave the money, said, "I would rather not

have it; for I don't want to have a dog that is not as good as that was; and I'm sure," continued he, the tear starting from his eye, "I'm sure I don't want to lose another that is as good."

VILLAGE HAMPDENS.

FOR THE OLIO.

"Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man."

Whatever prodigality is found with many persons in voting large sums of money which does not really belong to them, but over which they have unlimited control, few are disposed to expend their own means in forwarding the interests of others in a pecuniary way, and rarely leave a name behind them in accordance with

"The two village Hampdens that with dauntless breasts,
The little tyrants of their fields withstood."

The first of these truly sterling characters was Mr. Timothy Bennett, of Hampton-Wick, who achieved the preservation of a rural privilege which is nearly lost in the other parts and environs of London. The foot passage from Hampton-Wick, through Bushy Park to Kingston-upon-Thames, had been many years 'a royal preserve,' and shut up from the public. Bennett, unwilling to leave the world *worse than he found it*, consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have 7007," said he, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is *all* I have, and it has been saved through a long course of industry." What a temptation to one of the legal profession!—but the lawyer, who had not been so much smit with the feeling of infirmity of getting filthy lucre as some thousands of his brethren, informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this effect. Honest Timothy, therefore, resolved to push his claim to the test, and procure so desirable a boon for his succeeding inheritors, the benefit of which is daily proved. In the mean time, however, Lord Halifax, the park ranger, was made acquainted with the prosecutor's intentions, and sent for him. Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, who records this interview, says, "I am possessed of an engraving, which represents Mr. Bennett, of an inimitably firm and complacent aspect, sitting down in the attitude of his conversation with his Lordship.* "And who are you that have the assurance to meddle in this af-

fair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, to have seen, when I was a young man sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by my shop to Kingston market; but, now, my lord, they are forced to go round about through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens; and, *I am unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it*. This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone! you are an impertinent fellow!" replied his lordship. But, on mature reflection, the nobleman, convinced of the equity of the claim, notwithstanding the advice of his friends to persist, and beginning to compute the ignominy of the defeat, yielded the point. Hence the road was opened, and the highways and byeways are engaged without molestation.

The other Hampden-like hero, was Mr. Lewis, of Richmond, who nobly resisted some meditated royal encroachments, and produced such a disinterested example in his life as to save for posterity the rightful privileges to which they are justly entitled.

Others of a similar nature might be added.

Mr. Wallop, of Draycot, a weaver, once contended the point with Sir James Tydney Long, and suffered himself to be ejected from the cottage he occupied, by giving offence to the baronet, who contemplated cutting off the roadway through Draycot Park. But, a petition being presented to Sir James, he renounced the idea, and the weaver was reinstated to the cottage rent-free.

J.Z.J.

THE OLD CHATEAU.

THE following scene is taken from the second volume of the 'Library of Romance.' It is necessary to preface it by observing, that the hero, broken alike in spirit and fortune, has sought shelter in an untenanted castle, the light at night from which attracted Liese's curiosity.

"The night she chose was dark, to conceal her form, and gusty, that her reasonably light tread might not be heard: and having screwed her courage to the sticking place, she stole out of the cottage, glided round the end of the chateau, climbed like a cat to a window several yards from the ground, unfastened it by inserting her hand through a broken pane, and, in another minute, found herself panting, more from mental excitement than bodily exertion, on the great staircase. She paused to listen; then bounded, like a deer, up a dozen steps,

* The inscription beneath the engraving is Timothy Bennett, of Hampton-Wick, Mid'sex, shoemaker, aged 75.

and paused. Here she heard a man's voice; and her heart began to quake. In another moment pride mastered fear, and advancing cautiously, she put back her hair from her ears, and endeavoured to catch the purport of his words. The tone was not conversational. It put her in mind of a declamation on the stage, or an address from the pulpit. The speaker paused frequently, and sometimes in an interrogative manner, yet there was no answer. Liese became less afraid every moment, and more eager after discovery; and at length, in a passion of curiosity, she darted up the remaining flight, without pausing till her ear was close to a door, through the chinks of which she perceived light; when she heard distinctly the following words, pronounced in a feeble but musical and manly voice. "My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. They change the night into day; the light is short because of darkness. If I wait, the grave is mine-home; I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, thou art my father: to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and he hath set darkness in my path. He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone; and my hope he hath removed like a tree. My harp is also turned to mourning, and my voice into the voice of them that weep. My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burnt with heat. I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls." This singular lament, which poor Liese imagined to be the spontaneous outpouring of a troubled heart, filled her with compassion. She knocked gently at the door. A sudden stir took place in the interior, and she could hear the sound of a man's foot upon the floor. While uncertain what to do, the stranger spoke again:—"His troops come together, and raise up their army against me, and encamp round about my tabernacle. Come on, ye sons of Belial, for I will sell my life by the inch! O earth, cover thou not my blood!" Liese opened the door in a panic, for she imagined that a crowd of the expected enemies were on the stairs, and women are always on the side of the minority. A young man stood in the middle of the floor, leaning with one hand upon a chair for support, while with the other he strove in vain to steady his sword, which he pointed towards the door. His countenance was pale and haggard, and a cluster of mat-

ted lock; as black as the raven's wing, hung over the forehead: beneath which a pair of eyes gleamed with so strange a lustre as to give an unearthly character to the whole head. Liese saw at once that the unhappy stranger was in the delirium of fever, and she retreated some steps, uncertain what to do. "Get thee gone," said he, "get thee behind me! The day of temptation is over, and hell shall not prevail against me!" His words became fainter; his sword fell from the trembling hand that held it; and before Liese could reach him he had sunk fainting on the floor. With some difficulty she lifted him up, and put him to bed: and while doing so, had an opportunity of scanning more closely his wan and wasted features. What was her surprise to identify them with those of the gay, the gallant, the handsome, the generous Carl Benzel! He had some time since been one of the most importunate of those customers who were wont to pay her in round money for her eggs, demanding kisses in change; and Liese had even confessed to herself, although to no one else, that if such transactions had not been altogether out of her way, Carl Benzel should be the purchaser. A stronger interest, therefore, attached to him now than that excited merely by his illness and destitute situation; and she considered with extreme anxiety what was best to be done. It was evident by his retiring to such a place that he was under a cloud—probably on account of some fatal duel; while it was not less evident that his fever was occasioned or exasperated by unwholesome diet. She saw nothing in the shape of provisions in the room, except some rank vegetables from the wilderness behind the house, that had once been the garden; and these the unhappy young man appeared to have been accustomed to boil, and eat without bread or salt. It was therefore necessary, at the same time, to supply him with proper food and necessities, and to conceal, even from her simple neighbours, the fact of his residence there at all. The step she took to effect the latter object was laborious. The room in which he lodged, overlooking the dark and melancholy court, was directly opposite the hamlet; and she removed her patient therefore, with all his household chattels, to a more convenient apartment behind, which commanded an uninterrupted view of the country. This done, she returned home to her cottage for warm milk and other wholesome provisions; and, in short, before the morning dawn, succeeded in making the ob-

ject of her compassion as comfortable as circumstances would allow. It was some days before her tender treatment, together with the medicine she brought from the town, had their due effect; but at length Carl Benzel began to open his eyes, and take cognizance of the things around him.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

The following is an account of the reception Dr. Adam Clarke met with at Kingswood School, where he went under the auspices of the celebrated Wesley.

The next morning early, Aug. 25th, he left the inn, and walked to Kingswood, and got thither about seven o'clock when the preaching in the chapel was about to commence. He entered with the crowd.

The preaching being ended, A. C. inquired of a young lad, whom he supposed to be one of the scholars, if Mr. Simpson (the head master) was at home? Being informed that he was, he begged leave to see him, he was introduced, and delivered Mr. Wesley's letter. Mr. S. appeared surprised; and said, "He had heard nothing of it, and that they had no room in the school for any one; that Mr. Wesley was now in Cornwall, but was expected in a fortnight;" and added, "You must go back to Bristol, and lodge there till he comes." These were all appalling tidings! Adam had travelled several hundred miles both by sea and land in quest of a chimerical Utopia and Garden of Paradise, and now all his hopes were in a moment crushed to death. With a heart full of distress Adam ventured to say, 'Sir, I cannot go back to Bristol, I have expended all my money, and have nothing to subsist on.' Mr. S. said, 'Why should you come to Kingswood? it is only for preachers' children, or for such preachers as cannot read their bible; and it appears from this information, that you have already been at a classical school, and that you have read both Greek and Latin authors.' Adam said, 'I am come to improve myself in various ways by the advantages which I understood Kingswood could afford.' Mr. S. replied, that, 'It was not necessary; if you are already a preacher, you had better go out into the work at large, for there is no room for you in the school, and not one spare bed in the house.' It was now with his poor heart—

Hel mihi! quanta de spe decidi!

The rest I shall give in A. C.'s own words: "At last it was agreed that there was a spare room in the end of the chapel,

where I might lodge till Mr. Wesley should come from Cornwall; and that I must stay in that room, and not come into the house. I was accordingly shewn to the place, and was told one of the maids should bring me my daily food at the due times. As soon as I was left alone, I kneeled down and poured out my soul to God with strong crying and tears. I was a stranger in a strange land, and, alas! among strange people, utterly friendless and penniless. I felt also that I was not at liberty, but only to run away. This, I believe, would have been grateful to the unfeeling people into whose hands I had fallen. But I soon found why I was thus cooped up in my prison-house. Mr. S. that day took an opportunity to tell me that Mrs. S. suspected that I might have the itch, as many persons coming from my country had [this was excellent from Scotch people, for such they both were]; and that they could not let me mingle with the family. I immediately tore open my waistcoat and shirt, and shewed him a skin as white and as clean as ever had come across the Tweed; but all to no purpose; "It might be cleaving somewhere to me, and they could not be satisfied till I had rubbed myself, from head to foot, with a box of Jackson's itch ointment, which should be procured for me next day!" It was only my strong hold of God that kept me from distraction. But to whom could I make my complaint? Earthly refuge I had none. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the feelings, I may justly say the agony, of my mind. I surveyed my apartment; there was a wretched old bureau wainscot bedstead, not worth ten shillings, and a flock bed, and suitable bed-clothes, worth not much more. But the worst was, they were very scanty, and the weather was cold and wet. There was one rush-bottomed chair in the place, and besides these, neither carpet on the floor nor at the bedside, nor any other kind of furniture. There was no book, not even a bible, in the place; and my own box, with my clothes and a few books, was behind at the Lamb Inn at Bristol; and I had not even a change of linen. Of this I informed them, and begged them to let the man (as I found he went in with a horse and small cart three times a week) bring out my box to me. To this request, often and earnestly repeated, I got no definite answer; but no box was brought. Jackson's ointment was brought, it is true; and with this infernal unguent I was obliged to anoint myself before a large fire (the first and last I saw while I remained there), which they had ordered to be lighted for the purpose. In this

state, smelling worse than a polecat, I tumbled with a heavy heart and streaming eyes into my worthless bed. The next morning the sheets had taken from my body, as far as they came in contact with it, the unabsorbed parts of this tartareous compound; and the smell of them and myself was almost insupportable. The woman that brought my bread and milk for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper,—for generally I had nothing else, and not enough of that—I begged to let me have a pair of clean sheets. It was in vain; no clean clothes of any kind were afforded me; I was left to make my own bed, and sweep my own room, and empty my own basin, &c. &c. as I pleased! For more than three weeks, no soul performed any kind act for me. And as they did not give orders to the man to bring out my box, I was left without a change of any kind, till the Thursday of the second week, when I asked permission to go out of my prison-house to Bristol for my box; which being granted, I walked to Bristol and carried my box on my head more than four miles, without any kind of assistance!

The Doctor being one day in company with the late Dr. Letsom, of London, the conversation turning on the resuscitation of persons apparently dead from drowning; Dr. L. said, "Of all that I have seen restored, or questioned afterwards, I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed from the moment they went under water, till the time in which they were restored to life and thought." Dr. Clarke answered: "Dr. L. I knew a case to the contrary." "Did you, indeed?" "Yes, Dr. L., and the case was my own; I was once drowned"—and then related the circumstances: and added, "I saw my danger, but thought the mare would swim and I knew I could ride; when we were overwhelmed, it appeared to me that I had gone to the bottom with my eyes open. At first I thought I saw the bottom clearly, and then felt neither apprehension nor pain;—on the contrary, I felt as if I had been in the most delightful situation; my mind was tranquil and uncommonly happy; I felt as if in Paradise, and yet I do not recollect that I saw any person; the impressions of happiness seemed not to be derived from any thing around me, but from the state of my mind: and yet I had a general apprehension of pleasing objects; and I cannot recollect that any thing appeared defined, nor did my eye take in any object, only I had a general impression of a green colour, such as of fields or gardens; but my happiness did not arise from

these, but appeared to consist merely in the tranquil, indescribably tranquil state of my mind. By and by, I seemed to awake as out of a slumber, and felt unutterable pain, and difficulty of breathing; and now I found I had been carried by a strong wave, and left in very shallow water upon the shore; and the pain I felt was occasioned by the air once more inflating my lungs, and producing respiration. How long I had been under water I cannot tell; it may, however be guessed at by this circumstance:—when restored to the power of reflection, I looked for the mare, and saw her walking leisurely down shore towards home; then about half a mile distant from the place where we were submerged. Now I aver. 1. That in being drowned I felt no pain. 2. That I did not for a simple moment lose my consciousness. 3. I felt indescribably happy, and though dead, as to the total suspension of all the functions of life, yet I felt no pain in dying; and I take for granted from this circumstance, those who die by drowning feel no pain; and that probably it is the easiest of all deaths. 4. That I felt no pain till once more exposed to the action of the atmospheric air; and then I felt great pain and anguish in returning to life: which anguish, had I continued under water, I should have never felt. 5. That animation must have been totally suspended from the time I must have been under water; which time might be in some measure ascertained by the distance the mare was from the place of my submersion, which was at least half a mile, and she was not, when I first observed her, making any speed. 6. Whether there were any thing preternatural in my escape, I cannot tell; or whether a ground swell had not in a merely natural way borne me to the shore, and the retrocession of the tide, (for it was then ebbing), left me exposed to the open air, I cannot tell. My preservation must have been the effect of natural causes; and yet it appears to be more rational to attribute it to a superior agency. Here then, Dr. L. is a case widely different, it appears, from those you have witnessed; and which argues very little for the modish doctrine of the materiality of the soul." Dr. Letsom appeared puzzled with this relation, but did not attempt to make any remarks on it. Perhaps the subject itself may not be unworthy of the consideration of some of our minute philosophers.

The doctor, speaking of a gun which had killed three persons, one of them a Lieutenant Church, says—

"Shortly after Lieutenant Church re-

ceived his wound, his brother, George Church, Esq., a gentleman of very large estates, was killed by a fall from his horse. Previously to these two disasters, strange noises were heard in the mansion-house called the Grove. The doors were said to have opened and shut of themselves; sometimes all the pewter dishes, &c. on the dresser in the kitchen were so violently agitated as to appear to have been thrown down on the floor, though nothing was moved from its place. Sometimes heavy treading was heard where no human being was; and often, as if a person had fallen at whole length on the floor above the kitchen! A. C. sat up one whole night in that kitchen, during Lieutenant Church's indisposition, and most distinctly heard the above noises, shortly before Mr. G. Church was killed by the fall from his horse. After the death of the two brothers, these noises were heard no more! What was the cause of the noises was never discovered. While on the subject of omens, it may not be improper to notice the opinion concerning *fairies*, then so prevalent in that country. It is really astonishing how many grave, sober, sensible, and even religious people, have united in asserting the fact of their existence! and even from their own personal knowledge, as having seen, or heard, or conversed with them! At a near neighbour's, according to the report of the family, was their principal rendezvous in that country. The good woman of the house declared in the most solemn manner to Mrs. Clarke that a number of those genteel people, as she termed them, occasionally frequented her house; that they often conversed with her, one of them putting its hand on her eyes, during the time, which hands she represented, from the sensation she had, to be about the size of those of a child of four or five years of age! This good woman with her whole family, were worn down with the visits, conversations, &c. &c. of these generally invisible gentry. Their lives were almost a burthen to them; and they had little prosperity in their secular affairs. But these accounts were not confined to them; the whole neighbourhood was full of them, and the belief was general, if not universal. From the natural curiosity of A. C. it needs not to be wondered that he wished to see matters of this sort. He and his brother frequently supposed that they heard noises and music altogether unearthly. Often they have remarked, that small fires had been kindled over night in places where they knew there were none the preceding day; and at such sights it was usual for them to say to each other. 'The

fairies have been here last night.' Whatsoever may be said of such imaginings and sights, though not one in a million may have even the shadow of truth, yet sober proofs of the existence of a spiritual world should not be lightly regarded. We may ridicule such accounts, till the Holy Scriptures themselves may come in for their share of infidel abuse."

ON DANCING.—When about twelve or thirteen years of age, I learned to dance. I long resisted all solicitations to this employment; but at last I suffered myself to be overcome, and learnt and profited beyond most of my fellows. I grew passionately fond of it; would scarcely walk but in measured time, and was constantly tripping, moving, and shuffling, in all times and places. I began now to value myself, which, as far as I can recollect, I had never thought of before. I grew impatient of control, was fond of company, wished to mingle more than I had ever done with young people. I got also a passion for better clothing than that which fell to my lot in life, was discontented when I found a neighbour's son dressed better than myself. I lost the spirit of subordination, did not love work, imbibed a spirit of idleness, and in short drank in all the brain-sickening effluvia of pleasure. Dancing and company took the place of reading and study; and the authority of my parents was feared indeed, but not respected; and few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now with frivolity, and the love of pleasure. Yet I entered into no disreputable assembly, and in no one case ever kept any improper company. I formed no illegal connexion, nor associated with any whose characters were either tarnished or suspicious. Nevertheless, dancing was to me a perverting influence—an unmixed moral evil; for although, by the mercy of God, it led me not to depravity of manners, it greatly weakened the moral principle, drowned the voice of a well instructed conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me to seek my happiness in this life. Every thing yielded to the disposition it had produced, and every thing was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did me; and I can testify (as far as my own observations have extended, and they have had a pretty wide range), I have known it to produce the same evil in others that it produced in me. I consider it, therefore, as a branch of that worldly education, which leads from heaven to earth—from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will; I know it to be evil, and that only. They who

bring up their children in this way, or send them to those schools where dancing is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions, so as to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature with an additional rankness, deep-rooted inveteracy, and inexhaustible fertility. *Nemo sobrius saltat*, "no man in his senses will dance," said Cicero, a heathen; shame on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters have been ruined."

From Life of Dr. Adam Clarke.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

THE late Lord J—e, who was killed in the neighbourhood of Vienna, by an accident, when at Oxford engaged a master to teach him drawing; for tuition, drawing-box, and other materials, a bill was presented to his lordship by the artist, when he said, "Give the bill, sir, to my servant; I never pay bills myself." The creditor urged, that a servant could not possibly be competent to judge of the correctness of his charges. His lordship rejoined, that he would not get his money through any other channel. Some days subsequently to this conversation, the servant came to discharge the account, insisting, at the same time, on a deduction of ten per cent, saying that it was an understanding between himself and his master, that he should demand that sum from all with whom they dealt; and that, in consequence, his master paid him no wages. This sapient lord could not see, that in such an arrangement, he was paying his servant treble wages. But what are we to think of the honesty of a man who could condescend to adopt such a mode of engaging a servant? If there are many masters like my Lord J—e, it could not be a matter of surprise that there should be dishonest underlings. That servants are dishonest generally, and that, too, through the medium of tradesmen, will not be denied by any observer of the times, and the events springing out of them.

I, some time since, out of commiserative feeling for a discharged butler, entered into a correspondence with Lady M—e. The man had been in her family for seven years, and had faithfully served her, which she was ready to acknowledge but on one occasion was represented to her as having been somewhat inebriated; for this he was dismissed, and although known to her ladyship to be a sober man all through his long service, yet she could never be prevailed on to notice

any application of his for a character. He remained three years out of employ, and, at length, being reduced to a state of desperation, he committed suicide. Does her ladyship ever repeat the prayer—

*The mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me!*"

One more instance of meanness. A servant of the Duke of N—'s father and grandfather was left a legacy of 20*l*. by each of them, for his good conduct whilst in their families, but which was never paid. After the lapse of some years, the servant, who had subsequently embarked in trade, through a series of unavoidable losses, failed; when a gentleman, an accountant in the city, who was told of the individual's claim, wrote a letter to the Duke of —, urging payment of the legacies. He replied, and gave as a reason for non-payment, that if he discharged this claim under the ancestor's bequests, that other legatees would come in with their demands, and with which he was not disposed to comply. A few months since, understanding that this person was now the only surviving legatee but one, and he having again met with heavy afflictions in his domestic affairs, I took up the case, and addressed two letters to his grace. In the first I set forth the justness of his claim, and the unfortunate situation of the claimant; in the second, I placed the matter before him as one of charity, and offered him testimonies of the individual's character and good reputation from all the respectable tradespeople resident in the same neighbourhood with him for years past. To neither of these appeals to his grace's feelings have I had a reply. How different has been the conduct of another really noble duke, the Duke of P—! On the death of his parent, the claims on the estate amounted to 60,000*l*., most of which could not legally be enforced; yet he promptly discharged the whole to the uttermost farthing, saying, the good fame and the will of his father was as dear to him as his own. In conclusion, on this person's case and situation being made known by letter to the last-mentioned duke, he, on return of post, not only commiserated his situation, but enclosed a 20*l*. note to relieve his necessities.—*Fraser's Mag.*

Table Talk.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM.—In the year 1806 the bishop published a charge, entitled the "Grounds of Separation between the Churches of

England and Rome." It is carefully and judiciously written, and negatives most completely the position many have assumed, that the bishop's intellect was narrow, and his attainments limited. It was assailed by many scribblers of the day, and amongst others, with singular violence by a Roman Catholic, named —. This gentleman fell, towards the close of his life, into circumstances of extreme indigence. By some accident his situation became known to the bishop. "He is a man of learning, and must be cared for," was his prompt reply. It was no passing emotion of the moment, easily uttered, and as easily forgotten. It was acted upon; for by the bishop's bounty (the man whose motives and intellect he had so grossly impugned) was Mr. — supported for many years, and buried. The name of his benefactor was concealed from him to the very last; nor did the bishop himself ever intend the circumstance to be known. Yet he could mark his sense of ingratitude, and more than once evinced the keenness with which he could detect instances where his bounty had been abused. A young artist had painted for him a picture, for which he was liberally paid. He had no patron but the bishop, who, seeing indications of talent about him, protected and fostered him, till he rose to considerable eminence in his profession. In the zenith of his fame the prelate reminded him of his early effort, and expressed a wish that the artist would re-touch it, and make a trifling alteration in the fore-ground, which the bishop suggested. The artist assented, and the picture was sent to his house. When finished, it was returned to his lordship, with the inquiry, "if he was satisfied with the alteration?" "Perfectly, Mr. —. What am I in your debt?" "Twenty guineas, my lord." (The original cost of the little landscape was five.) The bishop, without a comment, wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it in silence to the painter. "I am much obliged to you, my lord." "I agree with you, sir, in opinion," replied his lordship, with a bow, which told the painter their intimacy and intercourse were ended.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE.—Playing one day alone with the young Count L. in the principal drawing-room of the palace, they heedlessly upset and destroyed a very costly piece of *bijouterie*, which the duchess had expressly charged them neither to touch nor approach. On her return, her royal highness discovered the accident, and demanded how it had happened. "I," said Prince George, stepping boldly

forward, "I did it, mamma." On being subsequently asked why he had taken the entire blame on himself, when his companion was equally implicated, he replied—"Because I was the eldest, and ought to be punished most; and because," he added, "I looked in L.'s face, and thought he was about to deny it, and to say what was not true!"

ORIGIN OF USING BOATS FOR CARRYING HEAVY WEIGHT.—A remarkable instance of natural strength of mind and of untutored genius occurred as connected with the building of Dover Harbour. The conveyance of the stone from Folkstone was found to be very expensive, for in those non-march-of-intellect days, it was thought that land-carriage was the only means of conveyance for a heavy material like stone. A poor fisherman, named Young, who was perfectly innocent of all axioms of natural philosophy and the specific gravity of bodies, conceived, however, that water might be rendered serviceable to their views, in being made to convey even these large and heavy substances. His first experiment would have delighted the heart of Dr. Wollaston, it was on a scale so small and dapper. He tried whether a heavy body, like stone, could be borne up by water; and if it could, what quantity would float in half a walnut-shell. Finding his idea correct, he next tried the experiment in an egg-shell, and then in a small boat. The truth of his supposition being now proved, he communicated his success to Sir John Thompson, who acted as chief engineer, and who saw the vast benefit he should derive from it, both in a saving of labour and expense. He, therefore, ordered a large vessel, which they called a gabboth, to be built immediately; and so pleased was the King with the ingenuity of Young, that he ordered him to receive a pension of four-pence a day for life.

VANITY CHECKED.—The following is an instance of Mr. Hall's manner of checking inordinate vanity. A preacher of this character having delivered a sermon in his hearing, pressed him with a disgusting union of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. Mr. Hall, at length, said "There was one very fine passage, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray sir, which was it?"—"Why sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."—*Dr Gregory's Memoirs of Robert Hall.*



See page 30

Illustrated Article.

THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.*

A NORWICH RECORD.

By Edward Lancaster.

On the summit of a gently rising ground whose foot was kissed by the great river Ouse, there stood, in the year 17—, a small cottage of a wild and romantic appearance, almost covered by a variety of wild creeping plants, so that little of the primitive structure remained open to view, and, but for the smoke which tranquilly ascended from the chimney, few persons would have discovered its existence. The occupants were an aged and widowed female, and her son, in his twenty-second year, a fisherman. His father, Luke Dangerfield, had been in tolerably wealthy circumstances, and Paul, the son, received an education which might have fitted him for a higher station in life; but sad reverses reduced the old man's finances very low, and entering the navy, he was slain in the wars. Paul Dangerfield, by the most unflinching industry as a labourer, ga-

thered together a sufficient sum of money to purchase a fishing-boat, in conjunction with an old schoolfellow and companion, Mark Inderling. He formed the resolution of toiling night and day, until his mother was placed beyond the blighting influence of poverty, and he determined to soothe her declining years by all the affection which a son could bestow. A steady adherence to these principles made Paul become a great favourite with the inhabitants of Lynn, his neighbouring town, and no fish was deemed half so good as that which came from his net.

Mark Inderling was a mild good humoured young man, similarly circumstanced with Paul, having to support his parents, who were prevented by age from pursuing any laborious avocation. His was an every-day character. His good qualities were dormant, unless stimulated by an example, and he might then persevere in a good course; whilst Paul, although generally the first in forming resolves, was of a vacillating turn.

The friends were one evening returning with the produce of their day's labour, and the wind being leeward they hoisted

* From the Lady's Mag.

sail and tranquilly watched the sun sinking in crimson glory below the waters. Paul was, nevertheless, soon weary of this magnificent sight, and though he might have taken a transient pleasure in gazing on the scene before him, yet he would gladly have left it for a more bustling occupation.

"You seem vexed, brother Paul," remarked Inderling, observing the impatience which sat upon his brow.

"Like enough," returned Dangerfield; "I'm tired of this humdrum work." Then, with a sudden transition of manner which frequently characterised his conversation, he added, in a cheerful tone, "There'll be choice sport in town to-morrow."

"All the better for those who can enjoy it; but what do you allude to?" said Mark.

"Why, what else but the fair, to be sure. Wont to-morrow be the feast of St. Margaret, the day appointed as one of fun and jollity?"

"True, I recollect now;" rejoined Mark; "but what is that to us, Paul, who cannot spare a day from labour?"

"I'll tell you what, Mark," returned

Dangerfield, 'to-day's draught will put a few bright shillings into my pouch, and if that won't carry me through a few hours without work, I'll never cast net more."

"I should say spend it and be jolly, if no one depended upon you; but what will your mother do? She must not starve, and the next day, Sunday, you will lose two days by not attending the nets to-morrow."

"If the whole town starve, I'll not miss the fair to-morrow," said Paul decisively, and wishing for Mark's countenancing his idleness, he drew a forcible picture of the pleasure to be enjoyed in going, and concluded with an awful insinuation that, if his more prudent companion remained behind, he should consider meanness and avarice the cause of his absence.

Inderling, a little nettled, mused for some moments, and said, "To speak the truth, Paul, I'm as eager to be there as yourself; yet I can't, with a good conscience, without leaving something to make the old folks at home comfortable: so I'll go to Master Anderson, the sail-maker, and if he will give me a job, I'll

sit up all night, and take my pleasure to-morrow instead."

Paul, thus outshone in filial piety, bit his lip; but false pride prevented him from following the good precept, and he carelessly closed the conversation by laughingly designating Inderling, "a steady old file." Dangerfield's faults and excellences sprang alike from a thirst after pre-eminence. He was one of those daring spirits which ever love to be foremost; but the basis of his feelings was self-gratification, and that which contributed most towards it became for a time his darling passion. When his father died, he heard so many instances of acts performed by sons for their widowed mothers' sakes, that he became ambitious to excel them all, in order to hear the pleasing notes of flattery sounded in his ears. Hence a sudden transition from inactivity to action. The novelty of commendation wearing off, Paul's restless mind sought some other field wherein to display his pre-eminence, and none appeared more available than that of wrestling and other athletic exercises, which the forthcoming fair would afford.

With these views, Paul Dangerfield, accompanied by his friend Mark Inderling, proceeded to the fair; and after the companions had successfully displayed their prowess in several trials of strength, accident led them to a marquee, where the two prettiest girls in Lynn were dancing, in company with their rustic swains and relatives. Our heroes dearly loved a beautiful face; and it was not long ere they secured the hands of the attractive creatures for the next set. Dangerfield's partner was a lovely girl, two years his junior in age, and daughter to a respectable widow, named Howard, who kept an inn in the town. She had hitherto passed through life as a butterfly does a summer's day, and had never yet experienced rankling care. Surrounded by none but friends, and nurtured by a cheerful and indulgent mother, not only was she perfectly happy, but possessed the fascinating art of imparting a portion of such happiness to all who shared her society, how melancholy soever they might previously be. No miracle, then, that Paul soon became animated with reciprocal sensations; and, as he marked the arch yet innocent glances that shot mirthfully from her light blue eye, and listened to the notes of a voice which breathed nought but melody, he thought she would form a companion ten thousand times preferable to his lone, grief-worn, and, alas! neglected mother. On the other hand, Lucy, for that was her name, suffered a smile of gratification

to play unrepressed upon her vermeil lip, whilst attending to the little expressions of gallantry whispered by her partner; and she permitted him to lead her to a seat when they had gone through the prescribed number of dances together, rather than dance with any other partner.

Inderling, too, found his an equally attractive choice, and in some respects superior. Cecilia Bentley, the charming creature in question, belonged to that order of beauties emphatically termed *angelic*: and a dignity of soul, an acuteness of observation, softened by a purity of sentiment, were so forcibly depicted upon each lovely feature, that she might have equally served as a model for Juno, Pallas, or Diana. She had been reared and educated by a maiden lady of considerable property, who always expressed an intention of providing handsomely for her protegee, until a young fortune-hunting adventurer was lucky enough to persuade the old lady to change her name, upon which Miss Bentley was restored, without any ceremony, to her parents.

With enow of accomplishments to ensure her, by exercising them, a moderate independence, and sufficient girlish good humour to enjoy the harmless amusements of the middle classes, Cecilia rejoiced rather than repined at her emancipation from the formalities that had hitherto restrained her natural flow of spirits, and she hailed her entrance into the arena of life with an enthusiasm equal to that displayed by a traveller returning from the ice-bound regions of the north, when first he bursts upon the enchanting beauties of a verdure-clad landscape. The father of Miss Bentley had been master of a king's ship; but owing to wounds which disabled him, he retired on a pension to his native town, where, with the assistance of his wife's needle, he contrived to support existence, until his daughter was once more with him to add to his comforts.

But to return. Dancing continued until nearly ten o'clock, when, by some accident, a part of the tent caught fire; and, although the flames were immediately extinguished, it gave our heroes an opportunity of displaying their zeal in providing for the safety of their partners, who, becoming separated, by this means, from those who had accompanied them to the fair, gladly accepted the young men's offer of seeing them home in safety. This circumstance speedily led to a friendship between the parties, and, in another year, that intimacy ripened into love. The estimation in which Dangerfield was

held, induced Mrs. Howard to give a ready assent to his petition for her daughter's hand: nor was Inderling less successful, as his father had been mate in the same vessel in which Bentley had served, and the veterans rejoiced in the prospect of cementing their old friendship by an union between their children. Mark was thus rendered as happy as he could wish to be; his days were, as heretofore, spent on the deep; but at evening he delighted in devoting a part of that time, which he had usually allotted for rest, to the service of his affectionate Cecilia. Paul, on the contrary, soon forsook his industrious courses; the prospect of succeeding to the possession of the widow Howard's inn rendered him careless of the present, and too confident in the future. Much of his time was spent in habits of dissipation; and taking advantage of his good repute with the townspeople, he borrowed several sums of money, which he squandered in vicious pursuits. His benefactors, not long blind to these circumstances, became rigorous in their demands for repayment; and, in consequence, the frankness which formerly gained him golden opinions, now became audacity; his courage, brutality; so that he daily lost that esteem more and more, which it had been so much his ambition to endeavour to acquire.

Amid all this, the fond confiding Lucy still remained faithful. Her own innocence prevented her from suspecting the absence of it in Dangerfield, and she listened to his vows of love with sensations of unmingled delight. It is true, she perceived many of his irregularities, and deeply deplored them; but where is the girl who will not find excuses for a lover? She reflected upon his youth—upon the loneliness of his situation, and indulged the fond delusive hope, that when they were united, he would again become an ornament to the sphere in which he moved. "He will, then," she inwardly exclaimed, "redeem his promise to sacrifice every fancied enjoyment for my happiness, and, in so doing, permanently secure his own!" Mrs. Howard, however, who knew more of human nature than Lucy, marked with strong dissatisfaction Paul's gradual degeneracy, and determined to rescue her much-loved child from the dreadful lot which seemed to await her should she become his wife. He was one evening seated near Lucy, filling her ear with delusive promises of amendment, when Mrs. Howard entered the room unperceived, and paused awhile before she advanced.

"But why not, dear Paul," said Lucy, "why not at once break the trammels which your own misdirected ambition has imposed upon you, and content yourself with being what you once were, rather than be the admired and feared leader of a dissolute society?"

"Sweet!" replied Paul, gently, "These things must be effected by degrees. The moral man may affect to despise my present pursuits; yet, were I suddenly to abandon them, I should be scorned as a half-repentant driveller, who was only sorry for the distinguished eminence he had attained in—in *folly*, because his talents were insufficient to maintain it. No, no, Lucy—all will be well, but we must await its own good time first."

"All *must* be well, and that instantly, or Lucy shall never be yours," said Mrs. Howard, advancing.

Paul's eye flashed fire; but suddenly assuming a milder deportment, he replied, "So be it then, madam; for Lucy's sake I submit, and bid at once good night to all riotous enjoyments."

"And return to your usual avocations!" added Mrs. Howard with a searching look.

"Oh yes, certainly—by all means!" replied Dangerfield quickly, in evident confusion.

"Of course, in continued partnership with Mark Inderling!"

"To be sure I will, madam," said Paul, peevishly.

"Dangerfield, you would deceive me," said Mrs. Howard, calmly but indignantly—"Have you not sold your share of the boat to Mark; and, in addition, wrung from the young man's generosity a considerable portion of his hard-earned gains? How then can you expect—"

"No more questions!" interrupted Paul, with impatience: "if I am his debtor he shall be faithfully repaid. But enough of this nonsense! Lucy, my love, fill me a glass of brandy."

"Lucy, retire immediately to bed!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard. "Paul needs no liquor, and you shall no longer converse with him."

"Oh mother, I can't leave you thus!" cried Lucy, bursting into tears: "he will reclaim his errors,—I am sure he will! Say so, Paul; my mother cannot disbelieve you." The sobs which had impeded her utterance would not permit her to say more, and Dangerfield was about to speak, when Mrs. Howard, faking Lucy's hand, gently led her to the door, and said, in a placid yet resolute tone, "I can easily forgive this disobedience, because it is your first offence of the kind, but be careful not to repeat it. Go to your own

room, my child, and depend upon it that I am only considering your future peace. God bless you, Lucy! Good night." With these words, she imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her cheek, and closed the door ere further remonstrance could be offered.

"Am I to look upon this as a premeditated insult, madam?" said Paul, starting from his seat as Lucy departed.

"Look upon it as a sign of my altered opinion concerning you, sir," returned Mrs. Howard: "your own wickedness has occasioned this; and to your own reflections I leave you to find out the remedy."

"Stay, Mrs. Howard!" cried Dangerfield, catching her hand; "stay but for one moment, I implore you, and tell me that this separation from Lucy is not intended to be final!"

"It is final," said Mrs. Howard.—"You surely cannot imagine me so lost to the duties of a mother, as to suffer her to marry a man whose misconduct in every way proves him so unworthy of a virtuous girl!"

"And is there no way—none in the world, to turn aside your resolve?" asked the agitated young man.

"Yes; I will propose one.—From the profits of my business I have saved five hundred pounds for Lucy: reform your conduct, amass an equal sum, and she is still yours."

"Five hundred pounds!" vociferated Paul: "as well bid a coal-pit yield the produce of an Indian mine. How, in the name of Heaven, am I to raise such a sum?" But he spoke to the walls, for Mrs. Howard had left the room. The feelings with which he also quitted it were those of anger, hatred, and revenge. What little of remorse Dangerfield might have felt now vanished, like a sand hillock in a brisk breeze. He plunged nearer than ever into the whirlpool of destruction, and, in the delirium which its eddies occasioned, lost all reflection upon consequences. In vain did his widowed mother represent her distressed state to him; in vain did recollections of Lucy flit across his brain; and in vain did his bosom friend, Mark Inderling, urge him to resist the further inroads of vice. Paul vauntingly exclaimed that he would brave every danger, and he hastened to support the empty bravado with large quantities of ardent spirits. Yet it was rather amongst his dissolute companions, than to those who once respected him, that these boasts were made; and it was not until by repeated and desperate efforts he repressed every latent germ of better feeling, that he stood forth the uncloaked

—the naked villain, who professed to pursue crime for the sole purpose of proving himself a master in her ways!—Having one evening committed a breach of the peace, Dangerfield was confined in the cage with several of his associates, and in the morning carried before a magistrate. After a long examination most of the young men were committed, for different terms, to prison. On account of previous good character Paul was suffered to depart, upon paying a trifling fine. Instead of soothing, this galled him to the quick: his proud spirit could not brook submitting to any punishment, however lenient, and he vowed a bitter and deep revenge, by outraging still further those laws against which he had been the first aggressor. To effect this he joined a gang of poachers, and soon signalised himself by the same success which attended him in all he undertook; and so fascinated was he with his new way of living, that he used every persuasion to induce Inderling to adopt it also. His friend, however, was proof against his wiles: a sense of duty served as an effectual safeguard; and, although he had too often allowed Paul to lead him into trifling irregularities, yet he never lost sight of the path of rectitude. Still he could not summon fortitude entirely to forsake his friend's society. There was a certain blandishment in Dangerfield's manners which, had it received the polish of high life, would have rendered him one of those accomplished villains who can "smile, and murder while they smile." As it was, he was enabled to cast a spell over his associates difficult to be shaken off; and—but for his inclinations—his talents would have enabled him to achieve more, in the cause of virtue, than many of those whose profession it is to teach it. It seems surprising that a man, possessing so many natural advantages as Dangerfield, should pursue so ignoble a course. But whether he served heaven or hell he cared not, so long as his fellows placed him at their head. We now proceed with our narrative.

Lurking cautiously, one evening, near the residence of a confederate, to whom he always sold his game, a slender form hastily passed by, which Paul instantly recognised to be that of Lucy Howard.

"Lucy, Lucy!" he exclaimed, following and catching her hand; "have you not one word of comfort for the heart-broken outcast, Paul?"

"Oh, heavens, Dangerfield! is it you?" cried the gentle girl. "This is indeed cruel;—you might at least have suffered my sorrows to destroy my peace, without further aggravation."

"Unkind Lucy, thus to reproach one who has so long been unable to see you," said Paul, with a tenderness which he well knew how to assume. "But I fear that I am already forgotten, and that the arbitrary counsels of your mother have had their effect."

"You wrong me, Paul—indeed you do; I think of you every moment of the day, and when I sleep, it is but to dream that you are present," returned Lucy, in that tone of confiding gentleness ever used by the innocent in breathing the secrets of affection.

"Is it truly so? Ah, how undeserving I am of this kindness!" said Paul, with a sigh.

"Undeserving, indeed," rejoined Lucy; "and I tremble to think of the consequences of your wicked life—I do, indeed, Paul!" Then giving vent to her tears, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed forth, "Oh, Paul! why did you not try to deserve me, instead of utterly casting yourself away?"

"Lucy, you madden me!" exclaimed Dangerfield, with a mixture of desperation and ferocity; "but," added he, in a calmer voice. "I know you mean it for my good. Follow, then, the task you have begun—consent to be mine—for once, be deaf to your tyrannical parent, and your intentions will be answered. I will then study to deserve you—will forsake every evil habit, so prosper me, heaven!"

"It is too late, and that very proposal convinces me of its impossibility," exclaimed Lucy, with peculiar energy; and starting from his touch, she added, "Paul! when you tempt me to forget a daughter's duty, you break for ever the tie which binds us; farewell, till you know me better;" and bounding forward, she was lost in the darkness.

Dangerfield remained for some moments transfixed; every bad passion he possessed took possession of his heart; and with parched mouth, and burning eye, he rushed furiously down the street. On reaching the end, he was met by Mark Inderling, who, cordially, extending his hand to greet him, said, "Whither bound in such haste?"

"In quest of a friend," said Paul, exerting himself to appear calm. "Suffer me to return your question—whither bound?"

"To my own dear Cecilia," replied Mark, "I am rather late to-night; but the wind blew a cap-full, and I found some trouble in steering safely."

"Bye the bye," observed Dangerfield, "we have of late been so much asunder, that I don't think I've ever put eyes upon

your sweetheart since I first saw her at the dance."

"Indeed! then come along with me; and you shall see her to-night. She's a sweet soul!" exclaimed Inderling. Paul accepted the invitation, and, taking his friend's arm, walked moodily along till they reached Cecilia's residence. Mark gently tapped, and they were immediately admitted. Nothing could surpass the astonishment and admiration which thrilled the frame of Dangerfield when he looked upon the superlative beauty of Cecilia Bentley. Lucy, whose principal charm dwelt in an innocent prettiness, faded in the contrast; and a flame—of passionate desire, rather than love—lit up a fierce struggle in his bosom. Paul had, however, sufficient presence of mind to suppress those emotions; and he listened, with well-assumed carelessness, to the artless yet sensible conversation of Cecilia, who, with a happy mixture of reserve and gaiety, put forth her powers of pleasing—unconscious of the character of the man whom Mark had so thoughtlessly and injudiciously introduced as a chosen friend.

To be continued in our next.

MISERIES OF LARGE FEET.

A cock's-stride take, and ye will make
Pedestrian progress for time's sake.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR,—Whether it is a privilege or not, to be in the active possession of a large pair of feet, is a problem hardly worth solution. But of this I am quite sure, that many inconveniences, not to say misfortunes, have occasioned me to lament that Nature had, in her distributions, given me a pair of feet any wise than 'smaller by degrees and beautifully less.'

While yet I was very young in leading-strings, the nurse upbraided me that my ten toes were always in the way, that I stumbled over every thing, and sprawled about the nursery in no measured lengths, to the discomfiture of my parents' domestics. And, as regularly as the morning came, so constantly were my feet put in penance, like those of Chinese females; and it was a mercy for me, whatever the proud may think, to be out at toe. What with twisting and squeezing, and screwing the 'pretty shining moroccos' on, the tenor flute of my voice, and the nursery girl's cruel pettishness, sent forth a 'hue and cry,' sure to keep the household in agitation till my toes were compressed into close communion. The growth of corn of various qualities were in little

time produced, and long before I became acquainted with the author of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I was congratulated with the personal visit of a bunnion, and was advised to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca to get my soles hardened by the use of parched peas. In my being educated, as soon as I learned 'Long Measure,' I was pleased in finding twelve inches made a foot, and hoped as 'Square Measure' so far encouraged my views, I should, in the attainment of manhood, be a rival of my uncle Square Toes, the quidnunc. Having once mentioned this with shy exultation to the shoemaker, who had already brought me to feel 'where the shoe pinches,' he heaved his shoulders with a sigh of credulity, and, slipping his measure outside my toe and heel, said—"Ah, my dear youth, I hope you will continue growing for years to come, but—" "But what?" I inquired.—"What, sir, you are a fine lad; and, pity 'tis—'tis true, will soon be a favourite with ladies, but—" "But what?"—"I fear you will never be able to dance on the 'light fantastic toe.'"—"Nonsense!" I observed, and left master snob in dudgeon. But, my good-natured mamma called me back, and insisted on Mr. Crispin making me an easy fit, which proved like the predecessors befittingly suited to cripple me. One friend (a good-natured friend, of course) said, I must bear my lot a few days, walk a few miles, and have patience, or be content to wear a *seed-tip*. Another advised me to have my shoes made with long quarters, my feet would look smaller; but this advice proved almost as broad as long, and I complied with Aunt Maria's wish, by trying the effect of a nice, easy pair of half boots, as I might grease my heels, and slip glibly into their soles. With these, I managed pretty well on horseback, but entering a room, the girls tittered, by reason of the impressions I made on the carpet, their slim heels or petticoes. Memnon forgave me, for my great toes were likened to his. I stammered a thousand apostrophes, and resolved to hide my feet under the table, and stretch their length in unobserved repose. This gave me a turn for cards, though a few maidenly ladies complained of somebody's feet being always in the way holding converse with their partners, or scraping acquaintance with a new bed-fellow—farthest from my thoughts. I regret to confess that many flosses, flowery margins, and furbelows, owed their 'ground rents' to my birdlime tread. I was advised to try wrestling for the village prizes, because I could kick

like a horse, and not be lightly shod. At my friendly visits, the footmen were at a loss to furnish me with a pair of slippers. At the inns on the road, boots was not less perplexed. My paces were not allowed equally fair in duelling.—I was considered unfit for celestial bliss, because I could not walk in the 'narrow path,' or stand in other men's shoes. None disputed the greatness of my understanding. When I think of the pinching of the Chinese—when I see shop-windows with shoes of all degrees but mine—when I view the 'Red riding-hoods' for all the enchantment of love and chivalry, I despair of making a lady happy. The first impression must be naturally made to the foot, and not the heart. I hear an elastic creature of fairy lightness say—"What a monstrous pair of feet!" Boots I have not worn since a new pair were cut off my legs to the swelling of insteps. Such remarks as these were my audible comforters—He comes from 'Footscray,'—Lives at the Red Boot,—Ought to wear socks or buskins,—Keeps large joints at his eating-house,—He's webfooted perhaps,—Tom Thumb in his seven leagued boots,—Gog or Magog,—Juan's shoes under the bed,—The successor of the twelve toed giants in scripture,—Like King William, perhaps, he'll die without issue,—No relative of Miss Foote,—How would his trampers look in sandals,—Ursa Major by his paws,—No rope-dancer he—his feet were never pentameters; and so on. Yet with all, I have, perhaps, escaped many temptations to err, and may console myself that the marks of my shoes will not be traced to balconies or steel-traps. Many may laugh at what Nature has not considered defective in me; and, though blessed as they think with diminutive feet, their heads may be as thick as they are long. If their noses are turned up, I can turn up my toes, and I defy them to quote more justifiable language than this—'Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn, and my feet shall show forth thy praise.'

SAM SOLECIISM.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S AVERSION TO PORK.

To the Editor of the *Olio*.

SIR.—On reading the 'Life of Dr. Adam Clarke' in your last number, I recalled to mind a visit I paid with him to the house of a member of the Wesleyan connexion. At dinner time, when the meats were served up, a *fine roast leg of pork* appeared on the table; the Doctor, on perceiving it, rose from his

seat, and directed his attention to the window facing the street (Upper-street, Islington.) The host, fearing the Doctor was taken unwell, inquired of him if that were the case? The Doctor made no reply, but left the room, followed by the host. When they had descended the stairs, the Doctor shook him by the hand, and said—"My dear friend, *I have an aversion to pork, and cannot bear it in any shape*; but, a slice of bread and cheese, with a glass of water, will content me in this your little parlour; and, that you may not disappoint your friends up stairs, go up, make some trifling excuse, and I will join you when the cloth is removed. With this, the host complied, and their lively guest re-appeared, as if nothing had happened. Ever after, when the Doctor was expected to dinner, care was taken that not one vestige of 'swine's flesh' was present.

VERAX.

THE WORLD MILL. For the *Olio*.

"Two men shall be grinding at the mill—one shall be taken and the other left."

The world is a mill, and its grinders are men;
The moulder is Nature and Passion is will;
And their lots are so cast, that of nine out of ten
Turn the wheel like a horse in a mill.

The monarch, whose power is the greatest to sway,
And is throned in his crown like an oak on a hill,

Must the bulk of the state and the nation obey,—
What is he, but a king in a mill?

Look hither or thither, count numbers or few;
Whether gay or sedate, in the camp or the drill;

Though they differ in routes, the same end they pursue,
And are chain'd by a link to the mill.

Why trouble for riches? why weep for the lost?
Why vex with your neighbour that sadness should kill?

'Tis ordain'd, and 'tis wisely, at every one's cost,
All should pull, might and main, in the mill.

Intimations of New Books.

The Life of William Cowper, Esq. By Thomas Taylor.—*Life of Milton.* By T. Ivimey.

THE lives of two of our most eminent poets, fraught with mental and domestic vicissitude, written in the best taste of biographical feeling, will be read by the admirers of the muse of Cowper and of Milton, with sympathetic regard.—While Mr. Thomas Taylor has executed his task in a truly christian and reflective spirit, Mr. T. Ivimey has delineated the experience of the author of 'Paradise Lost' with delicacy; and we recommend each work as eminently fit for the library, the book-society, and inquiring reader.

The House of Colberg. A Tragedy.

By T. J. Serle.

A beauty of imagery, drawn from nature; a freedom of expression, consistent with the identity of the persons, and a tragic vein, are the pervading attributes of this elegant dramatic composition.

Scenes in North Wales.

A very interesting work, imbued with a love of the beautiful scenery and historic portions contained in North Wales; just such an expositor as a topographer is delighted with; and such as will yield pleasure to a non-resident.

Twelve Golden Rules for Cigar Smokers.

The conductors of divans, the disciples of smoke, and the novices in cigars, should study these twelve golden rules.

Ladies' Pocket Magazine. Robins.

We have perused this monthly periodical with much pleasure. It contains 'original fashions' for the fair sex—'tales,'—'Parisian correspondence,'—'prose and poetry,' chiefly by talented contributors; and a judiciously selected variety of light and instructive reading, such as comports with its title, and insures it a favourite position in the boudoir.

The Minstrel and other Poems.

The author of the 'Minstrel and other Poems' has attempted to be versatile, and produced various metrical pieces. We like his muse better for steering out of the moody path of poetasters. The subjects are chosen with taste, and described in animated language.

The Mother's Story Book. By Mrs. Child.

Not any book more suitable for the morals, manners, and amusements of the rising generation.

Tombleson's Views of the Rhine. G. Virtue.

The thirteenth number of this cheap publication is before us. It contains the engravings of Andernach, Ehrenbreitstein, the Castle of Johannesburg, and eight pages of descriptive letter-press for sixpence. Few can achieve so cheap and popular an undertaking; we may apply a line of the poet in this instance, by substituting *price* for *vice*—
'As Virtue advances, so *price* recedes.'

New Music.

Ho! for Merry England! and the Poet's Bride. Poetry by Miss Pardoe. Music by Mr. D. Lee.

These poetic and melodic compositions are pleasingly expressed, and promise to rank with the choicest morceaux of the season.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Second Notice.

Out of a florid garden, some pluck here—
Some there; some choose for scent; some call
a leaf;
And others love the richness of the blossom.

By renewing our acquaintance with this picture gallery, we were happy in recognising an old friend with a new face, a notice of which appeared in our 5th vol. page 363, when preparing the model for sculpture. *Love among the Roses*, by an artist of great promise, Mr. Charles Smith. It is modelled in unison with a couplet by Ben Jonson—

Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by the wind and showers.

Disarmed of potency, tending to make mischief with young maidens' hearts, the 'dear little fellow' lies in morphean-winged innocence, and draws ardent eyes and whispering lips to the rosy and poppy bed. The No. 544 near it, is the *Young Reaper*, by R. Westmacott, Jun. The female is in her summer vesture, simple and elegant, supported by sheaves. The ears of corn in one arm, the reap-hook in her right hand; and, as if waiting to ply herself to the sunny toil of the field, she indicates by her smile the pleasure in which her duties are performed.

472. *The Winter of Life*. T. Clater. The sombre gloom the artist has cast into the depths of nature, suitably accords with the season to which age arrives; and, by the placidity of the recipient, this is not her 'winter of discontent.'

502. *Sketch in Van Dieman's Land*. W. Glover. This sketch may be faithful enough, but it is not sufficiently vivacious to warm our mercurial state of temperature for emigration. As a representation, however, of a spot so commended by settlers, we would not, by any remarks, discourage adventurers, especially as Mr. Glover has evinced so much talent in his sketch.

18. *The Barrier*. E. Landseer.

"Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage."

A nobly featured dog is between the cat, *hors de combat*, and her kitten, quite unconcerned, on the stairs. The placid fortitude in the canine, and the irascible puffedupness of the feline animal, finely comport, by the contrast exercised in an inimitable degree.

40. *Ancient Britons*. T. Partridge. The two figures are described in all their strength of muscular proportion, and would form a fine study if compared be-

side the dandy race of our pasteboard fashionables.

56. *View in the Ardennes, Netherlands*. Max. Geleassin. A very good and varied view, in the possession of which we could fain bid adieu to criticism, and pass our days in philosophic content, with a converse with nature.

24. *The Gardener's Dinner Hour*. W. Kidd. All the coterie are drawn together by health, hunger, and duty to partake of the wholesome fare, and desire nothing more than their state in life requires. A moral is here offered to the ascetic and gourmand, which might reconcile them to plain courses, antidote of gout and megrim.

72. *Falstaff—from the Merry Wives of Windsor*. W. Kidd. Poor soul! here his destiny is to be ducked, without mistake. He is thrown into the Thames and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge; like a horse shoe, hissing hot—think of that—think of that—Master Brook.

399. *Homeward Bound*. W. Derby. A true English sailor, calmly anticipating the pleasures of home, with his cargo suspended to a stick across his shoulder, containing presents from a foreign clime to his lovely Sal, and a few stores for poor old father and mother, if alive.

424. *The Pride of the Cottage*. R. A. Clack. The pitcher in her hand, her straw bonnet in the corner, and her cloak tied with a purple ribbon over her breast, with a pretty face in full sensitive attraction, renders this subject one of quiet satisfaction.

97. *A Cherub Meditating*.—R. Westall, R. A. We admire the attitude, but there appears more ardour than meditation; the features may be cherubic, but not certainly beautiful.

114. *Cupid on the watch*. J. King. Oh! the urchin! sure never to watch in vain. He is wary, and armed; his aim will not miss, should any miss fall into the labyrinth.

202. *Boys with a Monkey*. P. Simpson. The eager enjoyment which is felt by the boys—the grim submission of the monkey, and the varied colouring, do equal justice to the subject and the painter.

214. *Horses and Waggon crossing a Brook*. F. R. Lee.

215. *Bridge over the River Dart*.—Idem. Two creditable pictures, well describing the titles they bear.

183. *The View at Cheddar*. I. P. Andre.

155. *Salisbury from the Meadows*.—J. Constable, R. A.

130. *Pheasant*. E. Landseer, and several others marked, compel us to close for another opportunity.

"Step on, dear, Diana drop the flowers."
OLIO.

FATE OF A SNAIL IN A BEE-HIVE.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR,—A snail took it into his head to steal into the glass hive in my window. There was no entrance to pass through but the proper one. and in the animal went. The porters received him very rudely at the gate; and the first attacks they made upon him with their stings, obliged him to march with more expedition; but the stupid creature, instead of retreating, thought to save himself by going forwards, and he advanced into the very middle of the hive, upon which a whole troop of bees fastened on him at once, and he immediately expired under their strokes. The conquerors were then in no little perplexity how to get rid of the carcase, and a council was instantly held. As I understood their debates, from first to last, the most experienced sage among them reasoned thus—"To drag the carcase out by main strength, is an impossibility; the mass is by far much too unwieldy, and, besides, the body is fixed to the floor of the hive by its own glue, and to leave it where it lies would be very inconvenient, because it would prove an alluring regale to the common flies, and at the same time be liable to corruption and worms; and these worms, when they have devoured the snail, will infallibly ascend to the comb, and attack the young bees." The danger was evident, and required an immediate remedy. The bees had more presence of mind than I possessed. They incrustated the whole snail with glue, and cemented it so close that all the external air was excluded; and, as no insect could have access to deposit her eggs in the carcase, when this should be reduced to corruption, no malignant steams would transpire through the inclosure.

MAMELUKE.

RUSSIAN MILITARY ORDERS.

THESE orders are of very little value in the eyes of foreigners, on account of their number, yet eagerly sought after by the natives, as on them all consideration hinges. A colloquy which took place between a Turk and a Russian officer on this subject is curious enough, as shewing a decided difference of opinion.

"What is this?" said the Turk, point-

ing to one of the three crosses dangling from the other's neck.

"The cross of St. Anna," replied the Russian with pride, "given me by the emperor for my services."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Turk. Then, producing a handsome snuff-box, "The sultan gave me this for my services, is it not better? What is this?" said he, touching the second cross.

"St. Vladimir," replied the Russian, rather hurt at the comparison made by his interlocutor, "also given me by the emperor for my services."

"Wonderful!" again exclaimed the Turk;—"and this," shewing a richly emblazoned Koran, "was also given me by the sultan on another occasion, when I pleased him; is it not better?—What is this?" he concluded, pointing to the third cross.

"Ah!" cried the Russian, with a look of triumph, "this is the most precious token of my sovereign's regard; this is the cross of St. George, only bestowed for courageous actions; to gain it nearly cost me my life."

"God is great," said the astonished Mussulman. "You are easily satisfied. Behold!" he added, drawing out a purse of gold, "the sultan gave me this as a reward for my services against you on such a day. Friend, the sultan knows better how to recompense merit than your emperor."

This story was current among the Russians.

Stade's Travels.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

Continued from page 7.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence—the offspring of fair success—took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye, "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself; at night he is greeted by the applause of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this?—And what would Rosalie say when she read the utter domination

of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures!

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd, indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And is this London!" exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, not the line of a play upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," replied the other. "He is aware that several authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend, "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom?"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as sometime or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them."

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued

his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Javenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory.

"What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out one thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week, two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B—, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonoured! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper; there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fete at B—* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B—; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball

and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie — The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B—!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee-house and dreamed his way back to his friend's. Gigs, carriages, carts, rolled by him unheeded; the footpath was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B—, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room; and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper-room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. Then fancy changed the scene from the supper-room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"Welcome, O welcome! you come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"Theodore,

"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes; I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day.

Rosalie."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood. and let her have her humour out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"Rosalie,

"You are free!

"Theodore."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no more meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find in it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony distinct, palpable, immediate; howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep!—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was crackling and disparting into fragments!—any thing to mount above the pitch of your own solitude, and darkness, and tempest; and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever

at his own option to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and nowhere could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B— upon the panels of the coach. The box seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprang upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, "it can but drive me mad or break my heart."

Within a mile of B— a splendid barouche passed them.

"Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor," answered the driver, "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she is a dashing one! The young squire, they say, has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within?"—"No."—"When would she return?"—"Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Any thing more?" said the man, retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Any thing more?" Theodore made no reply; in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last, the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter; a sense of suffocation came

over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning! He had slept! "Would that he had slept on!" He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the stile; and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I will go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, sir," replied the servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore; "Well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlour, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair. 'Twas his friend's who was descending, and now entered the parlour.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Does not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B—; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told that she had gone up to London to be married! O, my friend," exclaimed he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive

ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you existed in *her* being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn? A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visitor. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!" He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers, Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to

them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had at that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice, at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlour door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening, a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her; she rose, and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand, and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, colouring.

"My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

Table Talk.

ORIGIN OF MASANIELLO, MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.

For the Olio.

"Tom Walker, his creditors meaning to chouse, Like an honest, good-natured, young fellow, Resolved all the summer to stay in the house, And rehearse by himself *Masaniello*."

It appears, by this quotation, *Masaniello* (a play, or rather two plays, on the rebellion of Naples), occupied the time of the celebrated Tom Walker. The rebels were led by Thomas Anello, a fisherman of that city, who was near subverting the government, having the whole power and command in his hands for several days; but plunging himself into wine instead of his element of water, he at last ended his life and mock reign in a ditch.—Walker took some pains to contract the two plays into one, which was performed with success. The two plays were originally written by Tom Durfey. W.R.C.

FIGG, THE BEAR-GARDEN GLADIATOR, AND HIS SHIRTS.

For the Olio.

Figg was an English gladiator, of cutting, slashing memory, and made much private emolument by his public valour, more especially in linen. He had not bought a shirt for more than twenty years

—but sold some dozens. It was his method, when he was preparing to fight in his amphitheatre, to send round to a select number of his scholars to borrow a shirt for the ensuing combat, and seldom failed in procuring half a dozen of superfine holland from his prime pupils, (most of the young nobility and gentry—*O tempora!*—made it a part of their education to march under his warlike banner.)—This champion was generally conqueror, though his shirt seldom failed of gaining a cut from his enemy, and sometimes his flesh. Most of his scholars were at every battle, and sure to exult at their great master's victories, every person supposing he saw the wounds his shirt received. Figg took his opportunity to inform his lenders of linen of the chasms their shirts received, with a promise to send them home. "But, (said the ingenious and courageous Figg), I seldom received any other answer than—d—n you, keep it."

A CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S BON MOT.—Orders were issued for admission to the boxes of Sadler's Wells Theatre, at a shilling each person, for fourteen nights only. A sweep, hitherto satisfied with the gallery, determined, for once, to do the thing genteelly. When, however, he presented his order, Mr. Parker, the box-office-keeper, said, "Don't you see it is printed on the order, that none are admitted but persons *suitably attired?*" The offended gentleman in black spun round with an air of dignity and replied, "I am quite *suit-able*, and *tired* enough into the bargain." Q.Q.

Varieties.

A FLEET TAKEN BY A CHARGE OF HORSE.—At the time of Pichegru's irruption into Holland, (1795) the frost was unprecedentedly severe, and the Texel so completely ice-bound, that he ordered some squadrons of cavalry to charge across the frozen element, and capture the Dutch fleet locked up in it. They accordingly clapped spurs to their horses' sides, surrounded the ships, and made a caption of them at the first summons, though their whole means of offence against a broadside, were a few hundred sabres and horse pistols! We believe that the occurrence stands without a parallel in ancient or modern story.

GRIMALDI OUTDONE.—Mr. Placide was a great pantomime clown. He had exhibited in various parts of Europe, and was seen by the writer in 1785 at Sadler's Wells, London, where he went by the name, from his feats as a tumbler, of "the great Devil." Placide's recital of the effects of a panic upon him, when exhibiting before Louis XVI. and Marie

Antoinette, made so strong an impression upon us, that we are induced to think it may interest our readers. It was common for him at that time to perform the enormous feat of throwing himself at a leap, on the stage, over ten, twelve, or more files of soldiers ranged two and two from the back to the front of the stage, and standing with their muskets perpendicularly erect, and the bayonets bristling above them. On this occasion he had announced his leap over sixteen files of the grenadiers, so arranged. When the moment approached, he, for the first time, felt the sickening sensation of misgiving—then fear—then panic—a full conviction that he should fail, and fall on the points of the bayonets glittering before him. He could not think of finching from the trial, and his king and queen present. The honour of a tumbler forbade the thought—the drops of sweat oozed from his forehead—the prediction of his fear fulfilled itself—he dashed forward—threw himself into the air—and, before he had passed the bayonets, found himself falling on their points. A cry from the audience perhaps saved him by shaking the steady rank of the grenadiers—he fell—wounded slightly in body, but in reputation most grievously. The last wound was only cured by adding another file of grenadiers to the line, and springing desperately over the whole.—*Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre.*

LORD ERSKINE.—Lamb, of Gray's Inn, sat next to me. In the course of conversation, Erskine observed how much confidence in speaking was acquired from habit and frequent employment. "I protest I don't find it so," said Lamb; "for though I have been a good many years at the bar, and have had a good share of business, I don't find my confidence increased; indeed, rather the contrary." "Why," says Erskine, "it is nothing wonderful that a *Lamb should grow sheepish.*"

ANECDOTE OF BEARCROFT.—A young gentleman of good family had married a woman of the town; the consequence was, as might naturally be expected, that all his relations and connexions turned their backs on him, and he was left to the single consolation which her society afforded him. Early habits are not easily got rid of; she plunged into every kind of dissipation, and her husband into debt wherever she could gain credit. Almost ruined by her extravagance, he mustered courage to defend an action for goods furnished to her at enormous prices. Erskine was counsel for the defendant, and, aware of the wife's previous character, was therefore obliged to attempt to make it a matter of recom-

commendation of his client, and a ground of appeal to the jury. He flourished in panegyric, and praised his amiable feelings, who had sought to restore his wife to the path of virtue; and in similar figures of speech he rated her base ingratitude, to which the plaintiff had administered. "For her," said he, "he sacrificed his family, and gave up all his connexions." When Bearcroft came to reply, he treated Erskine's eulogium of his client's virtue, and the demerits of his wife, as mere burlesque. "My friend," said he, "reproaches his client's wife with forgetfulness of the debt of gratitude which she owes him—that for her he had given up all his connexions; but the balance of obligation will be found on her side, for him she gave up all mankind."

EASTERN APOLOGUE.—An old man sold sour milk, with which every day he gained two shag (which is less than a half-penny,) by going with it to the market-place in a city, with which he bought bread for his wife and son. One day he brought the milk to a desolate village, and leaving it for a moment, a serpent came and drank it, and put one toman (the value of fifteen shillings) in the pit. The old man observed it, took the toman, and went his way; thus it happened to him every day upon that spot, until he became a man of property. When the hour of his death came, he said to his son, "Carry milk every day upon that spot; you will thus gain a toman." The old man died. The son gained every day one toman, by going to that place with milk; but one day the son said to himself, "This serpent has much money, I will kill her, and take the whole treasure at once." He went, and cast a stone upon the serpent's head, which wounded her. The serpent said to the son, "Do not come here again. Thy father was an old man, he brought milk here, and I left one toman for it; thy father died, and I gave it to thee by God's command. As you are now become covetous, and wanted to kill me, I kill thee." She did bite him, and he died. "Be not covetous, for by covetousness thou lovest thy benefactor."

A MODERATE SUPPER.—The manner of living during the reign of King John was grossly extravagant. Of the luxury of those times it will be sufficient to produce a single instance. Fitz Stephen tells us, that an Archbishop of Canterbury paid for a single dish of eels five pounds, amounting, according to the most moderate computation, four score pounds of our money, but, in reality, to a much larger sum; were a prelate of

the age of William IV. foolish or profuse enough to lay out eighty, or an hundred pounds upon a whole supper, he would be justly paragraphed in the chronicles of the times.—But the extravagance of the entertainment was compensated, it will be said, by the soberness of the hours. The time of dining, even at court, and in the families of the proudest barons was nine in the morning, and of supping, five in the afternoon. These hours were considered not only as favourable to business, but as conducive to health.

Smith's New History of London.

A MADMAN'S FROLIC.—Miss Kelly, in her "Dramatic Recollections," relates with great effect a story that Mrs. Matlocks, the actress, told her. She went to Bedlam with some friends, and the keeper, pointing to one cell which they had not seen, said—"Here's one in here who is perfectly quiet so long as you don't contradict him—mind, I say if you don't contradict him." Accordingly they entered the cell, and saw a pale faced melancholy man, with dark eyes, which had a penetrating brightness peculiar to madmen. He was in deep thought as they entered. The party having satisfied their curiosity, were about retiring, "when (said Mrs. Matlocks) he seized me by the wrist, shutting the door, and, placing his back against it, held me in his firm grasp. "Well, young woman, (said he,) you're in a comical situation here, shut in with a madman." I said, "Sir!" "But you needn't be alarmed—you are perfectly safe; they told you I was harmless, didn't they? You needn't answer. Are you fond of drawing?—I know you are. What is this?" he concluded, holding up a paper. "A ship," said I. "A ship is it?—you call my tree a ship, do you?" "Yes, yes," said I, "it is a ship." "Oh, and pray what is this?" Obligated to say something, and not knowing what he thought it was, I answered "a house," which it was. "A house, eh! So you call my coach and four a house, do you?" So saying, he pulled a clasp knife from his pocket, and opening it with his teeth, at the same moment swinging me round the cell with his huge arm, said, "Now, is it a house or not?" "It is, it is." "Then I'll tell you what it is, then—this is a dolphin." Then holding up the knife, and gnashing his teeth, he said, "Can you tell what this is, and no mistake?" "A knife," I answered. "Right, for once," said he, "and can you tell me what I shall do with it?" I trembled, and shook my head in silent negative. "I'll tell you what I shall do with it, I shall—*scrape my charcoal!*"

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. III.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, March 2, 1833.



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Illustrated Article.

THE CONSCRIPT; OR, THE ORGAN GRINDER AND HIS MONKEY. (FOR THE OLIO.)

"How many a flower this dreary gale
Has broken from its stalk!"

THE sunbeams glanced from between the lingering clouds, the window panes of my library were bearing the worms, which the rain produced in melting spars, and the clearing aspect of the atmosphere raised the shrubs and early flowers to cheerfulness. I stood at the window admiring the changing scene, and watched the gardener pull the roller over the unsettled gravel walks. A few birds that lived in my demesne, and enjoyed their crumbs of comfort in quiet, save when their own voices were disposed to disturb it, were hopping from branch to branch, till their plumage looked glossy by the reflection of light, and prepared to make the most of their little lives. The click of the garden gate made them disappear into the more woody and safe recesses; and it drew my attention. An eye quicker and brighter than mine saw me. It was

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an organ grinder, with a monkey just peeped out from under his jerkin, with sagacity sufficiently initiated, perhaps by cruelty, to anticipate a breakfast at my hands, though the morn had partly passed into the zenith of noon. Natural hunger calls most of our energies into action: the master and his adjunct plainly convinced me so, as they made their obeisance before me; for I did not walk away as some do, who love to feast their ears with the murdered quadrille, or last newly composed popular air, but boldly faced the plaintive bowing and bending of the congenial pair. The monkey was, however, the best operator on my nerves, for it ran about, climbed, affected to dance, replaced its cap and feather, and evidently reproved me for not sending out a sandwich, and snubbed me by grimace droll and natural. I was not disposed to be petulant, but had been perusing the 'Italian' and 'Venetian Tale'; and after ruminating a little, while the grinder's patience and hope were nearly exhausted, how I could best serve the performers, my little romping daughter bounded in from the nursery, and begged by all means I would, as it was her birth-day,

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ask them into the hall, and give them as much as they could eat and drink when they were tired of playing: besides, she wished to shew her doll to the monkey, but Dollabella was just laid down to sleep and would not yet open her eyes. To all this juvenile patter I listened with pleasing fraternity; and as the playing tunes were repeating, and I receiving a thousand kisses, a thought came across me that parents ought to encourage the beneficent feeling, issuing out of the hearts of their children spontaneously, and, ringing the bell, I consented to her entreaty.

As soon as John opened the door, the monkey ran in, *sans ceremonie*,—his master, turning the heavy musical instrument on his hip, made a polite (for these men cannot forget politeness in their humblest origin) symptom of thankfulness at his apparently flattering reception. To cheer their hearts, I desired them to be shewn into the kitchen; and, after they had taken a timely repast, to come into the library. This was complied with—but not before the monkey had dismembered my daughter Sophy's doll, and stripped its fanciful dress into shreds and

patches,—rather a doleful tale for Sophy to remember in her after years on a birthday occasion. But the mischief ended not here: Sophy was leading the monkey by the string round the apartments, when her newly patronised guest came into immediate contact with a favourite Grimalkin, that had kept the secrets of the pass and gutter many years undismayed. The green-eyed monster—a frequent interrupter to the repose of the feline species—occasioned a regular fracas. The monkey, availing itself of the quadruped action, rose over the china closet, and down came glasses and cups and saucers, in helter skelter clatter; but which, fortunately, made more noise than mischief. This was scarcely pacified, for the monkey's master interposed his authority with many stripes, and Sophy as mercifully implored pardon, than the monkey had made its progress through an aperture in the brewery, and appeared chatteringly delighted with a young pigeon. However, as my purpose was not fulfilled, I suffered the mischievous creature to enter the library, and lie submissively under its master's jerkin, peeping through the loopholes of retreat to gaze on the Babel

world, in which nothing amiss could transpire, much to the grief of Sophy, who sat down rather disappointed she could not make it submit to her artless designs in her baby house, already prepared for a friendly entré. As she sat opposite in her straight-backed chair by me, I could see a tear now and then chase down her plump cheek, and an involuntary sigh frequently accompanied it.

After Guiseppe Antonio (the name of my guest) had regaled himself, I began to converse with him. He was tall and finely formed, of more than the middle age. His black hair hung over his neck. Care added gravity to his countenance, and his brow was clouded by his experience. He did not evince any particular evidence of boldness, but seemed to feel himself rather embarrassed than otherwise, arising, perhaps, from a sense of his poverty and my incipient hospitality.

"You are not married, then, Guiseppe?" said I.

"Oh! no, sir," he replied, as a slight tinge gave interest to his looks—"that is to say, I have no wife in England; yet I hope, too, I am not deprived of the protecting love of one to whom I owe more than all other treasures. But, sir, do not press me; for my lot in life has been a hard one. I was taken from a quiet inheritance in a lovely valley. My father taught me music, and I worked with him, though but a boy, in the vineyards. My mother took me several miles to mass on holidays, and I ascended to the neighbouring village, to join in the sports and glad tidings of my playfellows. As I grew into stature and became steady and thrifty, my heart was arrested by a very beautiful girl, whose employments and habits were similar to mine. She sensibly admitted my addresses. Our friends did not thwart our inclinations. The same sun shone on our birth, the same soil produced us. Our language was like—our hopes and prospects nearly the same: she was an only daughter, I an only son. We loved each other as two flowers that twine in each other's arms in night-time. Our embrace was mutual, ardent and natural. We were betrothed. No blessing was showered on the one that, like genial rain drops, did not moisten the sympathies of the other. Julie, for this is her name, confessed that her destiny was entirely influenced by mine.

"Just on the morrow morning in the year —, on St. Mark's day—a day of dear recollection to me—the very day appointed for our nuptials, when our parents met early and prepared all the best means in their power for our happiness; when a little neat cottage had been

suitably fitted for out-going and in-dwelling, and goods and chattels sufficient, with fruits, flowers, and all earthly, simple comforts, equally provided for two fond and mutually-hearted peasants, had been kindly catered for our outset and hopeful progress to peace and contentment;—our truth was tried—our thread of union snapped—our silken cord cut asunder—our golden bowl broken. The chalice of affection was dashed against our convictions. Our feelings were baffled. I was snatched away as a 'Conscript.' Unwished to war—unwilling to shed blood—unprepared for the rambling career of a soldier. Every intreaty was urged. Money was offered. Our love made known. The ritual declared. The priest interposed. Julie knelt and prayed my release. She clung round me and demanded my exemption—but to no purpose. The mandate was forth. Disobedience was a hopeless effort. Go I must, and that immediately. Our parting was the means of our stronger declarations of constancy. And our parents concerted that the time should not be distant ere we yet should be united.

"My dear sir, I know not how to proceed. I feel the tear stealing like a treasured thought into my sight. The scene and the subject of it is before me. Excuse me—any further development would only give me pain, and I perceive your little daughter is becoming too deeply interested in my sad condition."

"Take courage, my good man," I added mildly; and whispering to my daughter, said, "Sophy, you had better visit your aunt, whom I see has just entered the paddock gate, and return anon."

Sophy had a heart of sensibility, young as she was; and with her eyes full of tears, she left the library.

"Now your daughter is gone," continued Guiseppe; I feel courage to proceed. I had not long been accustomed to arms and inured to the sight and sound of cannon balls, ere a slim youth joined the company I was in, and fought by my side. Our friendship, unlike that of many of my comrades, waxed strong and warm. I had been out as sentinel one dark night, and to my utter surprise, none other than Julie proved to be the identical friend. She had enlisted—passed our regiment, and fought with us. She was wounded—discovered. My heart declared the truth which induced her to act thus—her lips ratified it. Her life was despaired of—the wound grew worse. She was discharged, and I sent

to aid her to our native birth-place. We arrived just in time to follow her parents to the mound of all quiet. In due time, my furlough was nearly up. But I received my discharge the day before, and ever after this, Julie's wound improved in ease and appearance. She gradually grew better. We were married. Every thing conspired to render us happy. A little girl, *not unlike your's*, was the pledge and hope of our prospects. As she lived, she increased in loveliness and duty. Her lips and spirit were emblems of angelic being. She did not live long—her bud of beauty was scattered by disease; she ceases to live below—she is an infant saint in glory."

"But, your wife Julie, Guiseppa—your wife—did she not come over to England with you?"

"No, she did not; she watched me over like as a star watches the shallop on the waters. She is in heaven, too.—Her love could not survive the separation of our own dear Julie. They are happy spirits. I am only a probationary one. This is my calling. I am a lone being, endeavouring to communicate harmony to others; I have none this side immortality for myself—you, sir, little think to what privations I am exposed."

"But, would you not be more independent in your own clime?"

"Alas! alas! sir, independence is not there, now. My parents are dead; the cottage is laid waste by the famine, the war, and the pestilence. The vines are trod down; the graves of my beloved ones are flattened and undistinguished. My consolation is derived from my religion. I am a humble but sincere follower of the faith of my forefathers. If you will now permit me, with a thankful heart, to retire and pursue my hard earned pittance, I shall never forget your kindness in my prayers to the saints for your well being, and that of your beautiful and beloved daughter."

I saw the poor fellow's heart rise in his eyes, which were swimming. I gave him a sovereign to aid him on his way. He complained not of the hardships—the deprivations—the almost starving condition to which organ-grinders are subject; I wept for him—for I am a widower like him; my daughter wept for him; and, so long as I have it in my power to render the most trifling help to a sincere fellow creature, I shall never turn aside from relieving an "organ grinder and his monkey," raising an offertory of set ballads and modern instances at my study window, whe-

ther it be the birth-day of my daughter, or any other available opportunity.

Eurus.

MISS POOLE'S DEVILSKIN IN "THE SMUGGLER."
For the Olio.

A smuggler's babe, conveyed away
To make its smuggler sire obey,
And swear allegiance to the clan,
Like a stout hearted, lawless man!
Adopted:—running ragged, wild,
A clever, quick, surprising child!
Climbing rough steep—by hunger sped,
And seeking refuge. Thither led
In danger's courses;—leaping through
A window, from the captive crew;
Beseeching mercy,—hiding, then
Exposed to risk of life again:
Again, repeating well its part,
Awaking its own mother's heart,
Unconscious that the urchin's tongue
First from her fond affections sung:
Mishaps, endearments, hope and fear,
The strange, but happy, tidings clear;
"Oh! 'tis my boy!—my boy! restored,—
"The mark—'tis he!"—The boy's adored:
Kisses embraces, closely press'd;
The mother's love!—the father's rest!
Joys are dissolved in tears, with truth
The parents view their ransom'd youth;
Devilskine's hence their bright *soleil*,
And little Poole's *une petite Poule*. P.

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

THE following, extracted from the *Lit. Gaz.*, is taken from a work, entitled "The Modern Cymon."

"M. Bellequeue presented himself dressed in a blue frock coat, with buttons shining like gold, a white silk waistcoat and black breeches; and it may be well to note that such things as breeches were worn in 1805, the epoch at which the events took place which we have the honour to relate. Bellequeue, whose hair was dressed with more than ordinary care, held his three-corned hat in his hand, under each arm boxes of comfits, two little parcels tied up with favours hung by his fingers, and a handsome bouquet was fastened to one of the boxes. The godfather, although a little embarrassed with his load, entered the room with that peculiarly grave air, often affected by those who are fearful of cutting rather a ridiculous figure, and by which none but a fool is deceived.—But he soon felt himself at home, and had a smile for every one. Stepping lightly towards the invalid, he presented her with four boxes tied with blue favours, and a little parcel containing four pair of gloves. 'I knew you would do something foolish,' said Mme. Durand, throwing a soft look on the hair-dresser; who drew from his right pocket two little pots of *confiture de Bar*, and presented them, saying, 'This is for the stomach.'

—‘What more? Upon my word, I am quite ashamed.’—‘And this for the chest,’ said Bellequeue, drawing from his left pocket a pint bottle of Schubac. ‘Ah, this is too much.’—‘Here is your gossip, my dear Bellequeue,’ said the herbalist, introducing Mme. Grosbleau, who made a low curtsy. He then begged the godmother’s acceptance of four boxes which he had made up his mind to buy, as well as a packet of gloves. But whilst Mme. Grosbleau was occupied with her presents, Bellequeue found means to approach Mme. Durand and whispered her, ‘Hers are Grenoble, but yours are Parisian gloves; your comfits are a *la Vanille*, and you have plenty of pistachio, whilst she has nothing but common nuts.’ Mme. Durand replied to all this by a tender look, and a soft squeeze of the hand.”

Trait of Character.—“Madame Durand cried bitterly at parting from her son, though M. Durand took considerable pains to inform her that St. Germain was not in the East Indies, and that, although there was no steam conveyance, there was a thousand other ways of getting there in a very little time. It is hard to convince a mother that she is wrong in crying for her son. Besides, Madame Durand was not in the habit of paying much attention to what her husband said.”

Just Remark.—“We do not readily forget a friend who has once given us a capital breakfast, and is also very likely to do the same again.”

Another:

“Mlle. Adelaide began to take to Jean; for women have always a secret penchant for men who are not like the rest of the world.”

The hero being what the name of the work implies; it is thought expedient to try female influence. A young lady, remarkable for her skill in preserves, is selected; and we will briefly trace the courtship, as equally lively and characteristic. It begins with a dinner.

“M. Chopard warmed with his dinner; he had already made two good hits on the cucumbers, and found the bread exceeding good, liking every thing, as he said, *well-bread*. Mme. Chopard was ready to burst with laughter; Mme. Durand tried to get up a smile; Bellequeue ate and drank like a man who had no fear of marriage before his eyes; and Mme. Ledoux was every moment asking her neighbour what was said. Jean sang as he ate; and Mme. Chopard said, ‘How very gay that young man is! he is all life and spirits.’ As Jean liked his glass, he took care to fill M. Cho-

pard’s, who whispered Mme. Durand, ‘Your son has been extremely well brought up.’ At the second course, Jean remembered what Bellequeue had mentioned of Mlle. Chopard, and turning suddenly round to her, he said, ‘I am told you can make liqueurs.’ Mlle. Adelaide bit her lips, and replied, poutingly, ‘I can make something more than that, sir.’ ‘Ah, I dare say, a woman must have something to employ her.—They can’t do as we do, run from cafe’s to billiards.’”

Jean, however, sees a little of life in another pair of bright eyes; and the following is the result.

“‘My dear godfather,’ said Jean, at length, stopping before Bellequeue, ‘I have an avowal to make to you.’—‘An avowal—some present, I’ll bet, that you wish to make your beloved, and you don’t know how to present it.’—‘Not at all—it will cost me too much to tell you—for it will give you pain to hear; but it must be done, and the sooner the better.’—‘Well, then, my dear boy, explain yourself, and don’t keep me two hours with your ifs and ands.’—‘In a word, then, I will never marry Mlle. Chopard!’ Bellequeue started back, and almost upset himself and his arm-chair; but recovering, he said, ‘You will not!—What do you mean! surely I have not heard you aright!’ Jean repeated, in a decided and distinct tone, ‘I will never marry Mlle. Chopard!’ Bellequeue started bolt upright, and striking his forehead with a theatrical air, exclaimed, ‘Why, this passes all belief! These are the blows which overwhelm us quite! You will not marry her!—your intended bride—the lovely Adelaide—to whom you are affianced!’—‘Oh, as to being affianced, my dear godfather, that was all your own doing. A man does not become affianced to a girl by merely squeezing her hand.’ ‘Excuse me, sir, on the contrary, sir, he is very much engaged—and when a day has been named for the wedding—when the parents already look upon you as their son—when the daughter places all her affections on you—do you still think, sir, that there is no engagement!—do you think that you will be allowed to trifle thus with the peace of a family, and a tender heart of nineteen?’ Anger had almost made Bellequeue eloquent; he paced the room as if he never had the gout. Jean took his hand and said, ‘My dear godfather, I confess my errors, and I feel perfectly, that I have been guilty of many to the Chopard family.’—‘Well, then, marry the daughter, and there will be no more said.’—‘No, I will never

merry the daughter, because I could never make her happy, and should be miserable myself.'—'Miserable! with a woman whom you love?'—'I—I love Mlle. Chopard! I assure you I never cared about her.'—'And I, sir, tell you, that you adored her. What! did not we all observe the change that love made in you? Your different mode of dress—the playing, smoking that you gave up, and your sighs and melancholy looks—was all this nothing? or only to mock us?'—'Oh, no, I swear—' 'That your love should have so soon passed away, is what I cannot understand; but that of the young lady is not to be extinguished in the same way. You have inflamed the young girl—very natural—and a young heart feels deeply, you see.'—'I know it but too well.'—'Certainly, Mlle. Adelaide Chopard will never want a husband—such a superb girl—so extremely well shaped—so clever—who preserves gooseberries in brandy whole—and who makes noyau as if she had lived all her life at Martinique; these are things not to be met with every day, sir.' 'Well, my dear godfather, she may brandy any thing she pleases, but I cannot marry her. I admit, I should have said so sooner, but I knew not how to go about it.'—'I tell you, sir, that you must marry her; you have gone too far to recede. And I, sir, I, who have acted for you—have you no idea that I am compromised in this business? It was I that went to ask the hand of the superb Adelaide for you.'—'I never asked you to do so.'—'No, but you were not sorry for it afterwards.'—'Because then I had not reflected.'—'And why the devil have you reflected now?—you should have married—that is all—you might have reflected after.'"

The luckless godfather has to make the disclosure.

"'You are alone, M. Bellequeue,' said Mme. Chopard, with an astonished look. 'Yes—yes, madame, I am alone,' replied Bellequeue, with the tone and look of a man who has all his life played the part of a confidant in a tragedy. 'M. Jean has not condescended to accompany you?' said Adelaide, in an agitated voice. Bellequeue, who had prepared his pocket handkerchief, in the hope of squeezing out a tear, now blew his nose, and returned it to his pocket, saying, in an embarrassed and conscious manner, 'Young Durand, my godson—Jean, that is to say—has not come with me, it is true; and yet I had a carriage by the hour; I have even one below at this moment; for my leg—I feel a little gout; we shall have a change of weather, I am sure.' 'A new

moon to-morrow,' said M. Chopard, taking a pinch of snuff with an air of satisfaction, as he had always two or three puns ready on the new quarter; but Mlle. Adelaide angrily interrupted him, saying, 'Good heavens! papa, surely M. Bellequeue has not come here to talk about moons and hackney-coaches—I can no longer bear this state of suspense. What did M. Jean say to you? Why does not he come? Why have not we heard from him? Speak, M. Bellequeue, speak, I entreat you.' 'Very true,' said M. Chopard, sullenly, 'this is no time for joking; what has the young man to say for himself?' Bellequeue, finding himself pressed on all sides, once more drew his handkerchief, and squeezed his eyelids together with all his force, in order to render them moist, at length murmured, 'It is very painful—it is indeed, I may say, most agonising to me, to be the bearer of unpleasant news: but my dearest friend, I am not my godson—were I so—very different.' Bellequeue then stopped and blew his nose, as if completely overpowered by his feelings. But Mlle. Chopard cried, 'To the point, M. Bellequeue, to the point, I entreat you; I am prepared for the worst.' 'Well then I will tell you all,' said Bellequeue, returning his handkerchief into his pocket. 'Some wild freak—some devil rather, must have possessed this young man. Jean does justice to the virtues, to the charms, to the real merit of the lovely Adelaide: he spoke so well of her—so well indeed.' 'Well, M. Bellequeue?' 'Well; after praising her to the skies, he declared that he could not marry her.' 'He will not.' 'I don't say that he will not—but he cannot—because he does not feel deserving of so great a happiness.' 'Oh, mamma! I faint,' said Adelaide, sinking in an arm-chair. 'My daughter will lose her senses,' said Mme. Chopard, running to Adelaide; 'M. Chopard! something, I beg of you!' 'Yes,' said M. Chopard, running about distractedly; 'what will she have—an apricot—a plum—cherry?' 'I will send a medical man,' said Bellequeue; and availing himself of the confusion, he hurried out of the room, ran down the stairs at the risk of breaking his neck, threw himself into the coach, crying, 'Home—where we came from, as hard as you can drive: once there, I will roll myself in flannel, and swear to the Chopards that I have the gout in my stomach.'"

The father decides on remonstrating with *le perfide*.

"'Yes, I will let him see that I am a man: and if the fellow will not marry my daughter, he shall tell me why.' 'Take

case, M. Chopard, don't let your feelings carry you away, I entreat you.' 'But when my blood is up, suppose I were to take the gooseberries and the plums without stones; it may open his eyes to his folly, at all events it cannot fail to touch him, my conceptions are always so good. Mme. Chopard help me with these two jars under each arm—now I'll go; and if the young man does not come back with me, it will not be my fault;—I'll attack him at all points.' M. Chopard set out with a jar under each arm."

After a little vain remonstrance, he thus addresses the recreant:—

"Then, sir, all this goes to shew that positively you will not marry my daughter.' 'It is but too true, sir.' 'Then, sir, I must let you know that I came here for satisfaction. Oh, I am not one of those fathers without firmness—easy good-natured souls, who put up with any thing—I am not one of those fathers, sir, I am a man of spirit!—*spirit!*' muttered Chopard, that came quite of itself. Jean looked at Chopard with astonishment, and replied in a submissive manner, 'I cannot but feel, sir, that you have a right to act in this way. If you positively exact it from me; if the assurance of my regret will not content you; it is for you to order, sir; I am at your service, and ready to give you satisfaction in any way you please—sword or pistol—choose your weapon.' M. Chopard started back four paces, and putting on a more friendly look, he cried, 'You quite mistake me, young man—you did not understand, my dear young friend, what I meant by satisfaction. Swords and pistols are out of the question; they are bad arguments; but when you determine not to marry my daughter, you must have some motive—plausible—in fact some good reason to give. That is the satisfaction I was seeking. I think you cannot refuse it to me.'"

The satisfaction is given by owning another attachment.

"With these feelings, sir, would you have me become the husband of your daughter! How could I offer her a heart beating but for another?' 'No, my friend, certainly not—and I would not consent, even if you yourself were to beg me on your knees. Well, now at last here is a reason—a most capital reason indeed, and I am sure Adelaide will be quite satisfied. My dear boy, I can only wish you every kind of happiness: as for these jars, I believe I may as well—just now, in fact, you are not capable of appreciating their contents.' 'Oh no, sir!' 'Well, then, I will take them with me; some time hence, perhaps—farewell, my dear friend, I must return to my daughter, who impa-

tiently expects me.' M. Chopard replaced the jars under his arms, and took leave of Jean, who accompanied him as far as the staircase."

M. Chopard arrives at home with his jars in safety.

"Adelaide, who, in her anxiety, had placed herself at the window to catch the first glimpse of her father, ran down to meet him. Mme. Chopard followed, saying, 'Here is M. Chopard; now we shall hear how he treated M. Jean.' 'Well, papa, you have seen him?' 'Yes, most certainly I have seen him, and I flatter myself I have seen him to some purpose, too. Oh, how heavy!' 'Papa, one word, one single word, in pity!—is it true he has changed his mind?' 'I am going to tell you all about it, my dear child—this one is much the heaviest of the two. Oh, I went the right way to work with the young man. I stuck close to my text—you marry my daughter, or you tell me the reason why—and I carried my point.' 'Ah, my dear papa! let me kiss you,' cried Adelaide, throwing herself round her father's neck. 'Take care, child, you will make me break something.' 'He consents, then, to marry me?' 'No, he won't; but he told me the reason why.' At this reply, Adelaide fell back on the banister of the staircase, and M. Chopard, trying to save her, forgot what he carried under his right arm; and the jar of plums, which had been his constant companion for the last hour, fell on the stairs, and was dashed to pieces. M. Chopard was almost petrified at the sight of the broken jar and his valued fruits, which were rolling down the stairs. Mme. Chopard sustained her daughter, crying, 'Good heavens! this is the eleventh time she has been in this way to-day: poor child, she will never survive it. But, M. Chopard, you returned with such a triumphant look!' 'Madame, I looked as I ought to look,' replied Chopard, in a melancholy tone, following with his eyes the plums, which were jumping from one stair to another. 'I flatter myself I succeeded in my mission perfectly; of course, if I could have foreseen that the jar would have been broken, I would have left it with the young man; because one may change one's mind, and see things in another light—but that is no reason—Goodness! what a smell,—how delicious, they will perfume the house for a week to come.'

EASY WAY OF RAISING RENT, FOR THE OLIO.

"Rent day comes round so quick," you say,
"That cash you cannot find to pay;"
Wherefore complain?—or why relent?
Strip up your clothes—and, here's your Rent.
P. J. B.

THE TAILOR.

FOR THE O LIO.

List, list—O ! list !

I can a Tail-or unfold.

It would require an operator at St. Thomas's or Guy's to anatomise a tailor. In the dissection, so many threads, peculiarly twisted, composing the nervous system, would be found, that nothing short of a practical lining, a good trimming, of 'cutting his coat according to his cloth,' and a palpable demonstration, devoutly to be wished, would satisfy a ninth portion of the fraternity of the propriety of the pattern, the fitness of the cut, and the proportion of his claims to a seat at the sign of the 'Shears.'—Yet, when it may be considered, a tailor is generally made of melancholy stuff, the attempt cannot be resisted, even by a *botcher*. Whatever the quaint old Master Burton, the emblematic Quarles, or the modern Elia may have measured in the tailor's behalf; or the neglect shewn him, when the 'town was in danger,' without having recourse to any of their cuttings, a few ink-shed drops might be added to the 'general mourning' character of one, who walks home with his work as deftly as his neighbour, the undertaker. Something is singularly remarkable in the habitude of a tailor.—When he steps, it is like the shadow of a lengthening day. He is but an indifferent horseman, for he usually sits on *board*—a reason why sailors, perhaps, are like him. He is pale in his complexion, and careless in the costume of his hair and his heels, which a hare is not. While he views your outward stature, with the skill of a statuary, he seems to be running his needle through your sides with hasty stitches. His measures, like those of the ministers of his majesty's government, are susceptible of change, if not approved. His patterns, like the hues of the rainbow, are submitted to your fancy, and he recommends that for 'wear,' if not 'tear,' which is most worn, and will have a seasonable run without being exposed to the threadbare fashion and out at elbows, when it ought to be in vogue. The tailor has discarded the scissors in taking his measures. The notched slips of parchment of former days, with his customers' family name, and a personal description, like a 'coat of arms' on them, are suspended in the cutting room. The anatomical leather now makes its figure over the brawny shoulders, the manly hip and slender knee, instead. The tailor is precisely a man of buckram. Staytape is his

standard. Being on good terms with the goose, besides, on Michaelmas day, and because his citadel is thereby defended, he is a fit person for theatric, or mob, condemnation,—to hiss an unpopular candidate at an election. For, he is a stalwart politician and accustomed to pledges. In polemic discussion, he finishes off his opponents at the club in quick time, and is never better prepared for combat than when attacked by a volley of 'foul weather' arguments.—He is a friend to the button order, and like a grave digger, is a maker and filler of holes. If he were called into tragedy, he would thrust his finger through his thimble, and his foes quietus make with a 'bare bodkin.' He can provide the maniac with a strait-waistcoat, or the fop with a waistcoat straitened.—If he be not a producer of hops, (and is he not in the ball room when his uncle has parties!) he is a maker of pockets. His sleeve-board is his fardel, when not used as a shield. Like Captain Dalgetty, he is able to snuff a scone or repair breaches, and knows the various brogues of his customers. He can enable any man to wear a cloak, whether he be a licensed teacher, or a licentious disputant. By him, the elastic rope-dancer performs his evolutions, and the screwed votary moves in tights. He is intellectual and colloquial. He thinks the understanding, without offending his neighbour Sole, wears like other things;—science, like food, will nourish and consume it. But his intellect, like wool, wants drawing out; and the Weird Sisters spin the thread of his discourse. A new garment, which 'neither moth nor rust doth corrupt,' is the glory of his 'Finish.' He never looks to greater advantage than when his customers are set off by him with a suitable address. When a family mourning requires his utmost speed, he gets more pay by his loco-motion; but in the wearying midnight he wishes the devil had taken the tailor, ere his parents had 'pinned him down to the board.' Like Sole, he is a man of wax-work; and like him, when laughing in his sleeve, he keeps up his frolics to the last. He resembles old age ere he is out of his apprenticeship, for he labours 'nose and knees.' Happy for him if his nostrils escape the spit-like needle. Like the wife of Bath, he preserves 'a gat tooth in his head,' to bite off his thread; and like a good gardener, he knows how to improve the growth of cabbage. There are, however, barring these peculiarities, many valiant (not to say pot valiant) traits in a tailor. He often holds many a promissory note,

without possessing the sweet drafts of his bill. He dresses up the unprincipled scion of fashion, who stares him out of countenance in wishing to do as he pleases with his own. The proud villain gives him the cut direct, for cutting him out in so shapely a style. He has to bear the insolence and recidivation of the upstart he credits; and is called an ingrate for making his demand, which he can never bring to book. In *super-fine*, and, of *coarse*, he is the decorator of the Police blues; the prime fashioner of the Greys and the Scarletts; nor can the Greens, the Browns, the Buffs, or the Drabs, appear like true gentry, without him.

Right blest, indeed, the tailor sews his way through life, if he escape the losses, to which so many are heirs; if he shun the evil counsils of the 'worst of the sons of the morning,' who tippie their ninths in the spirituous meridian, and contents himself with the honour of an industrious and honest member of society.

TO MARY
For the *Olio*.

The soul that is divinely fair
Shall joyless fade away;
Deep sorrow shall be rooted there,
And reign in endless sway.

I saw dear Mary in her bloom,
Not known to wily snares,
But now her deep desponding gloom
Doth realise my fears.

She's tasted the bitter of life,
And beauty sinks away,
For worldly care and homeward grief
Sadden each passing day.

But not these things alone I grieve,
For Mary thou art fled
Far from our vows; there's no reprieve
When by thyself it's led.

When womanhood did deck thy brow,
How beauteous and fair!
And when thou heard'st my youthful vow,
I thought dear truth was there.

But time hath woven different joys,
Hath made another thine;
Yet still I would thy heart enjoy,
Although thou art not mine.

The soul that is divinely fair
Shall joyless fade away,
Deep sorrow shall be rooted there,
And reign in endless sway.

J. SHARP, JUN.

Fine Arts.

Tombleson's Views on the Thames and Medway.—1st Part.

This part, offered as a fair specimen of its monthly successors, consists of four engravings:—the 'Source of the Thames'—'St. Paul's from Bankside'—'London Bridge'—'The Custom House' and an ably written preface. The artist has se-

lected his drawings with much taste, and the engravings are well executed, though not with sufficient freedom to escape criticism; nor do we think, the 'Series' will have so large a share of patronage, however deserving it, as the 'Views on the Rhine.'

Barber's Views of the Isle of Wight.

These views, which are drawn and engraved by Mr. Barber, are very beautifully executed. They are published periodically and cheaply, with descriptions, such as give correct statements; and, when bound, will enhance the value of the scenes delineated by the pencil and graver.

Historical Carvings. O. Bond-street.

We have been gratified by an examination of some extremely curious specimens of carving for exhibition; and may safely say that this unique art, which, to some persons, is as a blank—is of the most ingenious character and variety; and worthy a visit, by those especially, who are fond of cabinet cuts and antique historical illustrations.

FATE OF CATHILINEAN.

THE death of this young man, whose family suffered more than any other in the cause of the Bourbons, is thus described in a work recently published, entitled, *Six Weeks on the Loire*.

"The younger Cathilinean, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn-out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Surillac, M. Morrisset, and M. de la Soremerie, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupreau; they took refuge in a chateau in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was to be found in it. Certain, however, that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the chateau, they closed the gates, set their watch, and allowed no one to enter, except a peasant, whom they employed to show them the hiding-places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the non-appearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, which were confined without water and on short allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought previous to doing so, he would go over the chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels, suddenly the officer turned towards him, 'Give me a pinch of snuff, friend,' said he.

" 'I have none,' replied the man, 'I do not take it.'

" 'Then who is there in this chateau that does?'

" 'No one that I know of—there is no one in the chateau, as you see.'

" 'Then whence comes the snuff which I see here?' said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

"The man turned pale, and made no reply.

"The officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below was hollow: he scrutinized every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board; he raised it up, and then, alas! he beheld Cathilinean, in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate,—he fired,—Cathilinean fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told us by the keeper of the music, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed."

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Ode for March 1, 1833, as sung at the 119th Anniversary of the Welch Charity School, held at Freemasons' Tavern,—written by Mr. Parry. Air, "The Exile of Cambria."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

We hail with delight the return of this day,
That calls us together, our tribute to pay!
To you, our protectors and guardians, we owe
Devotion far greater than we can bestow.

GIRLS.

Religion and virtue we'll e'er keep in view,
And walk in their paths, as directed by you;
O may we hereafter your wishes fulfil,
And speed by the precepts you kindly instil.

BOYS.

From the eye of distress you have wiped the sad
tear—

Tho' humble our thanks, oh, believe them sincere.
To shield us from want, and to gladden our
hearts,

Our Monarch, God bless him! his bounty imparts.

ALL.

Fair Cambria, enraptured, your deeds will ap-
plaud,

And England, admiring, your actions will laud;
While we, your blest children, our voices will
raise,

In strains of sweet gratitude, honour and praise.

THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.

Continued from page 32.

THE sentiments Dangerfield had conceived for Lucy Howard, were the offspring of avarice rather than of affection. He knew she would inherit to him a handsome fortune, and he resolved to secure it. Yet it was but natural that, being constantly in her society, he should after-

wards imbibe a regard for her. But the transient feeling evaporated after this fatal visit; and his lurking love of pre-eminence now awakened the desire of possessing a girl who was, unquestionably, the loveliest he had ever seen, and he determined, at all hazards, to gain Cecilia. As a first step, he redoubled his endeavours to lead Linderling into those courses which had been his own ruin—hoping thereby to inspire Cecilia with an aversion towards her lover. By ill fortune he partially succeeded, inasmuch that Mark frequently absented himself, for days together, from the scenes that had hitherto been so dear to him; and his neglect preyed deeply on the mind of his intended bride. Paul, nevertheless, had no trifling difficulty to surmount: under various pretences, he had made several visits to Cecilia, and he quickly perceived that there existed not the most distant likelihood of exciting in her bosom any favourable sentiments for himself. On the contrary, her deportment towards him was chilling in the extreme, for she regarded him as the author almost of Mark's defection. To carry her off, therefore, was Dangerfield's only remaining plan; but this would require accomplices more to be relied upon than any of his associates, and he pondered to discover those likely to suit his purpose. He at length recollected that a knot of smugglers (who had witnessed his great prowess in various trials of strength, and were attracted by the daring hardihood of his character), had some time before requested him to become one of their number; and his only reason for refusal was, because he could not be received as their leader. This was now a thing of minor importance; and he determined to join them on any terms, provided they would give him help.

The smugglers received Dangerfield with open arms, and readily promised him assistance on the following evening; but in the interim Paul was to assist them in running a very valuable cargo ashore. The night came, and every thing wore a favourable aspect, until suddenly a body of custom-house officers made their appearance, and a sharp conflict ensued, which ended in a seizure of the contraband goods.

When the smugglers, after their retreat, had in some measure recovered themselves, they seized Dangerfield, and with bitter imprecations, accused him of having betrayed them. For some time it was in vain that he denied the charge; but at length they listened with patience, and then declared that the only way to prove the truth of his assertions, and

escape their vengeance, was to procure a sum—no matter how—sufficient to defray the loss they had sustained, otherwise his death should be the consequence. Although hopeless of succeeding, Paul gladly acceded to their conditions for granting him his life, and he was thereupon permitted to depart.

Paul hastened instantly into the town, with a determination of doing something decisive at once, although uncertain what plan he had best follow. Impulse, or perhaps a vague hope, guided his footsteps to the inn kept by Mrs. Howard. At the moment of reaching it, he saw a horse stop near the gateway, on which were mounted Lucy and the head ostler. This did not surprise Paul, who knew well that she was in the habit of visiting her relations for two or three days together, on which occasions the man he saw was generally sent to bring her safely home.

"I hopes you arn't tired, Miss," said the ostler, as he assisted Lucy to dismount.

"Not in the least, I thank you, James," she replied; and, after bidding him to put the animal into its stable, Lucy was preparing to enter her home, when the well-known image of Paul stepped before her. He arrested her arm with a quivering grasp—he passed the other hand across his eyes, as if to wipe away a tear, although tearless—he bent his head, as if he was not worthy to look up before her, and, in an earnest but low tone, conjured her to grant him a single minute's converse. Lucy's confusion at his sudden appearance was so great, that she was for some moments deprived of power either to stir or speak; and Dangerfield, construing her silence into consent, once more pleaded her to cast a favourable eye upon him, and snatch him from the gulph of despair.

"I cannot, Paul Dangerfield—I will not!" she replied, in a voice whose trembling intonation too plainly told how dear the reprobate still was to the maiden.—"I have solemnly promised never to be yours,—my mother has charged me to observe the vow, and my disobedience would stab her to the heart."

"But suppose she consented to revoke the promise; would you not, then, bless me, Lucy?" asked Paul—with difficulty suppressing his agitation.

"How could I, Dangerfield? Knowing what you have been and what you are, the sacrifice would fall little short of murdering my own peace for ever!"

"And will you not, Lucy, for the sake of restoring me to what I first was—for the sake of my repose hereafter—consent to that murder?"

"I consent—" here an approaching footstep interrupted Lucy, and she shrunk close to Paul. The intruder proved to be a man named Anderson, and well known to Dangerfield, from having frequently employed the latter in various branches of the sail-making trade; he had been smoking his evening pipe at the inn, and was returning homeward.

"A black night, Master Anderson," observed Paul as he passed.

"Ay!—'tis one which makes a white conscience comfortable. Good night, boy," returned Anderson, pursuing his way.

"And now, my girl, conclude your kind sentence, and I will then unfold all my designs for the future," said Dangerfield, pressing Lucy to his bosom.

"You seem to have mistaken me, Paul," returned Lucy. "I was about to declare that I consent to nothing without my mother's approbation; and, till you again raise yourself in her estimation, I must see you no more." With these words, she extricated herself from his arms and flew to her home.

But when Lucy sought the support of her pillow, a feeling of regret and compunction stole over her; she reflected that her lover had been condemned without a hearing, and that, too, by herself. "I might," thought she, "have listened to his plans: perhaps he had arranged to adopt some honourable calling, which my cruelty may counteract; and if, through me, he commit further crime, I may have the destruction of a human soul to answer for!" Shuddering at the imaginary precipice on which she stood, Lucy encountered but little difficulty in persuading herself that there would be no harm in meeting him once again, to afford him an opportunity of reforming; and having thus silenced all scruples of conscience, she, in the morning, wrote a letter to Paul, which she contrived to forward by Inderling, who well knew where to find him. The epistle ran as follows:—

"Dear Paul, for you are still dear to me—When all our people have retired to rest, and the lights are out, throw a pebble against my window. My heart cannot consent to deprive you of all hope; I am therefore induced, though with much reluctance, to grant one more interview, to convince you that I am not unwilling to assist in the designs at which you hinted last night."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Paul, on reading these lines. "The dove flies half way to meet the falcon! Little need now of tampering longer with her affections for her portion's sake. The house is

thrown open for me to help myself, and the widow's hoards shall be my plunder." His schemes were speedily arranged. The smugglers were to be in readiness with a boat, and the weak-minded Inderling was to accompany him to the inn. "That done," thought he, "I will rob the place; and, as all cats are grey in the dark, leave Mark to be secured as the thief, whilst I hasten to bear off his 'own dear Cecilia!'" All being thus settled, he quitted the smugglers, and once more departed for the town.

Traversing with hurried steps the seashore, Paul came unawares in sight of his humble cottage, and was about to strike into another path, when his mother stood before him. "Paul," said she, mournfully, "why would you avoid your home? Why have you been so long absent from me?"

"Because I have other means of employing my time; so good night, mother—I have no leisure for parleying."

"Paul, my son!" faltered the aged woman, "I am in sore need of help. Food this day has not passed my lips, and I am sinking from want. Do not, then—abandoned as you are—pass by without sparing a little pittance out of what you will, no doubt, shortly squander in wastefulness."

"Woman, let me pass!" cried Paul, with a crimsoned brow, "I am rife with evil, and may, par hazard, cause you to feel its effects!"

"Ungrateful boy!" said his astonished parent, grasping his arm. "Reflect, but for a moment, how often I have given thee nourishment—consider who it is that asks, and then refuse thy famished mother's appeal if thou can'st."

"I shall be belated!" shouted Paul, struggling to release himself; and, to disengage himself, he struck his decrepid parent with his clenched fist. "My curses on you—let me go, or —"

"Enough, enough!" shrieked his mother, recoiling in horror. "I will detain you no longer; but may heaven so prosper this night's work, as my prayer has prospered with thee." Uttering these words, she retired into the cottage, whilst Paul, after a struggle with his conscience, unconcernedly pursued his way. In a few days afterwards the wretched woman was found in her cot, cold and dead,—the victim of filial ingratitude and want of sustenance.

The unsuspecting Mark met Paul at the appointed place; and they proceeded together to the inn, where, after reconnoitring for some time, and ascertaining that all was quiet, Dangerfield gave the desired signal. On being admitted by

Lucy, he contrived to extinguish her light; and, whilst she was procuring another, Mark slipped in and concealed himself."

"Now, Paul," said Lucy, on her return, "let us not waste the few moments which my disobedience has procured you; but tell me without delay how I can serve you, and what are your future intentions?"

"What they are, matters not," replied Paul, in a tone of bitterness. "Stung by your unkindness last night, I have ruined my every good prospect, and enlisted as a soldier."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Lucy. "But may we not yet be enabled to procure your discharge?"

"Impossible!" said Paul, gloomily.

"Impossible?"

"Utterly! Our regiment is ordered for immediate service, and unless, indeed, I could raise fifty pounds for a substitute, I must take my departure with it."

"And cannot that sum be borrowed?" asked Lucy, hopefully.

"Who do you suppose would lend to a bankrupt, already deep in debt?" said Paul, in a tone of blended derision and despair.

"And is there no method of averting this calamity?" cried Lucy, in an agony of tears.

"There certainly are means," said Paul, "but, before I name them, let me ask if I am still secure in your affections, should I re-establish myself as an honourable man?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Be what I wish you—be what nature designed you, and my love shall remain unalterable, let what will betide."

"Then, Lucy," said Paul, in a tremulous whisper, "such I have an opportunity of becoming if I can gain my discharge; and, to effect so desirable a consummation, suppose, I say, that we borrow the necessary sum from your mother's cash-box!"

"Dangerfield! Do I hear you aright?" faltered Lucy.

"Listen, my girl—my own bonny bride!" cried Paul, eagerly. "Mrs. Howard has saved a bag of gold for your portion on marriage. Not one but myself is entitled to your hand; what great harm then, can there be in employing a part before the ceremony, when there is so much at stake?"

"Villain! tempt me no further!" exclaimed Lucy. "Dare but to harbour another evil thought against my mother, and you shall die like a dog!"

"Credit me, the dog will bark as he dies," muttered Paul. Then catching her

hand, he added, "Lucy, remember our early loves, remember your former vows; you swore to be mine through good and ill—through security and danger. You have just affirmed that your affection remains unchanged, and that you would save me, if possible, from my impending fate. I now point out the means—I now declare that my very salvation hangs upon you—and it now rests with you to establish me as an honest upright man for life, or to be answerable for the shortening of it! Reflect, and be speedy in your decision."

Lucy was terrified by this violent language; she knew not what to do; her senses became bewildered, and her confusion, combined with a dread of incurring some dreadful responsibility should she refuse to yield, caused such a total prostration of her mental energies, that she suffered a fatal assent to escape her. The keys of the chest containing Mrs. Howard's little hoard were always carefully placed under her pillow at night for security, and Paul now ascended towards her chamber to gain possession of them.

Now he was engaged in a new species of crime. His hair stiffened, his hand shook as he grasped the bannister for support, and his foot trembled while mounting the stairs, which creaked beneath his weight. What whisper was that? Should he go back? No, no! 'Twas the sighing of the night wind, and he went on. All was dark and still in the chamber which he entered, and, with noiseless step, he approached the bed, and groped beneath the pillow. It happened that the keys were folded in one of Mrs. Howard's pockets; but this was securely tied to its fellow, on which her head pressed rather heavily; and, as Dangerfield feared to wake her by the jingling sound, should he take them out, he opened his knife to cut the string. So great, however, was his trepidation, that he shook the bed, and aroused its occupant. "Paul Dangerfield! is that you?" cried the poor woman with astonishment, as a sudden ray of moonlight revealed the villain's form to her opening eyes.

"Yes! Paul Dangerfield; but *you* shall not live to babble of his being here!" exclaimed the ruffian in a smothered tone, more alarmed than his victim, and, at the same time, with a mixture of despair, rage, and disappointment, plunged his knife into her throat.

The blow was sure; the steel cut deep and formed a fearful gash, which, to Paul's excited imagination, seemed like the lips of a fiend writhed into a horrible smile; a stream of blood gushed in a crimson tide upon the hapless woman's

bosom, and, with a stifled groan, she expired. At that moment, Lucy, who, apprehensive of evil, had followed Paul, rushed into the room, and witnessing this confirmation of her forebodings, she threw open the casement, and loudly screamed, "Murder, murder!" In the phrenzy of terror she sprang from the window to the ground, on which she fell insensible. Meanwhile, the servants awoke in alarm, a hue and cry was raised, and before Dangerfield could recover from the stupor into which he had fallen, he was seized with the instrument of death yet dripping with gore in his hand. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in the sudden and futile hope of saving himself, "secure Lucy Howard; I charge *her* with this deed. Secure *her*, I say." That unhappy girl, was, however, already in custody, together with Mark Inderling, and the wretched party were removed, without loss of time, into close confinement.

To describe the state of Lucy's feelings during the remainder of the night, would be a work of complete supererogation. To be accused of murdering one she so loved, and by one whom she so loved, without any foundation, plunged her into inconceivable affliction, far worse to endure than the bruises which she received in jumping out of the window. In the morning she was summoned before the magistrates for examination, where Paul told a tale deeply implicating her; and the result of the hearing was a committal of all the prisoners to take their trial at the assizes then being held at Norwich, and they were instantly placed in a cart to be conveyed thither.

At this town many of Lucy's relations resided, and, during the sunshine of her childhood, she had paid them frequent visits, on which occasions she deemed the road from Lynn the pleasantest in the world. Now, (how sad the contrast!) instead of permitting imagination, as formerly, to outstrip the vehicle in which she rode, her mind shrank with horror at a retrospect of the late awful events, until madness well nigh overpowered her reason. Not a word was spoken by the prisoners during the forty-four miles they had to travel. Inderling was terror-struck and melancholy; Lucy, like a lily weeping with the morning dew; and Paul was stern and hardened. In this state they reached the city of Norwich, and at length arrived at Bigod's Tower, an ancient and massive Norman structure; then used as a prison, and crossing the stone bridge, they entered the frowning edifice. Horror-struck, Lucy laid herself that night upon a straw pallet. Earth and all its pleasures seemed shut out from

her for ever, and a dreadful sensation threatened to burst her heart. "Surely," she mournfully exclaimed, "surely all this is some frightful dream; no reality can be half so terrible. But my mother murdered—murdered, and by my means!" The gust of sudden recollection was too powerful for her frame; she drew one deep and convulsive sob, and sank insensible upon her couch.

Next day the prisoners were brought to the bar for trial. There was little alteration in their appearance, save in Paul; he had vainly hoped, by accusing Lucy, to escape himself, and his countenance bore strong marks of disappointment. To recapitulate briefly the evidence affecting the men,—Paul had been discovered near the murdered body of Mrs. Howard with a blood-stained knife in his hand, and Mark was found concealed near the room.

Against Lucy the testimony was equally conclusive. In the first place, several witnesses deposed to her known attachment to Dangerfield, and to her having frequently affirmed she would forego all the world for him. Stephen Anderson, tackle and sail-maker, of Lynn, another witness, gave evidence of having heard Lucy Howard, on the night previous to the murder, exclaim, in an undertone to Paul, as if fearful of being overheard, "*Stab my mother to the heart.*" "The wind being very high," continued Anderson, "I was prevented from catching the succeeding sentence; but, immediately after, Dangerfield said, '*Will you, for my sake, consent to the murder.*' and she distinctly replied, '*I consent.*'"

"Almighty Creator! what a perversion of my meaning!" interrupted Lucy wildly. "Paul, Paul! you can, if you will, explain this;" but Paul remained silent, and the trial continued.

The letter written by Lucy, appointing Dangerfield to meet her when the family was at rest, and assuring him that *she was not unwilling to assist him in the designs at which he hinted*, was next produced.

Lastly, two men, who had been found skulking near the inn on the night of the murder, deposed to having been employed by Dangerfield to convey a young woman and himself in safety from the kingdom. These men were the smugglers to whom Paul had entrusted his scheme, but without saying who the female would be by whom he was to be accompanied.

The case closed—the Judge proceeded to sum up. He strongly commented upon the apparently vile conduct of Lucy. "With that incautiousness which mostly accompanies guilt," he said,

"she is heard to prompt her profligate lover to this deed, and explicitly consents to its performance; not yet, however, satisfied, she also writes to remind him of his work, and instigates him to prepare the means of flight. It remains, gentlemen, for you to weigh well these matters." The Jury retired. All sounds were hushed, and the prisoners became objects of intense interest, but none more so than Lucy. Her languid eye wandered fitfully round the place, and her, parched lips quivered in agony. After some moments, her recollection seemed to return. At this instant the Jury entered; every ear was bent to catch the verdict.

"How say ye, gentlemen of the Jury," interrogated the Clerk of Arraignment, "is the prisoner, Paul Dangerfield, guilty or not guilty of the murder of Margaret Howard?"

"Guilty!" was the solemn reply.

"Is Mark Linderling guilty or not guilty of aiding and abetting in the same?"

"Guilty!"

"And how say ye, is Lucy Howard guilty or not guilty of petty treason in conspiring with the other prisoners to execute the said murder?"

Lucy, with a convulsive effort, threw herself forward. One hand was pressed against her temple and the other to her heart, whilst her lips seemed to entreat rather than hope a favourable verdict.

The foreman sternly replied "*Guilty.*"

"Mother, mother! your daughter is also murdered!" shrieked Lucy, sinking into a seat which had been humanely provided for her.

The customary formalities were now gone through. The Judge put on his black cap: and, after touching upon the most signal circumstances of the case, proceeded to pass sentence of death upon all the prisoners. Dangerfield and Linderling were adjudged to be hanged. "But from you, Lucy Howard," said the Judge, in continuation—"from you—who have exerted those fascinations to induce a fellow creature to destroy your own mother, which Nature gave you for other and for better purposes—the law requires a more terrible atonement; and its sentence is, that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence be removed upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and there, being first tied to a stake, be *burned* until your sinful body be consumed; and may the Almighty Disposer of events in His infinite goodness, vouchsafe to have mercy upon your soul!" These words fell with the monotonous sound of a funeral knell upon the ears of the con-

demned, but their import acted like a startling roll of thunder, and Lucy wildly flung herself upon her knees,—"My lord, my lord judge!" she exclaimed, "I am innocent—indeed I am! Recal, for mercy's sake, your words! I never—no, never—harboured the slightest ill-will towards my mother, and God knows the bitter agony of my heart at her death!—Paul Dangerfield will be my witness!—Speak, Paul, and declare my innocence!"

Paul listened to this frenzied exhortation with the same indifference that is displayed by a theatrical supernumerary when a scene of distress is acting on the stage. When she had finished, all the demon rose within him, and he muttered in her ear, "Said I not that the dog would bark as he died? Why, then, tempt him to whine instead?" and he passed on to the condemned cell.

To be concluded in our next.

FROM METASTASIO.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now!

The fatal secret once confess
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while conceal'd
Their fate appear'd the best.

Table Talk.

JEWISH TRADITIONS.—When Moses was still a child, Pharaoh played with him. Moses took hold of Pharaoh's beard, and drew out the jewels with which it was covered. Pharaoh said to Jethro, Balaam, and Job, who were viziers at the time. "I am afraid that that Jew boy will one day overturn my empire. What is to be done with him?" Balaam advised Pharaoh to kill Moses. Jethro said, "No, but try whether he has understanding, by putting before him gold and fire; if he take hold of the gold, then kill him; but if he touch the fire, then it is a proof that he will not be clever." Job was silent, but Jethro's advice was followed. Moses wanted to take hold of the gold, but the angel of the Lord turned his hand towards the fire, which he put to his tongue; on which account Moses had difficulty of speech. "I am slow of speech, and slow of tongue." Job, on account of having followed the system of expediency, was punished as described in the book of Job. Balaam was killed. This story is current among the Jews of Meshid.

Morning Watch.

THE DANGER OF TEA-DRINKING.—The South Carolinians are famous for their fervid eloquence; the Tariff, com-

bined with the heat of the climate, is the source of much inspiration. General Hamilton, at a late meeting at Charleston, made a speech which was received with rapturous applause. Among other things, he said, "He had himself made an importation, having made a shipment of rice to the Havanna, and ordered a return cargo of sugar. He would allow his importation to go into the Custom-house stores, and wait events. He would not produce unnecessary collision; but, if our hopes of a satisfactory adjustment of the question were disappointed, he knew that his fellow-citizens would go even to the death with him for his sugar."—(He was interrupted by an unanimous burst of accord.) "Go to the death for sugar!" In the beginning of the Revolution, the quarrel with England was about tea. The Bostonians went even to the death for tea! It is now a tax on sugar that is to produce a further split in this great continent. It is curious to think, that that great country should always be going to loggerheads about a cup of tea. Tea must be a very combustible material. We have had some ill-temper shown on the subject at home, and have put it under a Board of Control. In the shape of slavery, it has kept this country, and its tea, in hot water for thirty years. Pope speaks of a lady who never took a dish of tea without a stratagem; and it seems she was in the right, for it appears a very dangerous thing. America has fought and bled for its cup of tea first, and is now likely to do the same for sugar to put into it; while the ill-blood that has been made here, and the black blood that has been spilt in the colonies, altogether proves a cup of tea to be a beverage brimming with strife and disunion. Its effects may be observed on old maids; tea and scandal are always coupled together; but when nations get to their cups the consequences are more serious. The Bostonians threw some hundreds of chests into the sea, and after having made that enormous cup of tea in the bay with salt water, peace was unknown for many years. Now we shall have a series of combats among hogsheads of sugar, more inflammatory than barrels of gunpowder. *New Monthly.*

LOSING A MISTRESS AND KEEPING A MASTER.

Tom grieves of late so very much,
He sure has suffer'd from some sad disaster;
His peace, I fear, hath got a touch,
Beyond the cure of Patience's best plaster.
You say he's lost his mistress, Sue,—
I think there's losses which I would call vaster;
For had he kept her, faith, all knew,
He had not long been his own master!
Epigrammatist's Annual.

Varieties.

SENSE OF DISCIPLINE.—An anecdote related by one of Baird's companions will serve to illustrate his early sense of discipline. At Mr. Locie's academy at Chelsea, as is now the case at Sandhurst, the pupils were subjected to all the routine of military service. One evening, when young Baird was on duty as sentry, one of his companions, considerably his senior, wished to get out, in order to fulfil some engagement he had made in London, and tried to persuade Baird, over whom he was conscious he had great influence, to permit him to pass. "No," said the gallant boy, "that I cannot do, but if you please you may knock me down and walk out over my body."—Another instance of a similar determination to let nothing interfere with duty, occurred soon after he joined his regiment at Gibraltar. One evening, when he was on guard, having dined with some of his brother officers, they resolved to detain him with them, and locked the door of the room to prevent him visiting his sentries at the usual time. Baird found remonstrance in vain; but fixed in his resolution, he sprang to the window which overhung the rampart, and with an agility and dexterity for which he was always remarkable, threw himself out, escaped unhurt, and was at his post the very minute appointed. *Life of Sir D. Baird.*

FEATS OF M. CHABERT EXPLAINED.—The feats sometimes performed by quacks and mountebanks, in exposing their bodies to fierce temperatures may be easily explained on the principles here laid down. When a man goes into an oven raised to a very high temperature, he takes care to have under his feet a thick mat of straw, wool, or other non-conducting substance, upon which he may stand with impunity at the proposed temperature. His body is surrounded with air, raised, it is true, to a high temperature; but the extreme tenuity of this fluid causes all that portion of it in contact with the body at any given time to produce but a slight effect in communicating heat. The exhibitor always takes care to be out of contact with any good conducting substance; and when he exhibits the effect produced by the oven in which he is enclosed, upon other objects, he takes equal care to place them in a condition very different from that in which he is himself placed, he exposes them to the effect of metal or other good conductors. Meat has been exhibited, dressed in the apartment with the exhibitor; a metal surface is in such a case provided, and, probably, heated to a

much higher temperature than the atmosphere that surrounds the exhibitor.

Lardner on Heat.

LADIES IN THE EAST INDIES.—In one of the Calcutta newspapers, the following advertisement appeared,—"Be it known that six fair pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging young children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Scheme, twelve tickets at twelve rupees each."—How shamefully they treat young ladies in Calcutta. — *World of Fashion.*

TALE-BEARERS.—A tale-bearer is a physical curiosity. His corporeal organization, not less than his mental structure, must be different from Zeno's pupil, who had two ears and but one mouth. He is an animated sieve—a walking funnel—a canal of communication; but, unlike that sometimes useful medium, he is never either sluggish or stagnant. But, like water which occasionally is so, he generates miasma, and propagates disease. He is as pestiferous as a fen in the dog days, or a tallow-melter's on a Monday. If simplicity enter him, it comes out a compound; if purity, a drug or a puddle. He is an echo which hears—and *doubles*,—and a whispering gallery; for if you address him in secret, in the market-place he will tell that you did so. *The Chameleon.*

A TEST.—A woman may be better assured of her beauty by experiencing the envy of her sex, than by looking into her own mirror; and of the superiority of her mind by the misconstructions put upon those actions where that is exhibited, than from the compliments of the admirers either of these secure her. *ib.*

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a passenger who travels by the *latest* night coach like an old man? — Because he is in the *last stage*.

Why is a crooked stick like a certain bird? — Because its a *Cane-a-wry*. (Canary.)

Why is a door, when it is half closed, like a stone pitcher? — Because it is a *jar*.

Why is the Archbishop of Canterbury like the dragon on Bow Church steeple? — Because he is at the *top* of the church.

Why is a person pulling the cat's tail like his teapot when it is full? — Because his tea's in it.

Why is a Baronet's coat as good as himself? — Because he's a sir, and his coat's a sir too (sur-tout).

Why is an *enlivening* tune like a quarter of the world? — Because it is a *merry key*, (America.)

The Echo;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. IV.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, March 9 1832.



See page 51

Illustrated Article.

FLORETTA;

OR, THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.*

THE historical incident, on which the following tale is founded, is related in the Chronicles of Nerac:—

At Nerac, a neat little town in the province of Gascony, a great festival was being celebrated, in honour of the visit which Charles IX., king of France, attended by his whole court, was then paying to the court of Navarre.

Amongst the number of those who accompanied the king was young Henry, prince of Bearne, and son of the Queen of Navarre, who had hitherto received his education at the court of Paris. Although only fifteen years of age, he was as tall as most youths at eighteen. He had as yet scarcely a sign of down on his chin, but his heart was as stout as the sword he carried, and his hands hard and strong, through the laborious work to which he had always accustomed himself. He was rather a wild youth; rode, hunted, fenced, and danced, equal

to any at court, and climbed amongst the mountains and rocks like a kid. It was, however, impossible not to like the young prince—he was so amiable, so lively, and so good-natured; and when sometimes a little more extravagant in his behaviour than at others, it required but few words to remind him of his duty, and he became again as quiet as a lamb, which in a youth, heir to a throne, was scarcely to be expected.

The people of Nerac, therefore, took more delight in gazing on the beautiful and innocent Henry than on all the pomp and majesty; their regards were fixed on him who was deserving of the highest honours, rather than on him to whom they were paid. The king went about gravely and majestically, seldom condescending to return any of the salutations with which he was greeted, whilst Henry acknowledged them, right and left, with a smile; and then in his smile there was so much grace and loveliness, at least such was the unanimous opinion of the maids of Nerac, who were, no doubt, very competent judges in the matter.

It is true that in the retinue of the king there were several brave and hand-

* The Metropolitan.

some young men, and amongst others the Duke de Guise, about three years older than the Prince of Bearn. But he was regarded in a friendly manner, merely because he behaved so to others. The young duke was well aware of this, which most probably added to the dislike he already bore to the Queen of Navarre's son. Although they had both been brought up together at Paris as playfellows and companions in youth, they had still never been able to agree for any length of time, which the King of France perceiving, and having almost constant employment in settling their little disputes, at length determined they should separate, and that Henry should go to reside with his mother.

Amongst the other amusements on this occasion, shooting with the cross-bow was one, at which the King himself was unhappily very expert. It is well known how, six years afterwards, at the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, he shot at the Huguenots, his own subjects. At Nemours, however, the game was certainly a little more harmless—an orange, placed at a proper distance, having been chosen for the mark.

Whenever kings or princes value themselves upon excelling in a particular art, there are few persons so presumptuous as to be able to surpass them. Not a courtier dared to hit the golden fruit with the arrow, in order not to deprive the king of the glory, or rather the vain notion of being the best shooter with the cross-bow in the kingdom. The Duke de Guise was also an excellent marksman, but at the same time an excellent courtier. His arrow flew, of course, far from the mark. There were many spectators, both from the palace and the town, who really believed that the king excelled all his courtiers, as his arrow had flown the nearest, and almost grazed the orange. They were, however, as yet ignorant of the manner of shooting, as practised at courts.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Now for the Prince of Bearn!" Young Henry stepped forward with his cross-bow, and taking aim, at one shot split the golden mark exactly in the middle. A murmur of applause rose among the spectators; the ladies, smiling, whispered something into each other's ear; the King looked, however, black, and was little pleased

with the skill young Henry had displayed.

According to the rules of the game, the Prince of Béarn wanted to begin again, and have the first aim at the fresh orange, that had been stuck up as the mark. This was opposed by Charles, who determining not to be deprived of his assumed prerogative, exclaimed, "We must go on in the usual order." "Certainly," said Henry, "according to the rules of the game." Kings, however, when angry, seldom deign to accustom themselves to any rule. As Henry, notwithstanding, again stepped forward to take aim, he was rudely pushed back by the king; the young prince, naturally impetuous, started back a few paces, and bending the string of his bow, took aim with his arrow at Charles.

His majesty, dreadfully alarmed, ran away, and sheltered himself behind one of the stoutest of his courtiers, who fancying the arrow already in his body, cried out "*meurtre!*" at the same time placing his broad hands before his stomach, as if to keep off the deadly weapon. Henry, although very much enraged, burst out into a loud laugh at the sight of the little stout man standing before the king in such a trembling attitude. The maids and women of Nerac, seeing the young prince laugh so lustily, began also to titter; and their example was soon followed by all except the courtiers, who scarcely knew what sort of a face to make up on the occasion. But the King, who was as little inclined to laugh as his broad-backed courtier, cried out from behind his refuge-place, in an angry tone, "Bring away the Prince of Béarn." Luckily, however, Lagacherie, Henry's preceptor, was at hand, who led him away by the arm to the palace.

This little quarrel between Charles and the young prince led, of course, to no serious consequences. Henry, who was a thoughtless young fellow, was obliged to crave pardon of the King, and the matter was settled.

On the morrow the same company assembled again, to shoot with the cross-bow at the same kind of mark as on the preceding day. All the maids, ladies, and men of Nerac were present, and the number of spectators was much greater than before, in the hopes of again having something to laugh at. The King, however, did not attend this day, but remained, under some pretext or other, at the palace.

This time all the shooters took much better aim than on the preceding day; the good people of Nerac could not at all conceive how they had become so ex-

pert in one night. The mark was removed farther, nevertheless all the oranges were soon hit off. The young Duke de Guise in particular distinguished himself by his skill; the last orange that was left having been placed up at the mark, he took aim, and split it in halves.

Henry was very much disappointed at all the oranges being gone, as he had had such a particular wish to have a trial in skill with his young rival. He looked right and left, to try to discover something that would serve as a mark to his arrow, but in vain. At last he descried amongst the spectators a young girl of about the same age as himself, a perfect model of beauty. She stood there looking on the festive scene in simple attire, with her lovely innocent face half-shadowed by her bonnet. Henry hastily went up to the little beauty of Nerac, not that it was her that he wanted as a mark for his arrow, but the rose which she wore at her bosom. Henry asked her for the flower, and blushing she gave him the image of herself. He hastened with it to the target, and sticking it up as a mark, ran back to the shooting-house.

"Now, duke," exclaimed the prince, panting, "you are the winner, there's another mark for you, and 'tis yours to have the first aim;" at the same time sucking blood from his wounded finger, which he had scratched with a thorn of the rose.

The duke took aim, let fly, and missed. Henry, stepping forward, took aim, and casting a glance over his arm to the side where stood the little beauty, and then another on the rose, let fly, and the arrow pierced the heart of the flower.

"Won," cried Guise. But the young prince, wishing to be convinced of his success, ran up to the target, and drawing the arrow out of the wood, found the pierced rose clinging round it, as to a stalk. He hastened with it to the lovely girl from whom he had stolen the flower, and with a gentle bow offered her the rose and the victorious arrow together.

"Your present has proved very lucky to me," said the prince.

"But your luck has been the ruin of my poor rose," replied the girl, trying at the same time to loosen the flower from the arrow.

"For that I will willingly leave you the guilty dart."

"I have no occasion for it," returned the girl.

"That I believe," replied Henry; "you wound with sharper darts," at the same time steadfastly regarding the beau-

tiful innocent who stood before him. He blushed as well as she, and held his hand involuntarily to his breast, as if to preserve it from some disaster. Unable to utter another word, he bowed, and went back to his companions.

The game was already over; the courtiers returned to the palace, which was situate on the sloping plain on the banks of the Blaize, and the spectators and common people soon after dispersed. The young fair one also went away with the rose at the tip of the arrow, along with her companions, who seemed to be envious of her. She walked, however, quite sorrowfully and silently along, regarding nothing but the pierced rose, and looked as if the heart within her had shared a similar fate.

Henry having arrived at the palace with the rest of the shooters, turned round once more to look at the crowd, which was now dispersing in all directions, but without discovering the object of his search.

"And who, pray, is that pretty little girl whom I took the rose from just now?" said Henry to one of the noblemen of the queen, his mother.

"She is the daughter of the gardener of the palace," replied the other, "and does equal credit to her father as to herself."

"What's her name, then?"

"At present Floretta, but when she's older, Flora."

"Floretta!" exclaimed Henry, scarcely knowing what he was saying, and gave another look round, although conscious there was nothing there for him to see.

Often had Henry in his lifetime heard the word "love," and how could he well help hearing it at such a court as that of Paris? But hitherto he had but little understood its meaning; at present, however, he found not much difficulty in understanding it, and in his after life became more experienced in it than was creditable to his glory. The battles and victories, by which he afterwards gained the throne of France, were not half so difficult to enumerate as his amours. Even at the present day the villagers sing of the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estree, of the charming Henriette d'Entragues, of Jacqueline de Beuil, and of others who twined roses round the thorny life of Henry of France; and yet among all those whom he had ever loved, there was no one like Floretta of Nerac,—not one so beautiful or so lovely, if the degree of loveliness is at all raised by being more worthy of being loved, on account of a true return.

Such was Floretta; together with the rose, her heart had been pierced, and when Henry gave her the dart, her dark and fiery eye cast another into his unguarded breast.

Such was the beginning of the misfortunes of these two children. Neither of them knew what had happened to them. Floretta was buried the live-long day in dreams of the moment when the young prince stood before her with the arrow, and her nights were sleepless. As soon as Henry could get away from the palace he ran round the garden, viewing all the flowers, with the greatest attention, in order to ascertain, by their beauty, whether they had been planted, or even watered by Floretta. To see him there with his arms folded, standing so thoughtfully by the side of the flower-beds, one would have supposed he was about to turn botanist. At another time, when immersed in thought, and wandering up and down between the beds with his eyes fixed on the ground, he might have been taken for some adept searching after the philosopher's stone. Henry, however, was only trying to discover in the gravel-paths the footsteps of his beautiful Floretta.

When arrived at the end of the garden, near the spring of La Garenne, a trembling ran through his body as he discerned footsteps which could be no other than hers. It is true, he had as yet not even seen Floretta's feet, much less measured them; but then he was possessed of the truest eye and the finest powers of calculation, as he in after life proved on many a battle field. Following the trace, he at last arrived at a small wooden bridge thrown over the brook of Blaize. On the other side of the streamlet stood a neat little cottage, which he approached, wishing to know who lived in it, but could find no one there to inform him. At last he discovered in one corner of the window his own arrow, with the rose still clinging round it. He started back at the sight, and with a panting heart hastened again into the garden.

In the evening he visited the spot again; it was already nearly dark, but Henry's eyesight was keen. At a distance he discovered a girl at the spring of La Garenne, whom from her size, he took to be no other than Floretta. She drew up a bucket of water, and lifting it on her head, went through the thicket over the little bridge to the cottage.

That evening there was a ball given at the palace, at which the princesses and the ladies of the court were all present; but in the eyes of the young prince there

was not one that stepped so prettily as the little gardener-girl, with the bucket on her head. Afterwards, when he arose to dance himself, his looks rested less on his fair partner than at the door where the spectators were standing.

The next morning Henry was up with the lark, and went out with the spade on his shoulder to the spring, which, in his opinion, had too wild and neglected an appearance round about, probably because no one ever went there unless to fetch water, as it was so far from the palace. He set about digging a large circle in the green turf around it, and continued at it the whole morning, until the perspiration actually ran from his forehead. At last, when tired and thirsty, he went to the spring, and thought no wine ever half so delicious. He then hastened back to the palace, and went up melancholy into his room.

Had he remained there only a quarter of an hour longer, he would have been discovered by Floretta, who came as usual with her bucket. Seeing the circle that had been made round the spring, she said to herself, "Father must have been up very early this morning, or I wonder whether he ordered the men to do this."

When she came home, she mentioned what she had seen to old Lucas, her father, who seemed very much surprised at his having heard nothing about it. He went himself to the spot, and seeing what had been done, exclaimed angrily, "My men have been doing this now without my orders." He had them all brought before him, but each stoutly denied knowing any thing about the matter. Old Lucas shook his head, and as he could not at all conceive who had presumed to meddle with his office of gardener to the court, determined to be on the look-out himself; he watched, therefore, the whole day, but all his watching turned out in vain.

The following morning the young prince went to the spring again at the same time, and began digging and raking the new beds even; then taking flower-roots from several parts of the garden, where they were too thick, he set them in a circle round the spring. He saw nobody all the time he was at work, and what was worse, no one saw him, at least not the person by whom he wished to be seen; he therefore resolved to make the best of his way back to the palace; the nearest road, however, happened to be a by-way that led past a certain neat little cottage. He cast a glance up at the window, and there discovered the lovely girl. The window was open, and Floretta standing

at it, binding the long tresses of her raven-hair round her head. Flowers lay scattered on the window before her, which she had most probably intended for a place in her bonnet, or at her bosom.— Henry greeted her at the window, and she returned the salutation; then mounting on a little bench that was before the house, he was nearly as high as Floretta, before whom he now stood quite close to the window.

A beautiful crimson, like a reflection from the morning clouds, instantly spread over her face and alabaster neck. "Shall I assist you in dressing?" said Henry. "What, are you up so early, my young lord?" returned Floretta. Henry did not consider it at all early, and she did not consider she needed any of his assistance. In his opinion, she required no other ornament to set her off than her own charms; and in her opinion he was only laughing at her, which was not at all becoming in him. Henry affirmed he had never spoken more truly in his life, and had never been able to forget her since she gave him the rose, which he regretted ever having returned, as he should have preferred keeping it as a token from her; and she regretted that the flowers then lying before her on the window were bad, but she would readily give him all if he had any wish for them. Henry asserted, whilst putting some of them in his breast, that the worst flowers received their worth from the giver; and she, on the other hand, began to think the flowers looked very pretty, now that he had placed them in his bosom. Thus were these two thinking, and asserting, and regretting a great many more things; when old Lucas called Floretta into the adjoining room. Bowing with a sweet smile to the young prince, she disappeared. Henry returned to the palace, but with steps so light, that he seemed scarcely to feel the ground under his feet.

When old Lucas went home at mid-day from the garden to dinner, he exclaimed, "I should like to know who it can be that is playing me these tricks; that unknown gardener has been there again this morning, and parted and raked the beds, and actually begun to set some of them with flowers. I went out very early this morning on purpose, but the work was already done, and no one to be seen. I have been waiting there again the whole morning, but to no purpose. I don't know what to make of the matter; it may be, though, that he works at night by moon-light."

When Floretta went, as usual, in the evening to fetch water from the spring, it first occurred to her that the unknown

gardener might be no other than the young prince, as it was from that direction she had seen him come to her in the morning to the window.

In the evening, after sunset, when the court had returned from some of the many festivities that were then daily taking place, Henry hastened into the garden to the spring, where he found Floretta's bonnet lying on the ground; he took it up, and, pressing it to his lips, kissed it. He then plucked in the twilight the most beautiful flowers he could find, and fetching from the palace a handsome sky-blue ribbon, twined the flowers in a sort of wreath round her bonnet. He went to old Lucas's cottage, but finding that they were all in bed, and the windows closed, he hung it outside on the shutter.

The next morning Floretta rose much earlier than usual, being determined to find out this midnight gardener, and discover him to her father. There might, however, have been a little curiosity, as well as a little of something else, mixed up with this wish, but which, of course, she mentioned to no one. Having dressed herself as quietly as possible, she opened the window, when she discovered her bonnet hanging outside, with the wreath around it. Now it first occurred to her that she had left it the previous evening at the spring. She smiled at seeing the flowers and the ribbon, but then all at once making a sorrowful face, "Ah," sighed she, "As must have been up earlier than I was this morning, as he has been here already."

Who it was that she meant by "he," she did not say. She looked at the flowers again, and taking them off, placed them in a jug of clean water; and then rolling up the ribbon, put it by along with her other simple finery; then going to the window, she got out on the little bench that was outside, and jumped to the ground. There was a proper house-door to the cottage, but she was afraid to open that, on account of the possibility of awakening her father.

Having passed the little bridge over the stream, she stopped all at once, hesitating whether to proceed or turn back.—"I am certainly too late," thought she to herself, "father says he works only by moon-light; now the moon is gone down, and the sun is on the point of rising. But if he should really happen to be there, what would he think of my coming out so early? he'd suppose that it was on his account, and I should not like him to do that. No, I'll go back for my bucket, and pretend as if going for some water, and then he'll not suspect what I really came for." Such were the

thoughts that then occupied Floretta, when she made up her mind to turn back; her resolution, however, was but weak, as she still kept going onwards to the spring. She was already so near, that she heard the splashing of the water, and saw through the thicket the beds that had been so recently dug. With a tremulous joy she also saw a spade sticking in the earth close by.

"So he himself can't be far off," thought Floretta, "as he has left his things there. Perhaps he's only gone to set some flower roots. I'll hide myself, and watch him." She then went softly behind a coppice of elm, from which she could see unperceived every body that approached to the spring.

Whilst she was standing there concealed, her timorous heart began to beat terribly, as at every rustling of the leaves she fancied she saw some one coming.—Her terror, however, was needless, as no one as yet appeared.

To be continued in our next.

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF CHINON.

CHINON, by the river, is grand and picturesque. It is on the right bank of the Vienne, and is sheltered between craggy hills, on the top of the loftiest of which are the remains of the once formidable castle, which for a thousand years held the surrounding country in awe. It was the favourite residence of Henry the Second of England, and the scene of his last moments in 1189, when, broken-hearted by the undutiful conduct of his children, he left the world with a malediction on them upon his lips. And here, ten years afterwards, his son, the lion-hearted Richard, closed his valiant career, and his giant-like ambition, in the narrow precincts of the grave. This castle was the chosen abode of Charles the Seventh. The apartments he inhabited are still in tolerable preservation, as is also the room in which Joan of Arc was introduced into his presence, and, selecting him, in his assumed disguise, from the nobles by whom he was surrounded, declared to him her divine mission. Here likewise it was that his unnatural son, Louis the Eleventh, whilst yet dauphin, dared to propose the assassination of his parent, to the Comte de Chabannes, the favourite minister, who had virtue enough to shrink from the horrible crime, and revealed the intention to his royal master. The dismal '*oubliettes*' may still be traced close behind the fire-place, in the principal sitting room; so that the haughty

prince might be stretching his legs over the fire, with the utmost *nonchalance*, at the moment that the unfortunate wretch who had offended him might be precipitated, at his very side, into this horrid grave. Alas! that history should have recorded this to have actually been the case with that mirror of chivalrous honour, Francis the First, in company with one of his mistresses; but having seen such incontrovertible proof of the monstrous cruelty of the ages of despotism, I can now believe almost any thing that is told of them; and amongst the rest, the account of a French writer, which, before I thought only adapted for pages of romance. 'The chamber which this monarch occupied,' says he, speaking of Louis the Eleventh, at the chateau des Loches, 'was exactly over the frightful dungeons in which the unfortunates, cast in by his orders languished. What reflections could a King make, thus taking up his abode above the horrid vaults from which the last sighs of his expiring victims were breathed. What hope of pardon for these despairing wretches, when he, who alone had the power of granting it, could thus unfeelingly repose immediately over the spot where they were suffering. A considerable time after the death of Louis the Eleventh, a captain of the name of Pontbriant, governor of the chateau, discovered an iron door, which he caused to be opened, and traced, by the light of flambeaux, the subterranean passages, the entrance to which its purport was to close. After advancing a little way, he perceived a second iron door which was opened, as the first—he then penetrated into a vast dungeon, at the extremity of which he beheld, exactly under the apartments of Louis the Eleventh, a man sitting on a stone bench, leaning his head on his hands. No doubt the unhappy wretch had died in this position, of famine and despair! There was nothing near him, excepting some linen in a small trunk. Pontbriant approached and touched him; but only a hideous skeleton, of large proportions, remained beneath his hand, at the pressure of which, slight as it must have been, the flesh and garments had instantly fallen to the earth, a heap of dust!' It is natural enough that tyrants should be cowards; the castle of Chinon, like most of the same period, has several subterranean passages, to favour escape in case of any sudden attack. One, in the corner of the king's dormitory, ran not only to the river, but under the bed of it, to the chateau on the other side, within sight of the castle; and thence to another, it is said, at twelve miles dis-

tance. What a picture might the imagination draw of a blood-stained, conscience-stricken monarch, thus flying by torch-light through the very bowels of the earth; his glittering robe and trembling diadem impeding his coward flight; fear leading the way—hate pursuing him!—whilst above, in the blessed sunshine, and pure breezes of heaven, the shepherd throws himself on the enamelled turf,

'With all his little flock at feed before him,' ignorant alike of the troubles and crimes of the great!—But enough of horrors.

The interior of the quadrangle is laid out in garden grounds watered by a well two hundred and forty-eight feet deep.—This well was, eight years ago, the scene of a most calamitous accident; the mouth of it was, by most unpardonable negligence, left open, with only a temporary covering of straw over it; so much worse than nothing, as it hid the appearance of danger. Hanging over the aperture was an almond tree, which, luxuriant in blossoms, caught the attention of a young lady, the boast of La Touraine for her beauty, and the only child of wealthy parents, who, with their daughter and a few friends, had come, from some distance, on an excursion of pleasure, to explore the remains of the castle—her eyes fixed on the fragrant flower above her head, she thought not of the cavity beneath; she sprang forward, in youthful hilarity, to catch the branch—her foot touched the straw—in an instant she disappeared, and was no more!—Thus, without a moment's warning of her fate, realising, in days of peace and refinement, the barbarous death of the '*oubliettes*,' in the darkest ages of cruelty. *Six Weeks on the Loire, &c.*

MUNDEN AT FAULT.

FOR THE OLIO.

"AH, my dear Joe! how are you!—Come to hear me preach, yeh?"—Precisely so—"Humph." This was the friendly salutation and laconic reply of the vicar of T—n and the once gay comedian. But, to cut it short, the narrator would be tempted into dramatic action, if not dramatic effect, if he were to dilate on the congratulations and supervenings elicited at this unexpected and glad interview. Munden was on his way to Exeter. This was Sunday. He was devotional. His old friend the Doctor lived here—preached here—and was everybody here. The consequence was, that Joe Anderson my Joe must abide here for a week at least, and no denial. The doctor took his arm,

not his pulse, as doctors do generally—sent word to the inn not to expect their visitor as yet; and after a couple of bottles passed “over and against” the table after dinner, it was pledged in a bumper, that friend Munden should stay for a round robin week, and each day’s amusement was chalked out for him. Here, then, Master Autolycus must steal time as well as purses, and Munden was nailed.

The Monday was spent in fishing,—what of the engagement? Tuesday in coursing—what of the stage course?—Wednesday in hunting,—what of hunting after players? Thursday in shooting at the target,—what of the Duel? Friday in trying for the silver arrow,—what of H-arrow on the Hill? Saturday in badger-baiting,—what of the badgering of the stage-manager, who by this time had sent an express; and Munden promised faithfully, on the word of a man and the *credit* of an actor, to appear the second night in the ensuing week; advising the manager, with which he readily complied, to save his house from condemnation, by this circular:—

“Mr. Munden from London.—‘The Deuce is in him,’—but ‘Crack’ will be found at the ‘Finger Post,’ not five miles off, the following evening, without fail.”

Munden arrived and played; but the people, who, on the first night of the performance, resented their disappointment, could no longer resist the delay, and became good-humoured on the rising of the curtain, when he offered an apology on account of peculiar pious compunctious visitings and extreme indisposition, and every thing succeeded to the utmost of his wishes.

TO AN INCONSTANT.

I LOVE thee not as once I did!
Thy bloom of beauty is not gone;
The same soft languor droops the lid
Of eyes too sweet to look upon;
The pearly light, that loved to play
Amid the darkness of thine hair,
Still loves with lustrous change to stray
And sparkle radiantly there;—
And yet, my love is lessened so,
I love thee not as I could do!

There is not less of angel grace
In every aspect of thy form;
The smiling sunshine in thy face
Might still make wintry deserts warm;
Thy hoarded words,—no music lives
Is sweet enough thy voice to wed,—
The eager ear its sound receives,
And loves the tone, what’e’er is said;—
And yet, my love is lessened so,
I love thee not as I could do!

And must I tell the reason why,
And shade the brow where shines my day?
Thy heart is mine while I am by,
Another’s, if an hour away!

Thy beauty’s constant, but thy mind,
Oh nothing is so prone to change;—
The eagle’s wing—the wandering wind
Have not so wide and wild a range!—
This—this my love has lessened so,
That I love not as I could do! C. W.

AN ACTOR’S SUIT, *versus* THE SILVER TANKARD;

OR, WOMAN’S WIT TRIUMPHANT.
For the Olio.

ACTORS of our day possess their own wardrobes, and “strut and fret” their hours in their unborrowed plumes. But this was not the case when Smock Alley Playhouse was in vogue. It was a custom at that time for persons of the first rank and distinction to give their birth-day suits to the most favoured actors. A Mr. Thurmond, a reputable actor, was honoured by General Ingoldsby with his; but Mr. T.’s finances being at the last ebb of tide, the rich suit was put in buckle (then a cant word for forty in the hundred interest.) One night notice was given that the general would be present with the government (in Ireland) at the play, and all the performers on the stage were preparing to dress out in the suits presented. The spouse of Johnny (as he was generally called) tried all her arts to persuade Mr. Holdfast, the pawnbroker, to let go the clothes for that evening, to be returned when the play was over; but all arguments were fruitless—nothing but the ready, or a pledge of full equal value. Such people would have despised a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, with all their rhetorical flourishes, if their oratorian gowns had been in pledge. Well! what must be done? The whole family in confusion, and all at their wit’s end. Disgrace, with her glaring eyes and extended mouth, ready to devour. Fatal appearance! At last Winifrede, the wife, put on a composed countenance, but, alas! with a troubled heart, stepped to a neighbouring tavern, and bespoke a very hot *negus* to comfort Johnny in the great part he was to perform that night, begging to have the silver tankard with the lid, because, as she said, a covering, and the vehicle silver, would retain heat longer than any other metal. The request was complied with, the *negus* carried to the theatre, piping hot—popped into a common earthen mug—the tankard *l’argent* travelled *incog.*, under Winny’s apron (like the Persian ladies, veiled)—put into the pawnbroker’s hands in exchange for the suit—put on and played its part, with the rest of the wardrobe; when its duty was over, carried back, to remain in its old depository—the tankard returned the right road; and, when the tide flowed with its lunar influence, the stranded suit was

wasted into safe harbour again, after paying a little for *dry docking*, which was all the damage received. Mr. Thurmond died in London, when he was one of the company in Drury Lane Theatre, a merry, good-natured companion to the last.

Thus woman's wit, though some account it evil,
With artful wiles, can overcome the d—l.

P.Z.P.

Intimations of New Books.

Summer Flowers. Charles Feist.
Whittaker and Co.

Mr. Charles Feist, whose poetic writings we have admired in various periodicals, has produced by his industry, a very rich bouquet of 'Summer Flowers,' in subjects interesting and useful. Here are selections from esteemed authors, on religion geography, astronomy, natural history, moral and sacred poetry, with many other practical themes, particularly suitable for the consideration of young persons.

A Dictionary of the English Language.
By G. Fulton, and G. Knight. Idem.

Independently of valuable accentuation and pronunciation, the supplement contains Latin, scriptural and mythological terms, highly useful to students in the classics and public writers.

The Etymological Spelling Book and Expositor. By Henry Butter.

In the previous notice, we were sure this excellent work would find its way into the school-room, and its merit be appreciated in proportion to its publicity. As it has, therefore, reached the eighth edition, we are happy to add another tribute of approval; and are, further convinced, a more complete arrangement of knowledge cannot be found for the application of tyros, in both sexes.

Petit Tableau Littéraire de la France.
Par P. F. Merlet.

This little selection, like the other publications of M.ons. Merlet, is written in a popular and amusing style, and equally calculated to give instruction, while it facilitates the acquisition of the French language.

Cambrian Superstitions. By W. Howells. Longman and Co.

Whether belonging to the principal, or not, our readers will find much to be recreated with in the perusal of this publication of many strange and uncommon practices known in Wales, sufficiently striking as to produce excitement; and wrought in so forcible a manner, as to be repaid by a full development of the superstitions in Cambria.

The Natural History of Selborne. By the Rev. Gilbert White. Whittaker and Co.

This work is written in a perspicuous and pleasing tone of feeling and expression. Much instruction is to be derived by following Mr. White through a pleasing variety of matter connected with the natural history of Selborne, and non-residents will be informed without incurring tedious labour.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex. By J. D. Parry, M. A. Wright and Son, Brighton. Longman and Co. London.

Independently of all the useful information which such a book is expected to contain respecting watering places and 'a' that, a very interesting portion is occupied by many allusions to subjects identified with English history. Not only coasters and health-divers will be gratified in reading this closely printed account, but readers of sterner stuff amply repaid for an examination of the Boscombe documents, and other lore not generally current in ordinary libraries.

Practical Notes made during a Tour in Canada, and a Portion of the United States, in 1831. By A. Ferguson.

We have not met with so clever, amusing, and terse a book as this on the subjects treated. The "notes" are, indeed, practical; and the "Tour" gives us regret that our space will not admit the experienced author to travel through our columns.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A JOKE-HUNTER.

SAD head-ache—about eleven ounces heavier than yesterday. Recollected nothing of last night's doings, but a vision of oysters, much punch, and egregious laughter—what at, it was out of my power to define, except that, by the bye, S. K. the dramatist, if I don't mistake, told me, about the second bowl, an anecdote of R., the tall and talented tragedian (whose acquaintance I just had the pleasure of making), to the following effect:—While playing the principal business at Norwich, he called upon the low comedy man of the company one morning, and wondered how the deuce the latter contrived to master his parts with such velocity, "Here," said he, "the manager twits me with your getting perfect in forty lengths long before I can manage ten; now tell us, will you, how you manage it? Where is the secret?" "Oh!" said the other, "I stroll down to the

willow-walk of a morning, and go through my part for an hour or so before breakfast." "Oh! that's the game, is it? Then, egad, I'll try it with Sir Giles; shall you be there to-morrow?" "By no means! I've been perfect in Justice Greedy these two days." "Oh, you have, have you? Very well, at rehearsal, my boy, you shall find how I'll astonish you." The next day, about ten o'clock, the low comedy gentleman had an unexpected vision of R., wet as a drowned rat. "Why, confound your intellects!" quoth the latter, "I'll be dashed if you arn't a pretty fellow!" "Here now, what's the matter?" "Matter, sir a great deal's the matter! a hoax is the matter, as you shall bear! Here have I, pursuant to your advice, been toddling to and fro in the willow-walk, for two hours before breakfast, but instead of getting perfect in Sir Giles, egad, I've got perfectly well wet through!"

Last night I supped with Mr M.; the consequence is that I have gathered flesh. Must mind what I am at or shall be in danger of getting corpulent. My tailor, Walker, of Southampton-street, sent me a waistcoat from my measure taken last week. Horrorstruck at finding it didn't fit me, he threatened to immolate himself. Offered him christian consolation, and explained circumstances—M.'s last tumbler of toddy too bad; but ate voraciously for breakfast:—four eggs boiled as hard as bullets, Sicilian salt, fresh butter, and Turkey coffee untainted with sugar or milk. Tried to recollect some of the facetious doctor's jokes; but all had evanesced save one. It was this—and M. said he knew it to be a fact—as good and *bona fide* a bull as ever had been made. W. the great binder, during the rush to get out Annuals a year or so back, hired a pro temp. Irish porter, having already a permanent specimen of the same species on his establishment. The latter was confidential, and W., taking him aside, sternly inhibited his talking emerald with young Pro Temp. About an hour after, the gentle pair met by accident behind a stack of the Keepsake, and W. heard them aggravating their voices. The confidential was instantly summoned, and the following colloquy occurred: "Soh! you couldn't refrain!" "E' then, sir, I'll make bould to say, I've acted like a person of principle in this transgression." "Nonsense! I expressly told you that I would have no time wasted by your practising your native tongue together." "Nor will you, sir, unless I'm mightily mistaken,—thanks to the measures I tuck. Acting up to the spirit of your orders, meeself put a stop to the thing

intirely before it began. This is what happened: says he to me, awhile ago there by the Keepsake, says he, 'How do you like the place you've got here, and what sort of a man is your masher?' spaking in Irish, you'll remark. 'Perfectly well, friend,' says I; 'and the masher's a gentleman inside and out,' answering his question in English though you'll observe, so that he mightn't know I knew Irish!"

Having yesterday dined demurely at chambers on nothing but a grilled fowl and preserved apricot tart, I rose this morning, much heavier and more clear-headed. Answered several old cases; and settled exceptions in the Exchequer. Got over to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Found H. there, sketching geese. Told me he had been in Ireland since I last saw him; inquired if he had imported any good bulls. Discovered that he had to a small extent; and with a view to get one of them by the horns, related M.'s anecdote of the bookbinder's porter. The bait took; for it lugged out this from "memory's stream":—Luke McGeoghan being at confession, owned, among other things, that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The priest told him he must make restitution. Luke couldn't: how could he, when he'd eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No:—Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience—it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the priest said, if he wouldn't, he'd rue it; for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" Indeed but the father did. "And maybe, Tim himself will be there too?" Most certainly. "Och then, why bother about the thrife this side the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him then, you know."

Supped with W., and fished from him the following:—A young artist, who had nothing but a brush to depend upon, ran up a score of seventeen shillings and some odd pence, with a very fat, coarse, vulgar-looking lady, who, being left a lone woman, with two sweet girls (twins,) the image of each other, and miniatures of herself, condescended to keep together her late husband's connexions in the green-grocery, until she could do better. With a twin in either band, she dunned the young artist daily. Circumstances debarred him from the felicity of bolting, and he was compelled to make terms with her. She raised the siege on these conditions; namely—that he, the said artist, should paint a

proper portrait of her, the said green-grocer's widow, from head to foot, with half lengths, on the same canvas, of her dear twins, so as to make a comfortable, substantial family picture; in return for which she, the said fat contracting party, was to give the other a full and free release. The painter speedily accomplished his task, but not altogether to the satisfaction of the lady, who, before she gave the desired discharge, insisted on each of her twins pointing to her, and being made to say, by means of a loop issuing from their lips, after the manner of caricatures, "This here's my mamma!"

In the course of the night another fine arts anecdote was turned up.—A gentleman of some reputation as an artist, had the extraordinary good luck to obtain credit at a cheesemonger's. His teeth, however, completely distanced his palette; for, by the time he had earned five pounds, he had eaten upwards of twenty. Being a man of singular honesty, considering—as soon as he had received the fruit of his labours, he determined on devoting a portion of it to the discharge of his liabilities. He therefore deputed a literary friend to offer, in return for the butter, eggs, bacon, ham, brawn, pork (pickled and fresh,) Gloucester, Cheshire, Cheddar, and Stilton, he had had, one-and-ninepence in the pound. "Oh! my customer is an artist, is he?" exclaimed the cheesemonger to the man of letters. "I wish he had mentioned that afore—eh, Jem?" winking at his shopman. "We knows an artist or two—don't we?"—another wink. "And so now, arter getting a matter o' twenty pound in my debt here, he sends and offers sich a compysation as this—What do you say, Jem?" "Oh, I say," replied Jem, "take the money, master. One-and-ninepence in the pound is uncommon liberal for an artist—specially the odd threepence."

Heard a joke as I was standing under a gateway. The Hertfordshire peasants are notorious for their want of urbanity. Indeed, as regards all that relates to the *bienséances de société*, they are as great brutes as any gentlemen alive. A lady, while on a visit to a friend residing in the county, had, during her rides on horse-back in the neighbourhood, become perfectly aware of the boorishness of the peasantry. One day, when riding unattended, she came to a bye gate of her host's park, which had not a lodge. A chubby boy was swinging to and-fro upon it. She ventured to beg that he would hold it open while she passed. To her utter amazement, he did so! Delighted

with his complacency, she gave him a shilling, observing, "It is quite clear, my lad, from your civility, that you are not a native of Hertfordshire." The reply was this—"Thee'st a liar—I be!"

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THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.

Continued from page 47.

LUCY was reconveyed to prison more dead than alive. Awakened from her torpor, the dreadful reality of her situation burst upon her mind. She was a cipher—a nonentity amongst her fellow creatures. The violet had lost its perfume; and the flower of promise, now a being charged with crime, was doomed to wither ere it had scarcely lived. As a last resource, Lucy implored to be allowed one more interview with Dangerfield; and, in compliance with the request, he was ushered into her cell. She was seated before a prayer-book when he entered, and reading aloud this verse of the twenty-fifth Psalm—"Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and in misery."

Paul heard the words; and, crooking his lip with scorn, burst into a bitter laugh.

"Oh, do not laugh!" cried Lucy, "or I shall think my 'wildered fancy has conjured up some fiend to lure me onwards to destruction!—Oh, Paul, Paul! save me!"

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;

I thought so once—but now I know it!"

replied Paul, sarcastically, at this instance of attachment to life in one who had so little to live for.

"For mercy's sake, forbear! and, if you have one spark of pity in your breast save me from destruction. Oh, Paul!" continued Lucy, throwing herself upon her knees in agony, "as you would that God should be merciful unto you, so be merciful to me! I know I deserve death for my disobedience, and my sinful consent to your robbing my widowed parent; yet not so dreadful a death as the one to which I am doomed. You know, Paul—you know I am guiltless of murder. It is hard for one so young as I am to die with resignation. Save me—save me, then, and my future life shall be spent in prayer for your felicity. Do not abandon my name to posterity with the foul accompaniment of matricide. Remember how I suffered myself to be persuaded to your entreaties, and show some little lenity towards mine, or I shall expire at your feet!"

Paul remained unmoved. That ambitious feeling which had prompted him to

excel as a good son, an expert wrestler, and a daring offender of the laws, now fired him with the desire of proving himself the *greatest* of all villains, by permitting an innocent person to die, when a word from him might save her. He therefore calmly drew his clothes from Lucy's convulsive grasp, and malignantly repeating, "Dogs bark as they die!" slowly left the cell.

The morning arrived for the execution. Two gibbets had been erected side by side; and in front a stake had been driven into the ground, surrounded by faggots. Scarcely an inhabitant of either Lynn or Norwich was absent, on account of the culprits being so well known, and the crowd extended far and wide. It had been settled that Lucy was first to suffer, and in the presence of "her confederates."

As Paul passed, loud execrations marked the indignation of the multitude; but when Lucy was led forth, the people were silent, from commiseration excited by her youth, and a partial belief in her innocence in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence against her.—"Alas!" she exclaimed internally, "had I the treasures of the world I would give all to be the meanest individual amongst yonder throng, and at liberty." A butterfly flew past her as she spoke, and she burst into tears.—"The insect of a day is an object of my envy!"

Having repeated the last prayer, she advanced to the stake, more like an ingenious piece of mechanism than an animated creature, and extended her arm to the executioner, when there arose a confused murmur amongst the assembled spectators. She raised her eyes, and saw, at some distance from the eminence on which she stood, a man on horse-back, scouring the outward plain in full gallop. On he came, like an eagle in rapid flight; and as he approached, the words "A reprieve!—stop the execution—a reprieve!" burst from his lips. The cry was caught by the multitude; the air was rent with acclamations; and "a reprieve!—a reprieve!" resounded on every side. "Great God of justice, I am saved!" cried Lucy, clasping her hands with delight, "my innocence is known, and I am saved!" Meanwhile the horseman advanced—the crowd made way with cheers—he reached the scaffold—and, leaping upon the platform, he breathlessly exclaimed—"The King has granted a free pardon to Mark Inderling—he is free!"

It was now made apparent that Inderling had been totally unconscious of Dangerfield's real intentions, and

that he was merely to give him assistance in eloping with Lucy; and, aware of Mrs. Howard's objections to the match, he naturally believed the tale. The real circumstances becoming known to Cecilia Bentley, she flew, on the wings of hope, to the Mayor of Norwich, and laid the matter before him. The Mayor, a worthy, humane man, immediately visited Mark, to ascertain if his statement corresponded with Cecilia's; and satisfying himself, he dispatched a trusty messenger with an account to London. We have seen the result. In another moment Mark found himself clasped in Cecilia's arms.

"I know not," he falteringly said, "to whom my thanks are due for this; but may eternal happiness be theirs in return—although, I fear me, I shall never again be so fit to die!"

"Ever indulge that fear," cried his Cecilia, "and none will be more ready to meet the final doom."

Mark was restored to liberty, and Lucy once more led to the stake. This sudden destruction of her just hope benumbed her remaining faculties, and she could only murmur—"God grant that some sign of my innocence may appear!" At this moment, Inderling, who had not quitted the stage, stepped tremblingly towards her, and, bending upon his knee, pressed her hand to his lips, whilst he sadly said—"Poor croft flower!—would that it had been your innocence revealed instead of mine. I fear that I have been an unknowing assistant in bringing you here, and I shall never rest in my bed without hearing the words of pardon from your mouth."

Lucy, for an instant, seemed restored to recollection. She smiled, with the ineffable expression of an angel, upon Mark, and said, in a low yet melodious voice, "Peace be unto thee. God bless thee!" These were her last mournful yet consolatory words.

Meanwhile the executioner proceeded in his revolting duty. A dark smile gathered upon the livid and swarthy features of Dangerfield as he viewed the tender shrinking limbs of Lucy fastened to the stake, and the fatal pile ignited. His eyes; so remarkable for the wild ferocity of their expression, and his elevated brows, gave him an appearance scarcely human. Meantime the fire gradually approached the person of Lucy; and a shriek, that pierced the hearts of all, save the unmoved cause of her untimely fate, marked her first emotion of pain. A thick smoke then for a few seconds shrouded her from view.

Suddenly the faggots crackled, and the flames burst brightly forth, and men's hearts quailed as the extremity of corporal anguish extorted frightful and unearthly screams from the victim; then were heard low plaintive wailings, till at length all was hushed, and deep silence announced that the soul of Lucy was separated from her tortured body, to wing its way to a Judge, whose judgments are just. Thus did this poor hapless victim add one more practical illustration of the importance to be attached to the commandments of God; for, had she "*honoured and obeyed her parent*," her days might have been "*long in the land*."

When she was no more, the noose was placed round Dangerfield's neck; but, previously to the cap being drawn over his face, he said to the attendant clergyman, and a sneer of malicious triumph sat upon his countenance while he spoke—"I believe, sir, that the request of a dying man is usually complied with."

"Always," replied the divine, drawing near the criminal.

"Then, reverend sir," returned Paul, "I desire that a letter; which you will find in my pocket, may not be opened until this day month." The chaplain promised to observe his directions, upon which Dangerfield kicked off his shoes, and exclaimed—"That's to prove my old mother a liar, as she always foretold that I should die with my shoes on!" Then, leaping from the scaffold, he launched himself into eternity,—in this manner dying, as he had lived, a hardened and consummate ruffian. The letter alluded to contained a full confession of the preceding particulars, and set the ill-fated Lucy's innocence in the strongest light; by which piece of demoniacal treachery he attained, with his last breath, that altitude which he had spent a life to acquire—a mastership in crime! The contents of the letter aroused the popular indignation so much that Paul's body was exhumed, although it had lain the stipulated month, and it was then again buried in a cross-road, with a stake driven through it.

To conclude. Past follies had taught Mark Inderling wisdom; he married Cecilia, and once more became a useful member of society. Shortly afterwards the punishment of death by fire was abolished, consequently no more executions of that description took place at Norwich; and, whenever Inderling had occasion to visit the city, he never failed dropping a tear to the memory of her who was the victim of **THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.**

Just as the sense is tickled by the touch—
Some laugh at little, others frown at much. P. Z.

LIBERALITY OF PAGANINI.

THE reputation which preceded Paganini to England, and which was increased after his arrival, induced many persons to offer him more than the usual civilities. Among the number no one stood more conspicuous than Signor Lablache, the celebrated bass-singer, then engaged at the Opera-house. On the arrival of the modern Orpheus in London, he was waited upon and welcomed by this open-hearted and generous Italian, who in the kindest manner "oft invited him to his house;" in fact, desired him to consider it his home until he could with convenience settle himself comfortably elsewhere. The great violinist was not *slow* in his *movement*; he availed himself of the invitation, and remained for several days the guest of this worthy though *thorough bassman*. Having at last announced his determination "to be off," he requested to know from his hospitable entertainer, "how much he was his debtor for the sundry dinners, *cum multis alitis*, the good things, of which he had so liberally partaken in his house." Imagine the surprise of the worthy host on being asked so startling a question. He remonstrated in the kindest manner. "My dear Paganini, I hope you will believe that I invited you to my table as a friend, and I shall feel proud in having the satisfaction of knowing that my endeavours to make you comfortable have been attended with success; unless you wish to offend me, you will make no further mention of remuneration." "Me feel greatly oblige by your var polite attention," replied Paganini, "but me do no wish to put myself under no obligation to no man."—"Believe me," rejoined Lablache, "that any attention you may have received from me, is no more than I consider due to you as a friend and stranger in this country, and as a mark of my high respect for your transcendent and unrivalled talent."—"Dat all var well, Signor, but me no be under compliment to you." With this highly spirited determination Paganini drew his purse from his pocket, and counted his silver several times over; at last he again broke silence. "Me dine here so many times—let me see—ay, ay, so many dinner, at so much, is exact sixteen shillings." This amount he placed upon the table, and was in the act of pushing it towards his friend—Lablache rose from the table, and, with feelings better imagined than described, thus addressed him—"My good friend, unless you intend to insult me, I desire you will put that money in your pocket again."

"No, no, me always dinn in my own country var well for dat," was the thrifty reply; and placing the money nearer to his entertainer, Paganini was about to continue his remarks, when Lablache indignantly exclaiming, "This is too bad—shameful!" rang the bell, and, on the entrance of the servant, desired him to take the silver from the table, as Signor Paganini wished him to accept it for his attention to him. The servant, no way loath, soon pocketed the affront, and bowing to the generous guest, left the room. "Me no mean dat at all," exclaimed our astonished hero; "me mean to pay for me var good dinners. Bars! staves! and clefts! this too bad."—"Too bad, indeed," retorted the host; "I see it is your intention to offend me;" so saying, he left the room, and Paganini presently departed, in no very enviable mood, to brood over the frustration of his liberal and gentlemanly design.

Finz Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Last Notice.

A little while and this bright intercourse
Will end. Some will be taken, and command
A place with other silent monitors,
And beautify a portion of the spot
To lordly wealth devoted. Some will grace
The quiet mansion; others be returned,
To catch the eye of fancy's purse-proud child,
Or bear the summer flies—contumely. All
Have destitute—but which we cannot trace.

How agreeably our duties would be performed, could we give our unqualified approval of the collection of pictures painted and exhibited here this season; but though, in a spirit of mildness, we refrain from pointing out several very inferior efforts, we cannot but condemn those of the committee of management in their want of taste in their selection; or the artists who expose their names and want of talent by sending the very worst specimens of the art, which, as we have heard it whispered, are hung in the most unfavourable situations, to remain as foils to set off and get their superiors ornamented by the comprehensive word *sold*. Yet on the side of many talented and indefatigable individuals with large families and the weight of ill-health, we pronounce it a partial custom (that several really good pictures, deserving to be entered as *sold*, are not in favourable aspects of light in the line to give them equal advantages of recommendation: no wonder the canvases and frames are politely returned at the close of the galleries, without an earnest for future encouragement and support!—But, finding our remarks inclined to individuality rather than general

application, we proceed to more pleasurable feelings.

No. 482. *The Thames at Maidenhead*. C. Deane—and 496. *Tamerton Lake, Devonshire*. P. H. Rogers. Are to our taste. The effect of duly apportioned sun and shade,—sky and green and graduated pencilling, by a freedom of breadth, is agreeably diversified and picturesque.

478. *The Examination of a Village School*. T. Harvey. The four children, two of each sex, on the form, being examined, by the friends, are on the alert to give their answers. Several thick-skulled youngsters are behind, more pleased to remain; and others are enjoying the quiz and teasing the old man, whose utmost desires are to keep good order and pass the examination with credit and satisfaction to the patrons and patronesses.

430. *A vase and basket of flowers*. L. Jaskiff. The roses, lilacs, and luxuriant extensions of tendrils, are naturally coloured: they are rather overblown. The vase is rich and worthily associated.

436. *The Procession of Q. Elizabeth to Kenilworth Castle*. D. Welstenholme, jun. Groupes on foot and horse, surrounding the queen in diversified costumes and degrees, and paying homage with gesticulation, as court sycophants are accustomed to pay—in smiles, and nods; and bows, and wiles. But we condemn the white somethings in winding sheets, intended, we presume, for damsels, (from such good decorum and finer feelings deliver us!) and wonder what the ambitious Bess thought of such nondescript swirling and preceding the procession, as her advance guard.

437. *Interior of a Gaming House*. H. Pidding. Here is a fine moral lesson exhibited! Men of quality and women of rank are alike interested in their ruin. These are anticipating and revoking—duels follow such a scene as this:—"to naked clubs, to murder and to death."

498. *Destructive Reformers*. By the same. This picture is also recommended for its moral application to those who "run and read." More than meets the ear is told by a bone near an open door. A cat is on one side and a cur on the other quarrelling which shall have it. This is also manifested by the prizes of the persons in the grouping, who are intent on mischief to others, or securing the loaves and fishes for themselves.

418. *The Wood Carrier*. R. B. Davis—and 421. *A Country Church*. B. Milner—(almost out of reach)—are two rural pictures: such as are seen in the contemplation and business of rural life.

403. *A Fox on the hatch*. C. Hancock. As cunning a Reynard as ever

prowled about a hen-roost or farm-yard, and determined, with all the power of its innate vigilance, to catch something worth waiting for.

377. *Othello*. E. D. Leahy.

Othello If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet, to heaven and grace
Solicit for it straight!

Dead. Alas! my Lord! what mean you by that?

Ay, by the very grip which *Othello* gives her, she well might ask; for one and another like it, were sufficient to snap her heart-strings. Strikingly descriptive as is this picture, no one can contemplate the sequel and not sympathise with Desdemona's lot.

333. *Childs Harold and his Page*. H. Singleton. This is a Byronish effort. Harold is as enamoured of the page as the page is fair.

332. *Dressing for a fancy ball*. T. Clater. This young lady is, doubtless, anticipating the capture of some heir's heart; and agreeably with appearances, round her, when ready to step into the ball-room, she will form an object of much whispering and enviable attraction.

304. *Return from a masquerade*. J. Stephenoff. The fair creature has laid in a stock of ennui, and is sufficiently dissipated in conscience for the next three months.

286. *Spanish Refugees*. J. P. Knight. The truth is here too truly depicted in the countenances, as to the state and fate of those who seek refuge in a foreign country, and scarcely find it. But the drawing and effect are indifferently portrayed.

268. *Falcon tearing a Pigeon*. W. Barraud. The stronger bird is triumphing over the weaker, and is in real earnest for the victory, which is clearly described and well coloured.

189. *Abbotsford*. T. B. Kidd. A picture of breadth and dimension, delineating the residence of one whose name will be associated with the picture as long as the colours remain legibly to the eye.

148. *Grouse*. 149. *Black Cock and Grey Hen*. E. Landseer, R.A. These paintings are fine specimens of the art in colouring and effect. True to nature, and invitatory to the sportsman, we can conceive nothing more cleverly finished.

125. *Fisher Boy*. John Zeitter. This boy is holding his fish for sale, and by his young sea-faring face will be no mean representative of his predecessors, who voyage on the waters and bear the weight of the pitiless storm.

72. *A Conversation*. What a treat to be a privileged member of this coterie: four angelic females, whose tongues, if as soft as their features, complexions, and attitudes, are delightful prattlers.

360. *An old woman spinning*. H. Pearsall. Very natural and effective. If better hung (for it nearly touches the ground), this picture would have a fairer chance, which it deserves, of being more generally esteemed.

379. *Vessels at anchor, with small craft*. I. M. Ince. Another nice picture, labouring with similar disadvantages.

188. *Scene at Netley Abbey*. Very praiseworthy executed—without the necessity of being strangled by Pall Mall suspension.

Skittle Players. All intent on knocking down the number—drinking, smoking and publicans adjuncts, usually the desiderata in a skittle-ground.

297. *The Fair Connoisseur*. T. M. Joy. Considerable force and interest for any fair judges.

277. *Lyme Regis*. C. Marshall. The atmosphere is splendid, and the sun richly mellowing the scene.

Many yet remain unnoticed. But while we are compelled to omit them, we ardently hope every artist will meet with an encouraging sale in proportion to his merits—though common justice is not given to every one in the position which he sustains in the line of elevation.

OLIO.

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

A happy moment's like a gem
That glitters in the sphere;
It trembles in the eye, or stem,
Dissolves and disappears.

HARRIET HARR.

Table Talk.

GRADATIONS OF DRUNKENNESS.—A Rabbinical tradition is related by Fabricius, that when Noah planted the vine, Satan attended and sacrificed a sheep, a lion, an ape and a sow. These animals were to symbolize the gradations of ebriety. When a man begins to drink he is meek and ignorant as the lamb; then becomes bold as the lion; his courage is soon transformed into the foolishness of the ape; and at last he wallows in the mire like the sow.

TRUE CONTENTMENT BASED ON MODERATION.—Agar said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes; if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends, not upon what we have, but upon what we would have; a tub was

large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

A PATRIARCH.—The "St. Petersburg Gazette" states that there is living near Polosk, on the frontiers of Lithuania, an old man named Demetrius Crabowski, who is now 168 years old. This Russian Methuselah has always led the humble but tranquil life of a shepherd, assisted by his two sons, the eldest of whom, Paul, is 120, and the younger, Anatole, ninety-seven years old.

Varieties.

Henry the First made the length of his own arm a standard measure (since called a *yard*) throughout England.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.—"To him death seemed divested of all that was gloomy or terrific. Raleigh had never been pardoned; he was liable during the long period of his confinement to be called away any day or any hour to execution; and it is probable that this circumstance had rendered the contemplation of sudden dissolution,—an idea so appalling to an ordinary mind,—to him the subject of quiet, natural, and frequent thought. His firm belief in divine revelation and in the mercy of God to a penitent soul, which rested on its Saviour, invested his meditations on this last scene with a glow of cheerfulness and hope. To others death might be the king of terrors,—to him he was a familiar and not repulsive companion, the thoughts of whom had been so long the inmates of his cell, that when he met him on the scaffold it was almost as an old friend. His last interview with his wife was simple, but deeply affecting. It took place on Thursday night (he was to suffer on Friday morning), and it was midnight before she left the prison. He said he meant to leave with her a paper to acquaint the world with his sentiments, in case they refused him liberty to speak on the scaffold; and fearful lest his feelings in talking of his little son should be too distressing, he avoided the subject and affectionately entreated her to leave him. Raleigh had yet much to do, and a few brief hours to accomplish his task, and they who know any thing of human affection, and of the distracting effects of sorrow, will not wonder that he should desire to be spared the agony which might have unfitted him for his duty. On parting, his wife in a flood of tears, informed him that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body. 'It is well, Bess,' said he, smiling 'that thou mayst dispose of that dead thou hadst not always the disposing of whom alive.'"

Edit. Cab. Lib.

A FIRST APPEARANCE.—The character of Malcolm, in the tragedy of Macbeth, was at length assigned to Cooper. In this humble part, in that play which appeared to receive new lustre from his representing the principal character at a day not far distant, did this great tragedian make his debut: and he was hissed before he got through this first effort. Till the last scene, he passed through neither noticed nor applauded, but when he came to the lines which conclude the play, called the *tug*, and the audience expected to hear the well-known lines—

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see the crowned Scote—

the heir of Duncan and successor of Macbeth stretched forth his hand, and assumed the royal smile of condescension; he saw the people in the theatre rising to depart; he lost his presence of mind, and all recollections of the gracious words he had been prepared to utter—confusion begat terror, and he stood silent and motionless, his royal hand held forth and lips unclosed. The prompter was heard, "So thanks to all,"—Macduff whispered, "So thanks to all,"—Macbeth, though long dead, echoed, "So thanks to all,"—the audience spoke to him no thanks but hisses.—Tom continued with outstretched hand and unmeaning smile, and might have continued, had not Macbeth ordered the trumpet to sound and the curtain to fall, amid the hissings and hootings of the audience. The manager rose and ordered young Malcolm to follow him. Then, and not till then, did Tom move or cease to play Orator Mum. "Order the treasurer to pay Mr. Cooper five pounds. Mr. Cooper I have no further service for you." Thus terminated our hero's first campaign, and he was happy to find himself once more at the hospitable hearth of William Godwin, after having expended his last penny to pay his passage back to London in a collier. —*Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre.*

MATRIMONY.—The following piece of advice was to our knowledge given by the housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty who at last had thoughts of entering into holy bonds:—"Take my advice, and never marry, ma'am. Now you lay down master and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage, ma'am, he snapped me because I put my cold feet to his'n. You don't know men, ma'am, so well as I do."

A PREFERABLE CUT.—A gentleman being about to carve a leg of mutton, asked his guest if he should cut it *saunderwise*. "You had better," he replied, "cut it *bridlewise*—then there will be a bit for the mouth."

X.Z.X.

The Olto;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. V.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, March 16, 1883.



See page 69

Illustrated Article.

LIFE IN DEATH.*

"Who shall deny the mighty secrets hid
In Time and Nature?"

"BUT can you not learn where he
sups?" asked the dying man, for at least
the twentieth time; while the servants
again repeated the same monotonous
answer—"Lord, sir, we never know
where our young master goes."

"Place a time piece by the bedside,
and leave me."

None was at hand; when one of the
assembled group exclaimed—"Fetch that
in Mr. Francis's room."

It was a small French clock, of ex-
quisite workmanship, and a golden Cupid
swung to and fro,—fitting emblem for
the light and vain hours of its youthful
proprietor, but a strange mockery be-
side a death-bed! Yet the patient
watched it with a strange expression of
satisfaction, mingled, too, with anxiety, as
the glittering hands pursued their appoint-
ed round. As the minutes passed on, an
ejaculation of dismay burst from Mr. Sa-

* From the New Monthly.

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ville's lips; he strove to raise his left
hand with a gesture of impatience; he
found it powerless too; the palsy, which
had smitten his right side, had now at-
tacked the left. "A thousand curses
upon my evil destiny—I am lost!"

At this moment the time-piece struck
four, and began to play one of the popu-
lar airs of that day; while the cord on
which the Cupid was balanced moved,
modulated by the fairy-like music. "He
comes!" almost shrieked the palsied
wretch, making a vain effort to rise on
his pillow. As if the loss of every other
sense had quickened that of hearing
seven-fold, he heard the distant tramp of
horses, and the ring of wheels, on the
hard and frosty road. The carriage stop-
ped; a young man, wrapped in furs, sprang
out, opened the door with his own key,
and ran up the stairs, gaily singing,

"They may roll at this earth; from the hour I
began it,

I have found it a world full of sunshine and
bliss;

And till I can find out some happier planet,

More social and bright, I'll content me with
this."

"Good God, sir, don't sing—your fa-
ther's dying!" exclaimed the servant
who ran to meet him. The youth was

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silenced in a moment, and, pale and breathless, sprang towards the chamber. The dying man had no longer power to move a limb; the hand which his son took was useless as that of the new-born infant; yet all the anxiety and eagerness of life was in his features.

"I have much to say, Francis; see that we are alone."

"I hope my master does not call this dying like a Christian!" muttered the housekeeper, as she withdrew. "I hope Mr. Francis will make him send for a priest, or at least a doctor. People have no right to go out of the world in any such heathen manner."

The door slammed heavily, and father and son were left alone.

"Reach me that casket," said Mr. Saville, pointing to a curiously carved Indian box of ebony, Francis obeyed the command, and resumed his kneeling position by the bed.

"By the third hand of that many-armed image of Vishnu is a spring, press it forcibly."

The youth obeyed and the lid flew up, within was a very small glass phial containing a liquid of delicate rose colour.

The white and distorted countenance of the sufferer lighted up with a wild unnatural joy.

"Oh youth, glad beautiful youth, art thou mine again, shall I once more rejoice in the smile of woman, in the light of the red wine cup, shall I delight in the dance, and in the sound of music?"

"For Heaven's sake compose yourself," said his son, who thought that his parent was seized with sudden insanity.

"In truth I am mad to waste breath so precious!—Listen to me, boy! A whole existence is contained in that little bottle; from my earliest youth I have ever felt a nameless horror of death, death yet more loathsome than terrible; you have seen me engrossed by lonely and mysterious studies, you knew not that they were devoted to perpetual struggle with the mighty conqueror—and I have succeeded. That phial contains a liquid, which rubbed over my body, when the breath has left it seemingly for ever, will stop the progress of corruption, and restore all its pristine bloom and energy. Yes, Francis, I shall rise before you like your brother. My glorious secret! how could I ever deem life wasted in the search? Some-

times when I have heard the distant chimes tell the hour of midnight, the hour of others' revelry or rest, I have asked, is not the present too mighty a sacrifice to the future; had I not better enjoy the pleasures within my grasp? but one engrossing hope led me on; it is now fulfilled. I return to this world with the knowledge of experience, and the freshness of youth; I will not again give myself up to feverish studies and eternal experiments. I have wealth unbounded, we will spend it together, earth holds no luxury which it shall deny us."

The dying man paused, for he observed that his son was not attending to his words, but stared as if his gaze was spell-bound by the phial which he held.

"Francis," gasped his father.

"There is very little," muttered his son, still eyeing the crimson fluid.

The dew rose in large cold drops on Saville's forehead—with a last effort he raised his head, and looked into the face of his child—there was no hope there! cold, fixed, and cruel, the gentleness of youth seemed suddenly to have passed away, and left the stern features rigid as stone; his words died gurgling in the throat, his head sunk back on the pillow, in the last agony of disappointment, despair, and death. A wild howl filled the chamber, and Francis started in terror from his knee; it was only the little black terrier which had been his father's favourite. Hastily he concealed the casket, for he heard the hurrying steps of the domestics, and rushing past them, sought his own room, and locked the door. All were struck by his altered and ghastly looks.

"Poor child," said the housekeeper, "I do not wonder he takes his father's death so to heart, for the old man doated on the very ground he trod upon. Now the holy saints have mercy upon us," exclaimed she, making the sign of the cross as she caught sight of the horrible and distorted face of the deceased.

Francis passed the three following days in the alternate stupor and excitement of one to whom crime is new, and who is nevertheless resolved on its commission. On the evening of the fourth he heard a noise in the room where the corpse lay, and again the dog began his loud and doleful howl. He entered the apartment, and the two first men he saw were strangers, dressed in black, with faces of set solemnity; they were the undertakers, while a third in a canvas apron, and a square paper cap, was beginning to screw down the coffin, and while so doing was carelessly telling them how a grocer's shop, his next-door neighbour's, had

been entered during the night, and the till robbed.

"You will leave the coffin unscrewed till to-morrow," said the heir. The man bowed, asked the usual English question which suits all occasions, of "Something to drink, sir?" and then left young Saville to his meditations. Strange images of death and pleasures mingled together; now it was a glorious banquet, now the gloomy silence of a church-yard; now bright and beautiful faces seemed to fill the air, then by a sudden transition they became the cadaverous relics of the charnel-house. Some clock in the neighbourhood struck the hour, it was too faint for Francis to hear it distinctly, but it roused him; he turned towards the little time-piece, there the golden Cupid sat motionless, the hands stood still, it had not been wound up; the deep silence around told how late it was; the fire was burning dead, the candles were dark with their large ansnuffed wicks, and strange shadows, gigantic in their proportions, flitted round the room.

"Fool that I am to be thus haunted by a vain phantasy. My father studied overmuch; his last words might be but the insane ravings of a mind overwrought. I will know the truth."

Again his youthful features hardened into the gladiatorial expression of one grown old in crime and cruelty. Forth he went and returned with the Indian casket: he drew a table towards the coffin and placed two candles upon it, and raised the lid; he started, some one touched him; it was only the little black terrier licking his hand, and gazing up in his face with a look almost human in its affectionate earnestness. Francis put back the shroud, and then turned hastily away, sick and faint at the ghastly sight. The work of corruption had begun, and the yellow and livid streaks awoke even more disgust than horror. But an evil purpose is ever strong; he carefully opened the phial, and with a steady hand, let one drop fall on the eye of the corpse. He closed the bottle, replaced it in the casket, and then, but not till then, looked for its effect. The eye, large, melancholy, and of that deep violet blue, which only belongs to early childhood, as if it were too pure and too heavenly for duration on earth, had opened, and full of life and beauty was gazing tenderly upon him. A delicious perfume filled the air; ah, the old man was right! Others had sought the secret of life in the grave, and the charnel-house; he had sought it amid the warm and genial influences of nature; he had watched the invigorating sap bringing back

freshness to the forest tree; he had marked the subtle spring wakening the dead root and flower into bloom—the essence of a thousand existences was in that fragile crystal. The eye now turned anxiously towards the casket, then with a mute eloquence towards the son; it gazed upon him so piteously, he saw himself mirrored in the large clear pupil; it seemed to implore, to persuade, and at last, the long soft lash glistened, and tears, warm bright tears, rolled down the livid cheek.—Francis sat and watched with a cruel satisfaction; a terrible expression of rage kindled the eye like fire, then it dilated with horror, and then glared terribly with despair. Francis shrank from the fixed and stony gaze. But his very terror was selfish. “It must not witness against me,” rushed into his mind. He seized a fold of the grave clothes, crushed the eye into the socket, and closed the lid of the coffin. A yell of agony rose upon the silent night. Francis was about to smite the howling dog, when he saw that it lay dead at his feet. He hurried with his precious casket from the chamber, which he never entered again.—Years have passed away, and the once gay and handsome Francis Saville is a grey and decrepit man, bowed by premature old age, and with a constitution broken by excess. But the shrewd man has been careful in his calculations; he knew how selfish early indulgence and worldly knowledge had made himself, and he had resolved that so his children should not be corrupted; he had two, a boy and a girl, who had been brought up in the strictest ignorance and seclusion, and in the severest practices of the Catholic faith. He well knew that fear is a stronger bond than love, and his children trembled in the presence of the father, whom their mother’s latest words had yet enjoined them to cherish. Still the feeling of dutiful affection is strong in the youthful heart, though Mr. Saville resolved not to tempt it, by one hint of his precious secret.

“I cannot bear to look in the glass,” exclaimed Mr. Saville, as he turned away from his own image in a large mirror opposite; “why should I bear about this weight of years and deformity? My plan is all matured, and never will its execution be certain as now. Walter must soon lose his present insecure and devout simplicity, and on them only can I rely. Yes, this very night will I fling off the slough of years, and awake to youth, warm, glad, and buoyant youth.”

Mr. Saville now rang the bell for his attendants to assist him to bed.

When comfortably settled, his children came as usual to wish him good night,

and kneel for his blessing; he received them with the most touching tenderness. “I feel,” said he, “unusually ill to-night. I would fain, Edith, speak with your brother alone.”

Edith kissed her father’s hand, and withdrew.

“You were at confession to-day when I sent for you,” continued the invalid, addressing the youth, who leant anxiously by his pillow. “Ah, my beloved child, what a blessed thing it is to be early trained to the paths of salvation. Alas! at your age I was neglected and ignorant; but for that, many things which now press heavily on my conscience had, I trust, never been. It was not till after my marriage with that blessed saint your mother that my conscience was awakened. I made a pilgrimage to Rome, and received from the hands of our holy Father, the Pope, a precious oil distilled from the wood of the true cross, which, rubbed over my body as soon as the breath of life be departed, will purify my mortal remains from sin, and the faith in which I die will save my soul from purgatory. May I rely upon the dutiful obedience of my child to the last wishes of his parent?”

“Oh, my father!” sobbed the youth.

“Extinguish the lights, for it is not fitting that humanity should watch the mysteries of faith; and, by your own hope of salvation, anoint the body the moment life is fled. It is contained in this casket,” pointing to the little ebony box; “and thus you undo the spring. Leave me now, my child. I have need of rest and meditation.”

The youth obeyed; when as he was about to close the door, he heard the voice of Mr. Saville, “Remember, Walter; my blessing or my curse will follow you through life, according as you obey my last words. My blessing or my curse!”

The moment he left the room, Mr. Saville unfastened the casket, and from another drawer took a bottle of laudanum; he poured its contents into the pegs on his table, and drank the draught.—The midnight was scarce passed, when the nurse, surprised at the unwonted quiet of her usually querulous and impetuous patient, approached and undrew the curtain—her master was dead! The house was immediately alarmed. Walter and his sister were still sitting up in the small oratory which had been their mother’s, and both hastened to the chamber of death. Ignorance has its blessing!—what a world of corruption and distrust would have entered those youthful hearts, could they have known the worthlessness of the parent they mourned with such innocent and endearing sorrow.

Walter was the first to check his tears. "I have, as you know, Edith, a sacred duty to perform; leave me for awhile alone, and we will afterwards spend the night in prayer for our father's soul."

The girl left the room, and her brother proceeded with his task. He opened the casket and took out the phial; the candles were then extinguished, and, first telling the beads of his rosary, he approached the bed. The night was dark, and the shrill wind moaned like a human being in some great agony, but the pious son felt no horror as he raised the body in his arms to perform his holy office. An exquisite odour exhaled from the oil, which he began to rub lightly and carefully over the head. Suddenly he started, the phial fell from his hand, and was dashed to atoms on the floor.

"His face is warm—I feel his breath! Edith! dear Edith! come here. The nurse was wrong—my father lives."

His sister ran from the adjacent room, where she had been kneeling before an image of the Madonna in earnest supplication, with a small taper in her hand; both stood motionless from terror as the light fell on the corpse. There were the contracted and emaciated hands laid still and rigid on the counterpane; the throat, stretched and bare, was meagre and withered; but the head was that of a handsome youth, full of freshness and life. The rich chesnut curls hung in golden waves on the white forehead, a bright colour was on the cheek, and the fresh, red lips, were like those of a child; the large hazel eyes were open, and looked from one to the other, but the expression was that of a fiend,—rage, hate, and despair mingled together, like the horrible beauty given to the head of Medusa. The children fled from the room, only, however, to return with the priest, who deemed that sudden sorrow had unsettled their reason. His own eyes convinced him of the truth: there was the living head on the dead body.

The beautiful face became convulsed with passion, froth stood upon the lips, and the small white teeth were gnashed in impotent rage.

"This is, surely, some evil spirit," and the trembling priest proceeded with the form of exorcism, but in vain.

Walter then, with a faltering voice, narrated his last interview with his father.

"The sinner," said the old chaplain, "is taken in his own snare. This is assuredly the judgment of God."

All night did the three pray beside that fearful bed; at length the morning

light of a glad day in June fell on the head. It now looked pale and exhausted, and the lips were wan. Ever and anon, it was distorted by sudden spasms,—youth and health were maintaining a terrible struggle with hunger and pain. The weather was sultry, and the body showed livid spots of decomposition,—the beautiful head was still alive, but the damps stood on the forehead, and the cheeks were sunken. Three nights and three days did that brother and sister maintain their ghastly watch. The head was evidently dying. Twice the eyes opened with a wild and strong glare;—the third time they closed for ever. Pale, beautiful, but convulsed, the youthful head and the aged body—the one but just cold, the other far gone in corruption,—were laid in the coffin together!

CHARLES FRASER FRIZELL, ESQ.,
OF HARCOURT-STREET, DUBLIN.*

ONE of the most extraordinary characters I have ever met with was Mr. Fraser Frizell, an Irish barrister. He was much devoted to inquiries regarding education, the state of the poor, and other useful objects; and came to London on purpose to procure such information as the metropolis could furnish regarding them. He called with a letter of introduction to me, just when I was going to sit down to an early dinner, preparatory to a long debate in the House of Commons, and he readily agreed to take a share of it. His conversation was so lively and pleasant, that I felt no wish to exchange it for a dull debate in the House of Commons. Among other things, he said, "We Irish meet with more singular adventures than any other race of men, and, in proof of the assertion, I will tell you a story, which I think will amuse you." In the course of our future correspondence, I earnestly requested him to send me the story himself, or to procure it from Father O'Leary; but being unsuccessful in those applications, I shall endeavour to make it out the best way I can, from a distant recollection.

Father O'Leary and Captain M'Carthy were walking together through the streets of St. Omers, when they came to a house at the door of which a man was bawling, in the French language, "Walk in, gentlemen, and see the greatest curiosity ever heard of, a Russian bear who can speak, and dance, and sing, and in every respect is as intelligent as a human being. Father O'Leary wished to walk on, but

* This extraordinary story is taken from the *Reminiscences of Sir John Sinclair*.

Captain M'Carty insisted on their going in to see so great a curiosity. Upon their entering the apartment where the exhibition was to be seen, they saw, at the bottom of a long room, a great cage in which a huge bear was reposing. Upon their approaching the cage, the keeper, with a long stick, began to beat the animal, in order to rouse him. Upon his getting up, he commenced speaking some gibberish, which the two visitors immediately knew to be Irish. The keeper then said in French, "Come, Mr. Bear, give these gentlemen a song;" and, to their utter astonishment, he sung an Irish ditty. Father O'Leary immediately said in Irish, "How came you to speak the Irish language!" The astonishment of the bear, on hearing himself addressed in his native tongue, may easily be conceived. He said, "Gentlemen, my name is Darby O'Sullivan. I was born in the county of Kerry. When men were raised for the navy, I became a volunteer, and was put on board a ship of war. We sailed to the coast of Armoric, (Brittany,) and a boat was sent ashore to procure some water and provisions. The people, where we landed, spoke a kind of Irish, and I thought I would be better off among them than on board a ship, where we were not very kindly treated, I ran, therefore, into the country, and came to a little town, where they were very kind to me. I found the cider better than the cider of Kerry, and took my fill of it. I then walked into the country, and, I lay down to sleep, and when I awoke, I found myself transformed into a bear."

The keeper was not at all satisfied with what was going forward, and said to the company who had assembled, "Gentlemen, you must now be satisfied of the truth of what I asserted. This bear, in many respects, resembles a human being; but he is tired—we must leave him to his repose." Upon which Captain M'Carty drew his sword, and seizing the man by the collar, he said, "You have been playing some tricks with a countryman of mine, which shall not go unpunished. Instantly open the door of the cage to let him out, otherwise this sword will be buried in your body." The keeper, much terrified, admitted that it was a man in a bear's skin, and gave the following account of the circumstance:—

"My partner and I were exhibiting, in a town in France, a real Russian bear, when he unfortunately became sick, and died. We had the skin taken off, and buried the body; and then resolved to take a walk into the country, to consider what we could do to remedy our misfortune. A short way from the town, we

observed a man, lying in a ditch, quite drunk. It accidentally occurred to us, that it would be possible to sew the bear's skin over the man, in the state in which he then was, and to persuade him, when he became sober, that he had been converted into a bear, as a punishment for his drunkenness. We set about it without a moment's delay; and by means of blows, and showing him his figure in a glass, we convinced him that the transformation had actually taken place. The man believes himself to be a bear. He is perfectly reconciled to his fate; and to make him again a man, would do him no good, and would ruin us."

Captain M'Carty immediately replied, "This must not be suffered. I will not permit a countryman of mine to be treated so inhumanly." Scissors were immediately procured, the bear's skin was taken off, and out came a great naked Irishman, who was much delighted with being restored to manhood. Clothes were immediately procured for him, and some money collected for his immediate subsistence; but as he had no means of getting a livelihood, he resolved to enlist in Captain M'Carty's regiment. It is said, that in the course of the French Revolution, he embraced the cause of liberty, and ultimately rose to a situation of some importance in the armies of the Republic.

SUNBEAMS.

For the Ollio.

Diamonds in maiden's love locks,—on the sea,
Spangles of calm—as all our lives should be.

SUNBEAMS are natural or metaphysical. As the external face of Nature is enlivened and brought to perfection by the one, so the internal workings and revivifications are seen, felt, and understood, by the other. The seasons, and all they contain are, more or less, influenced by sunbeams. In the spring, the summer, the autumn, and winter, the progress is visible. The ocean, the air, verdure, blossom, scent and motion, demonstrate the presence, or departure, of sunbeams. Age rolls after age. The chariot wheels of eternity proceed. The mighty wonders of the deep keep the treasures of incalculation from the inspection of the wisest among the sons and daughters of men. Whirlwinds are unpacified. Storms unsubdued. Millions of vegetable varieties—thousands of animal creations—hundreds of rare and curious combinations, fall into dust and pass into unidentity. Sunbeams lose not a spark of their vigour; from the unimpaired throne of glory and blessed-

ness, they fling their light warmth abroad. Ice and snow, dew and rime, density, smoke, and mist, expand crudity yields. Dissolving operations ensue.—Clearness, dryness, life and sweetness pervade the courts of heaven. The skies and the stars; the atmosphere and the earth; the sea and her voyagers, are benefitted. But, in a metaphysical sense, so far as fancy may be allowed to associate with the imagination, without violating nature or truth, sunbeams, if not so valuable, bright, or enduring, may be allowed to form part of the human character and influence society. But these are the 'Sunbeams of Passion.' In unison with this theory, mankind and womankind, too, may be reduced to practice, and results ascertained with tolerable accuracy. Health, one of the greatest blessings of life, is preserved by temperance and exercise.—Beauty may be influenced, also, partly by these; but art, in addition, will render the fair creation more perfect. Yet, a "beautiful woman" would not light up her eyes, mantle her smiles, and drop honied words from her lips, unless the "Sunbeams of Praise and Attention" were votively shed on her countenance and whispered in her ear. These give her solace, and light her on her way—these are her happiness.

The "Miser" is led by a different power. But it is derived from the same source, and it emanates from the same orbit. It is the "Golden Sunbeam,"—the Alchemist's charm which delights him. Though it peep but through a chink, it chinks to his auricles the harmony of the spheres; and, each added beam gladdens his sight and clears his perception. By this, his happiness is improved and his prayer inspired. If two lovers' hearts be twin-affectioned, and parental, or guardian, barriers placed as stumbling-blocks in the way of fruition, the "Sunbeams of Trial and Hope,"—how dear to their experience! Each natural morning that shields the dainty look of the virgin flower, that rose its bright head for a kiss of heaven, ere the day spring from on high visited the nestlings of sorrow, is not more sweet than the succeeding sunbeam of hope cast over the resigning sigh of trial.—The lover's happiness is purchased with a price; it is attained by the undying sunbeam of affection. The hero who bears the conflict with elements of fire, of sword, of slaughter—he, too, is operated on by the "Sunbeams of Fame and Popular, or Posthumous Splendour."—Would he war with the tempest, or stalk through the plains of blood!—would he

hear, unconcernedly, the complaints of the dying, and turn a deaf ear to the wails of the widow, and suffer orphans to clasp his thigh, were he not looking forward for the "Sunbeams" of a hero's reward? His victory is created in his imaginary planisphere, and the sunbeams of his countrymen are warning him into the harbour of his happiness. The musician, the artist, the votary of pleasure or mirth—the wit—the actor—the slave of fashion, are, in their several and municipal degrees, susceptible of the "Sunbeams of Notoriety and Gratification."—Music—painting—pleasure's gawds—laughter—sense—thespian ability—novelty—and innumerable attractions, are regulated in proportion to the approximation, or elongation of sunbeams. By one, or more, of these in their concentration—the sun of happiness is obtained. But, no attractions are so beneficial; none so healing and regular in their recipiencies as the "Sunbeams of Home and Content." These shine calmly, and descend holily on the warfare to the well being of all those who dwell in their circumference. As they are brightened in calm faith, and are beautiful "notes in the sunbeam," so shall they return to heaven like our breath, and guide our virtuous flight to happiness when the hemisphere is in beatitude and loveliness.

J. R. F.

SCENE IN THE BATHS OF LEUK.

BEARING in mind the advice of Hippocrates, "Bathe not before eating, and eat not before bathing," about an hour after dinner we went to "do at Rome as Rome does," namely, to immerse ourselves in the warm baths. Equipped in the ample folds of a linen dress, we made our appearance in public—that is to say, in the watery lounge. The scene was novel as it was, to our unaccustomed eyes, grotesque. Without the slightest blush of indecorum, it was irresistibly ludicrous; and we were constrained to indulge in laughter for some moments before we could calmly scan the individual features of the picture which caused our mirth; we, in our turn, furnished some good-natured amusement to those around us. In the floor of a large furnished apartment were four baths, each about twelve feet square, and three or four feet deep. In these baths reclined groups of ladies and gentlemen, attired in similar dresses to those in which we were habited. Little wooden trays, bearing reticules, work-baskets, &c., and reading-desks, were floating about on the surface of the water. Some of the parties were chatting or talk-

ing stories; others singing; and many of the ladies were prettily occupied in some little article of female employment, or wreathing chaplets of half-faded Alpine flowers, the waters rekindling their hues to freshness; but the colours, though bright, were far outshone by the rosy complexions of the fair *employeess*, which the effect of the bath heightened into unwonted beauty. On the floor were a few persons conversing with their friends below, and one or two attendants swinging pans of charcoal, to keep the air of the same temperature as the water; while on a platform, above, was a pump, by which fresh water was occasionally supplied to the baths. A few inches from the bottom a ledge runs round the bath, which enables the bather either to be recumbent on the water up to his chin, or to sit upright, in which latter position it reaches only to his neck. There are also moveable seats in the baths. Two passages, into which the water flows, leads from each compartment, and it is the custom for ladies and gentlemen, in proceeding to their respective dressing-rooms, to glide or sail through the door, into this passage, before rising from the water.—The dressing-rooms are heated by stoves, and are tolerably comfortable. With regard to the period of time passed in the bath, on their first arrival, half an hour is deemed sufficient; next day, perhaps, an hour; and in the course of a short time, they are able to bear immersion for nine or ten hours per diem, not only with impunity, but, as they assured me, with signal advantage. The extreme relaxation of the skin which it produces has a marked effect in relieving the complaints that are subjected to its influence. These are principally cutaneous disorders and chronic affections. In England, where warm bathing is not so much a part of domestic luxury as it is in some other countries—I may be allowed to say, not so much as, for the good of society, it ought to be—if a physician were to propose to a patient to spend from eight to ten hours a-day for three, or it may be six weeks, in a bath, at 100 degrees, he would probably find his practice less benefited than his patient by the advice. It may indeed be doubted whether an English constitution could bear so exhausting a system, in its full extent in this climate.

Aurora Borealis.

THE FORSAKEN TO HER FATHER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh, name him not, unless it be
In terms I shall not blush to hear:
Oh, name him not, though false to me,
Forget not he was once so dear.

Oh, think of former happy days,
When none could breathe a dearer name;
And if you can no longer praise,
Be silent, and forbear to blame!

He may be all that you have heard;
It proved, 'twere folly to defend:
Yet pause ere you believe one word
Brenth'd 'gainst the honour of a friend.
How many seem in haste to tell
What friends can never wish to know!
I answer—once I knew him well,
And then, at least, it was not so.

You say, when all condemn him thus,
To praise him tends to disrepute:
But, had the world censured us,
Father! As would not have been mute!
He may be changed, and he may learn
To slander friends as others do:
But if we blame him, we in turn
Have learnt that hateful lesson too!

Desertion of myself, his worst,
His *only* crime perhaps may prove;
Shall he of all men be the first
Condemned for being false in love?
The world has never yet denied
Its favour to the falsest heart;
Its sanction rather seems to guide
The hand again to aim the dart!

You hate him, Father, for you know
That he was cruel to your child,
Alas! I strove to *hide* my woe,
And when you looked on me I smiled:
But on my faded cheek appears
An evidence of all I've felt;
I prayed for strength, but falling tears
Betrayed my weakness as I knelt.

Oh! hate him not, he must have seen
Some error that was never meant!
And love, you know, hath ever been
Proned to complain, and to resent!
Hate him not, Father! nor believe
Imputed crimes, till they are *proved*;
And *proof* should rather make us grieve
For one who once was so beloved.

New Men.

KNOCKERS AND THEIR IMPRESSIONS, MUSICALLY EXPRESSED.

BY A. RAPPER, ESQ.

For the Olio.

"Hush! ye pretty warbling knockers."

KNOCKERS, like coaches, are the vehicles of time. They are governed by a momentum and pass, or rather *parse* the rules of modern manners. Knockers announce arrivals, and indicate a conditional import. They are the harbingers of good and ill; the forerunners of visitors, whether ghostly or bodily—desired or not. They are connected with numbers, and perform multiplication and division to a fraction. Liable of being handled by the rude urchin in a dark night, and subservient to the strange trespasser at any hour. Tom King is an evidence of the liberties which may be taken with the iron-hearted shapes that stand rivetted at the doors in their sables, which are as various in their patterns as their spiked brethren ranged in painted array on their right and left. Constructed of hard metal, they have generally a cast in their eye,

and, like most unfortunates, are very *snub-nosed*.

There existed years ago, a more respectable class of knockers, fabricated in brass, that shook the gigantic doors of old mansions, and reflected superiority over the flights of stone-steps—frontispieces to noblemen's lodges—familiar faces, like household gods—title pages to public buildings—some of which, like antique gems and dowagers, have survived their centenary warfare. They wear a little of the splendour of aristocracy, and, when overcome, are easily knocked down. The knockers of our day are, however, *slenderlings*, conveying neither an intonation, nor a musical report; but are neutral, dumb-founded, and repulsive, unless very skilfully managed. Who that has listened to the smith's anvil in full play, shrill and harmonious even by the *repétit mecum* impetus given to the steel and iron, by the two vulcanic and cyclopic operators, but has felt a tingling pleasure which the oracular faculty has renewed in the solitary of reflection? Now, though it would be easier to force a camel through the eye of a needle, or to write an essay on the best mode of rounding ladies' busels, or of tying gentlemen's cravats, or the finest attitudes to be assumed on entering a ball-room, in the enchantment of brilliant eyes, jewels and chandeliers, yet a few musical notices may be rehearsed in their major and minor keys, and a few cords be struck in flats, sharps and naturals, as the subject may require, for a momentary consideration.

As many are lifted up in the world beyond their deserts, to the highest pitch of effrontery, the contrast is commenced by the humiliating *Knock, No. 1*.

This is clenched in the full grasp of the fist, after being pulled up, and it falls on the ear of the receiver like a death-blow. Speaking musically, this is the *breve movement*. It is frequently performed by the tradesman's porter, a coal-merchant's carman, one of the A-delphic order, with his ticket of song from the metrical version at the wharf, in the Lydian measure of the sons of the Coal-hole; or the dustman, with his *belle* under his arm, the beggar, a promoter of matches, or the mutely solemn undertaker. The kitchen domestics, skilled in a knowledge of these receptions, and acquainted with the science of latches, hinges, bolts and rappers, do not hurry to respond to the one-noted dirge, or, as Mozart composed it, 'the one-fingered waltz.' If by a peep out at the area (which is a *mal apropos* era for the applicant) this knock can be answered, it is done sometimes with a murmur, and sometimes an echoing dis-

cord; and, if they be vexatiously knocked up (for frequently running up stairs knocks up the best of us,) the swinging front door, as the front of offence, is banged in the face of the presumptuous knocker, in quicker time than the slow measure of a *breve*, with an additional *stave* of that popular song—"I wonder at your impudence."

Knock, No. 2.—This *rat-tat* is divided into equal quantities, agreeably with the doctrine of ratios and the laws of equation, and decides certain mathematical parallels—it is the *semi-breve* in the bar of sound; it belongs, exclusively, to the prerogative of the postman, the tax-gatherer, fire-office messenger, lawyer's clerk—all of whom are influenced by hurried applications. It is also the run-away-wags' knock, first summoning, and then demanding, a quick appearance—dividing the meal in the mouth and the meal in the stomach. Sometimes it knocks in the heart a sympathetic pit-pat, and it is given by adroit performers, who like not to wait for a sluggish servant, to gain quick admittance, and is then the *minim* to feet and fingers, signifying "make haste." This knock is sometimes the *holder* of a bill:—a banker—"Lo! behold!" the bailiff and his follower!—Cheap shoes!—Bankrupt stock!—Flavoured teas!—Water rate!

"Come to the Golden Boot with speed."

Knock, No. 3.—This is the *triple-time* knock—three notes in a bar. It is practised in the orchestra by servants' lovers—men in and out of livery that understand the three gentle knocks, sometimes knocking under the three golden balls, little louder than ordinary *licensed taps*, uniting with the ting-ting-ting! of the tintinabulary bell. *Three crotchets*, with an *audante* movement, intimate the approach of a votary for "high life below stairs," and are often extended beyond the march of common time, with "Da Capo," and a laughable *crescendo*, lapsing into midnight at the mercy of the wine cellar and the butler's pantry, when

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd."

Knock, No. 4.—This is a *march knock*—four notes in a bar. It is the habitual knock of 'old master,' and Uncle Tobit, the virtuoso, whose quarters, when in town, are like all his other movements, particularly regular. The bishop, rather systematic, also, when on his foot visits, gives this, with a bold hand, as the knock is considered *canonical*, and goes off well. The genteel attorney assumes this medium for a respectable *entree*,—though a certain noble, legal lord would have considered it presumptuously doubt-

ful, in his lady's days, to have coveted so palpable an entrance as

"March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale."

Knock, No 5.—This knock is exclusively, 'my mistress's.' It is the *quaver*, staccato without, so as to let those within know who is coming. The house is often, like the world, turned upside down, by the high presto magical effect, so dextrously set off, at No. 5, by this expressive movement, full of authority and lady-like consequence; not full of fury, signifying nothing—but a peal, from which there is *no appeal*, save it be as rapidly answered. "Fly away, pretty moth," or "you huzzy, look sharp and answer the door."

Knock, No. 6.—This is of the *semi-quaver* class. When it is *muffled* or *muffled*. It intimates the apothecary, and acts as an aperient to the lady in her chamber. It serves as an antidote to the kitchen bell, and is of all others of the least offence to the nervous student, or the absorbed book-worm; though, when unmuffled, and under the discreet regimen of proper treatment, it comes gently to the ear as the southern breeze, and prepares the hand and heart for a friendly, or gentleman's presence. This is sometimes imitated by the actor on the stage, as—"Knock softly, my lover, I hear thee."

Knock, No. 7.—This is the exquisite's courting, or lady's visiting, knock,"—the *demisiquaver*. The overture played by the let go fingers in this *thema* is of the extravaganza kind. It sets all alive within, if the young reprised lover be at her toilet; her vibrations are all at work—fluttering, colouring, wondering, expecting, take their turn; and the follower of Hymen, whether he be John Reeve on the wing, or Dan Cupid, once admitted, is very likely to perform a duet by the union, knocking at each other's hearts—"Rap, tap, tap—Rapt's, rap, tap, tap."

Knock, No. 8.—The commencement of this *sonata* is increased to any number, either by the young lady, her mamma, or her footman. None but a practitioner can give this with *eclat*—it is, therefore, the superlative acme knock. A beautiful composition, light and airy—well timed and rapid. Any one that wishes to arrive at perfection, and to become a first-rate knocker, must not attempt less than No. 8, but increase it beyond decimal powers, till the very door become agitated with the good-breeding and suavity of the operator. Such a charm dwells in this knock, that it construes agreeable pleasures, and excites an immediate desire for all the inmates to run down into the passage, and to the windows, with railroad carriage velocity and innate loco-

motion. In this knock constitutes real chivalry, high politeness, true fashion, and the panharmonic *shake*—"Welcome, trembling, pretty knocker!"

Finale—16 bars rest)—a fuge and a refuge.

So many *ad libitum* knocks remain, they are left unclassified; such as the Jarvie's, the doctor's boy, the tailor's apprentice, the resurrectionist's, the burglar's, the sailor's, the policeman's, and the first, second, and third story apartment knockers. Caprice must regulate them; and, it remains for all persons, would they aspire to higher orders, to take lessons of the servants of noblemen and of duchesses at the West-end, who are *au fait* in all the arts of reporting.

THE ONE-LEGGED BOOKBINDER.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Milton.*

It is ten to one, if you chance to pass the piazzas of the Old Exchange Buildings any night at twelve o'clock, but, beneath their friendly shelter, you may see the One-Legged Bookbinder. Should he be there, you will hear his sounding pace long before you come within sight of his person, for though but possessed of one leg of flesh, blood, bone, and sinew, he occasionally has another of good fir timber. I say occasionally, for I have learned, in the course of my acquaintanceship with him, that it as frequently happens that he is without as with this substitute, his credit with the lords of the glue-pot being somewhat broken—as is often the leg which they alone can mend. When, however, he has two pins to stand upon, or stride with, how he does manfully use them! Clack, thud—clack, thud, alternately goes the foot with the affectation of a shoe upon it, and the stick which needs not such a ragged covering, but, in the naked and simple majesty of its utility, disdains a nearer approach to the semblance of a leg, than in so far as a slight bellying out in the centre may be regarded as assimilating to the roundness of a calf. Barnaby Gleery is certainly, despite of this imperfection, a most majestic walker, and has an air when sober—which is as seldom as he can help—that would do honour to a court levee, or a quarter-deck stride. Upon the latter, Barnaby has often, hat in hand, stood, and beneath it, he still boasts that he fell—a leg the less—beside the gun that he assisted in manning, like a true British tar. It was his princely port in these midnight airings that induced me to seek for and cultivate his

acquaintanceship, and desire to learn his adventures, and study his character.—“He must be a philosopher,” said I, “and in spite of accidental dismemberment, which would have damped the ardour of inferior minds, a disciple of the *Peripatetic* school, as well as a student of the *Porch*.” I made up to him—introduced myself—began to question him on sundry matters; but, for a long time, he condescended not a word in reply;—sound, however, was not wanting from his lips, but articulation was insufficient to express his lofty musings. He was drunk. I remember it well; the night was a gusty one; and Barnaby, as well as his coat, was *above* wearing a waistcoat, and as one of his legs could feel no cold, he disdained to pamper the other, and his nether integuments were of what I am fond to believe had once been nankeen, worn to the most exquisite thinness and tender delicacy of pale shade—if the dirt on them had permitted that evidence of their ever having been washed to be visible. Nothing could be extorted from his dignified reserve on that occasion. Next time I was more fortunate. At both periods, he preferred passing the night, like some negotiant, in going over the Exchange. The fact was, he had not a penny to pay for his lodgings. This, however, he only revealed after having drank, for his share, three glasses of whisky in three pots of porter, with a couple of salt herrings and a Welsh rabbit, in an adjoining tap-room, to which I invited him. He at first solemnly assured me that he was retracing the plan of attack on Basque Roads, at which he had been present.—He gloried, however, in being a bookbinder as well as having been a sailor.—He had been bred to the one, and had all the fondness of first love for it, although naval glory and his wooden leg may be said to have taken possession of his maturer mind. But to folding paper instead of reefing canvas, and beating duodecimos instead of Frenchmen, he assured me he had returned, and, but at pension quarter-day, never forgot that he now was connected with other *presses* than the press-gang.

Poor Barnaby!—his quarter-day lasts as long as the money then lifted does, and longer—for to beg, borrow, or—no, not to steal, are alternatives he thinks, upon the whole, preferable to working. In fact, he confesses that his wooden leg was not made for sitting with. It does not bend—although it often breaks;—and so, since from “a certain absurd prejudice against old men-of-war’s-men,” he cannot find any one but the king to be-

come his master, he has set up for himself, as—will any body guess what!—a *flying* stationer—Ay, truly, stationer, in the strict sense of the term, for he has no book-stock. I saw him yesterday morning with a couple of quires of each of two or three sorts of packing paper, tied up in a string, in his hand—and with a couple of glasses of whisky in his head—following his lawful occupation, with all imaginable gravity of demeanour, and dignity of stride. Alas! the mutability of human affairs, however, in three hours afterwards, I beheld him with that whited brown suddenly dissolved into blue-ruin and heavy-wet, and transferred from his arms to his head stretched out on his back on a wheel barrow, studying astronomy, and attended by a goodly escort of constables in livery, and city porters with their hempen aiguillettes. His wooden leg was broken, his other one held by a Highlander’s fist; his coat was like a bashaw’s, of *three* tails; both his eyes like a *Houris*’—black; and his mouth resembling Counsellor Phillips’s style, and —’s small beer—somewhat frothy.—“At night I missed him from th’ accustomed spot.” He slept—’tis the only place where he ever sleeps soundly, because recumbently—in the Police-Office. But another time, and perchance, if his stump will mend, again shall the else silent and lonely piazzas of the Exchange ring with the solemn stride of the One-Legged Bookbinder.

The Chameleon.

A FOG AT SEA.

THE wind veered round and round, and baffled, and checked us off, so that it was the sixth night after we had taken our departure from Harwich before we saw Heligoland light. We then bore away for Cuxhaven. All at once it came on to blow from the north-east, and we were again driven back among the English fishing-boats. The weather was thick as butter-milk, so we had to keep the bell constantly ringing, as we could not see the jib-boom-end from the fore-castle. Every now and then we heard a small, hard, clanking tinkle, from the fishing boats, as if an old pot had been struck instead of a bell, and a faint hullo, “Fishing-smack,” as we shot past them in the fog, while we could scarcely see the vessels at all. The morning after this particular time to which I allude, was darker than any which had gone before it; absolutely you could not see the breadth of the ship from you; and as we had not taken the sun for five days, we

had to grope our way almost entirely by the lead. I had the forenoon watch, during the whole of which we were amongst a little fleet of fishing-boats, although we could scarcely see them; but being unwilling to lose ground by laying-to, we fired a gun every half hour, to give the small craft notice of our vicinity, that they might keep their bells a going.—Every three or four minutes, the marine drum-boy, or some amateur performer,—for most sailors would give a glass of grog any day to be allowed to beat a drum for five minutes on end,—beat a short roll, and often as we drove along, under a reefed foresail, and close reefed topsails, we could hear the answering tinkle before we saw the craft from which it proceeded, and when we did perceive her, as we flew across her stern, we could only see it and her mast, and one or two well swathed, hardy fishermen, the whole of the little vessel forward being hid in a cloud.

I had been invited this day to dine with the captain, Mr. Splinter, the first lieutenant being also of the party. The cloth had been withdrawn, and we had all had a glass or two of wine a-piece, when the fog settled down so thickly, although it was not more than five o'clock, that the captain desired that the lamp might be lit. It was done, and I was remarking the contrast between the dull, dusky, brown light, or rather the palpable London fog that came through the sky-light, and the yellow bright sparkle of the lamp, when the second lieutenant, Mr. Treenail, came down the ladder.

"We have shoaled our water to five fathom, sir—shells and stones. Here, Wilson, bring in the lead."

The leadsman, in his pea jacket and shrag trowsers, with the rain-drop hanging to his nose, with a large knot in his cheek from a junk of tobacco therein stowed, with pale, wet visage, and whiskers sparkling with moisture, while his long black hair hung damp and lank over his fine forehead, and the stand-up cape of his coat, immediately presented himself at the door, with the lead in his claws, an octagonal shaped cone, like the weight of a window sash; about eighteen inches long, and two inches diameter at the bottom, tapering away nearly to a point at top, where it was flattened, and a hole pierced for the line to be fastened to. At the lower end, the butt end, as I would say, there was a hollow scooped out, and filled with grease, so that, when the lead was cast, the quality of the soil, sand, or shells, or mud, that came up adhering to this lard, indicated, along with the depth of water,

our situation in the North Sea; and by this, indeed, we guided our course, in the absence of all opportunity of ascertaining our position by observations of the sun. The captain consulted the chart,— "Sand and shells; why you should have deeper water, Mr. Treenail. Any of the fishing-boats near you?"

"Not at present, sir; but we cannot be far off some of them."

"Well, let me know when you come near any of them."

A little after this, as became my situation, I rose and made my bow, and went on deck. By this time the night had fallen, and it was thicker than ever, so that, standing beside the man at the wheel, you could not see farther forward than the man at the booms; yet it was not dark either,—that is, it was moonlight, so that the haze, thick as it was, had that silver gauze-like appearance, as if it had been luminous in itself, that cannot be described to any one who had not seen it. The gun had been fired just as I came on deck, but no responding tinkle gave any notice of any vessel being in the neighbourhood. Ten minutes it may have been a quarter of an hour, when a short roll of the drum was beaten from the forecabin, where I was standing. At the moment, I thought I heard a hollo, but I could not be sure; presently I saw a small light, with a misty halo surrounding it, just under the bowsprit—"Port your helm," sung out the boatswain; "port your helm, or we shall be over a fishing-boat!" A cry arose from beneath; a black object was for an instant distinguishable, and the next moment a crash was heard; the spritsail-yard rattled, and broke off sharp at the point where it crossed the bowsprit; and a heavy smashing thump against our bows told in fearful language that we had run her down. Three of the men and a boy hung on by the rigging of the bowsprit, and were brought safely on board; but two poor fellows perished, with their boat. It appeared that they had broken their bell, and although they saw us coming, they had no better means than shouting, and showing a light, to advertise us of their vicinity.

FLORETTA;

OR, THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

Continued from page 54.

AFTER Floretta had been standing there some time, some one stole softly behind her, and holding her eyes bound with two hands, whispered into her ear, "Now, Floretta, guess who it is."

She soon guessed it, for in trying to

remove the strange hands from her eyes, she felt a ring on one of the fingers. She did not, however, utter what she thought, but exclaimed, laughing, "Ah, I know you, Jacqueline, by the ring on the finger you received from Lubin."

"Wrong!" whispered the voice behind her. "And as you can't guess who I am, I think I have a right to punish you." And with that the lips that had been thus whispering to her imprinted a kiss on her beautiful neck. She tried to get loose, but finding herself so entangled that all her efforts were in vain, exclaimed, "Let me loose, Minette, you wicked girl. I know you now. You want to revenge upon me the trick I played you three weeks ago, in binding your eyes whilst chattering with Colas."

"Wrong again!" whispered the voice behind her, at the same time repeating the punishment on her gently-bent neck.

Floretta panted at every kiss she received, and begged to be let loose, but in vain. It did not seem, however, as if she cared much about her liberty; it might have been obstinacy, as pretty girls have often a very strong inclination that way. Be that as it may, she provoked a third time a repetition of the punishment, and, exclaimed, "O, so it is no other than Rosine Valdes, the wickedest creature in the whole town, whom I covered yesterday with almond-leaves whilst sitting alone at the window, thinking on the Lord knows who."

"Again far from the mark," whispered the voice behind her, and the kisses on her neck were redoubled beyond counting. In the bustle, however, Floretta contrived to slip her head downwards, and get free. She turned round, when, seeing Henry standing there, she raised bashfully her little hand, at the same time exclaiming with a smile, "Could I have supposed, sir, that you would have behaved so rudely?"

Henry hastily begged pardon for his rudeness, which would have been granted had he not done so. But because he asked to be forgiven, Floretta thought immediately he did not deserve it, and turned half away from him. Henry advanced submissively a step forwards, and Floretta receded another back; the one clasped his hands together, as if in prayer, whilst the other, with her head down, kept plucking at the leaves of the hedge, and tearing off the buds. At last Floretta felt herself so much grieved by his boldness, that tears came into her eyes. Henry spoke to her, but she pretended not to hear him, amusing herself all the while with the leaves in her hand.

At last, perceiving that all his efforts

were in vain, Henry exclaimed, "Well, beautiful Floretta, if the sight of me is so hateful to you—if you are so implacable, and cannot pardon a joke, I'll leave you, and never more return. Farewell! but do not send me away without giving me one consolation, which is, that you are not angry with me. Do but say those few words, 'I am not angry!'" at the same time bending on his knee before her.

Floretta looked down smilingly through her tears on the beautiful youth, who with his clasped hands appeared to her by far too supplicating. She could not help laughing at his posture, when, taking both her hands full of leaves, she threw them over his head, so that he was completely covered, and then jumped exultingly away.

Henry hastened after her, and soon overtook her, when they both became merry again. "Now, confess to me, young sir," exclaimed Floretta, "'tis you that have been encroaching upon my father's office, by digging a new garden round the spring." Henry confessed it readily. "Whenever Floretta goes to the spring of La Garenne," said he, "she shall remember me, even against her will; there I will encircle her with the prettiest flowers I can either find or procure. Would that I could procure all the joys of heaven, even with them would I encircle her!"

"Very pretty, young sir," answered Floretta; "but father is not at all pleased at your disturbing his garden, and transplanting the flowers before their time, and letting them die. You don't even water them."

"I had no watering-can."

"That you might easily have found a few paces from hence, at the entrance of the grotto, if you had given yourself the trouble to look for it."

With that they both flew to the place where the watering-pot was standing, and began to water the flowers together, and deliberate how the circle Henry had been digging might be beautified.

In this manner the time soon flew away, and Floretta hastened back to her father's cottage.

The young prince now amused himself all day in working at his new garden plantation, in which he was assisted by old Lucas. Nor was Floretta absent, for she went up and down talking and giving her advice about the new plants, and watering the beds at the same time. Even the queen honoured them sometimes with a visit, to see what her son was doing. As for the King of France, he had little taste for such matters, and the Duke of Guise still less.

Often in days later had Henry more splendid and more glorious amusements, but surely none so sweet as those which he passed in the simplicity and quiet of his gardener-life, rendered so charming by the magic of first love. He and Floretta looked upon each other with the unrestrained pleasure arising from innocence; they played together like children, and were as familiar as brother and sister. They enjoyed the present without concerning themselves about the future, and their innocent passion never dreamt of any bounds. Floretta never gave it a thought that she was loved by the son of a queen, regarding in Henry only the blooming and manly youth. It was the same with the young prince. In his grey jacket, and the same simple dress which the other country-people wore, there was nothing which called to mind his high descent, and made him anticipate his future destination. He troubled himself little about the great, and the beauties of the court; by the side of his Floretta nothing appeared beautiful, and nothing great compared with his rapture in seeing her. Whilst at work, his eye always rested on her beautiful figure, by which, however, the work was often neglected, or turned out rather bad. But who could refrain from looking on the lovely girl? Every part of her body was a separate beauty; every movement, every turn, graceful; and every word that fell from her lips full of inexpressible power to him. There was one thing, however, they discovered, which pleased neither of them very much, and that was, that the days they passed together in the garden were much shorter than those out of the garden; to obviate this, they determined to encroach upon the night, although they knew they would not be able to do any thing at that time; they thought, however, they might sit down and rest themselves, and in the mean time chatter and prattle comfortably together.

"I shall be here at the spring at nine this evening," said Henry softly to Floretta, whilst kneeling by her side setting some flowers. "Will you, Floretta?"

"My father goes to bed at that time," answered she.

"Will you, Floretta?" he whispered again, looking at her beseechingly.

"Well, then, if it's a fine clear evening, I will," added she, nodding assent with her little head.

At nine o'clock precisely, Henry was at the spring of La Garenne. The sky was overcast, and Floretta not there. "If it's a fine clear evening, she said. Now she'll not come," said Henry to himself. On a sudden there was a rustling through

the leaves, and Floretta stood before him with the bucket on her head. He took it off for her, and thanking her, made use of a thousand tender expressions, forgetting all the while that the sky was so clouded. At first a few big drops of rain began to fall, without their perceiving it; afterwards the warm May rain wetted them more and more, until they were obliged to take shelter in the grotto behind the spring, where they waited for upwards of half an hour. This little disaster they bore without murmuring, and as soon as the moon broke out again through the clouds, they came forth hand in hand. Henry filled the bucket with water, and carried it on his head, whilst Floretta walked by his side, leaning on his arm. At last they came to the cottage of old Lucas, who was already in bed. Henry gave the bucket to Floretta, who thanked him kindly for his trouble. "Good night, sweet Floretta," exclaimed Henry. "Good night, dear Henry," replied Floretta.

The evening at the spring never appeared to either of them to be very tedious. Whether fine or wet, they never failed to be there at the appointed hour.

In this manner they passed away together a month of almost lovely spring. Every evening the young prince carried the bucket of his mistress to the cottage.

Floretta's father never once perceived that his daughter always had such a desire to go for the water so late. The prudent Lagaucherie, however, at length discovered that his royal pupil absented himself from the palace regularly every evening as soon as it began to be dark, and that the crown of his cap was always wet on his return, whether it had been raining or not. For a long time he was totally unable to solve the enigma, and as the young prince never mentioned the circumstance, Lagaucherie abstained from asking him. His curiosity, however, at length became so excited, that he determined one evening to watch the young prince's movements. He followed him at a distance, so that he could not be perceived, and at last saw him stop at the spring of La Garenne, and a female figure standing by his side. Both all at once disappeared. A part of the enigma was now solved, but still the tutor could not divine how the young prince's cap became so wet. Having waited a considerable time, he stole nearer and nearer, until he heard them whispering to each other. At last he saw the young prince with a bucket of water on his head, and the female leaning on his arm, go in the direction of the gardener's cottage, and from thence return as fast as he could to

the palace. At this the mentor shook his head suspiciously, and determined to impart in secrecy to the queen what he had seen. The prince's mother, on hearing it was very much embarrassed at the circumstance, and was on the point of calling for young Henry, to lecture him on the subject.

"No, gracious madam," exclaimed the prudent Lagaucherie, "passions are not to be subdued by lectures. Punishments and persecutions only tend to inflame them; by confining the stream, you only swell it the more. Temptations are to be overcome by separation from the enticing object, and passions subdued by withdrawing the nourishment that supports them, or by raising others more noble in opposition."

Such were the sentiments of Lagaucherie. The queen entirely approving of his views, concerted with him the measures necessary to be taken.

The next morning the tutor entered the young prince's apartment, and began to remind him of what the world expected from him; that he must now think of rendering himself fit hereafter to become a ruler; that when fighting, either with the crosses of fate, or with his own inclinations, or with enemies in the field, he must have only one device, the foundation of all glory, namely—to conquer or to die!

After this introduction, Lagaucherie informed him, seemingly quite as a matter of course, that the queen, his mother, would repair in a few days with the whole of her court to the Castle of Pau, Henry's native place, where, after remaining for a short time, he would have to travel onwards to Bayonne, to be there present at the interview about to take place between the King of France and the Queen of Spain.

Henry heard what his preceptor had to say to him without uttering a word, but betrayed great uneasiness in his looks, which Lagaucherie perceived, although he pretended not to notice it. Then turning quite unconcernedly the conversation to other subjects, the preceptor diverted the prince's attention by relating to him all the news he had heard of late, and thereby scarcely allowing him time to think of that which was uppermost in his mind, and such a source of uneasiness to him. The queen followed Lagaucherie's example, and talked a great deal about the splendid assembly there would be at Bayonne, about the festivals that would then take place, and the celebrated characters Henry would there see. What could the young prince reply; he could not think of remaining at Nerae

alone! How could he say that the interview of Love at the spring of La Garenne was to him infinitely more welcome than the interview of royalty at Bayonne.

To be concluded in our next.

Petite Music.

A mother's lullaby. By M. Marielli, inscribed to Lady Shadwell. Wessell and Co.

Should her ladyship be blessed with *twofold pledges* at one time, susceptible of cradling advantages, the nurses might unite in a first and second, agreeably with the arrangement of the composer; or any two young ladies, indeed, might be actuated by concords, and sing themselves to sleep in the hushing melodies of this lullaby, without danger of disturbing the *naughty man*.

My Native Love. Words by G. Alman. Music by J. Barnett. Dale and Co.

Another of Barnett's successful efforts. As there is nothing like love in these sentimental times, "My Native Love" will need no "foreign aid or ornament" to set it off—especially as it is published by a *Dale*.

Love's Lay is Lightest. Poetry by J. Churchill, Esq. Music by H. Lee. Wray.

Too many, we opine, find love's lay the *heaviest*. The music and poetry of this ballad are exceptions, and, if properly executed, will inspire the heart to a proper influence.

Varieties.

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.—The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, at one time, after travelling towards the end of the week, from Portmoak to the banks of the Forth, on his way to Edinburgh, he, with several others, was prevented by a storm from crossing that frith. Thus obliged to remain in Fife during the Sabbath, he was employed to preach, it is believed, in Kinghorn. Conformably to his usual practice, he prayed earnestly in the morning for the divine countenance and aid in the work of the day; but suddenly missing his note-book, he knew not what to do. His thoughts, however, were directed to that command, "Thou shalt not kill;" and having studied the subject with as much care as the time would permit, he delivered a short sermon on it in the forenoon after the lecture. Having returned to his lodging, he gave strict injunctions to the servant that no one should be allowed to see him during the interval of worship. A stranger, how-

ever, who was also one of the persons detained by the state of the weather, expressed an earnest desire to see the minister; and having with difficulty obtained admittance, appeared much agitated, and asked him with great eagerness, whether he knew him, or had ever seen or heard of him! On receiving assurance that he was totally unacquainted with his face, character, and history, the gentleman proceeded to state, that his sermon on the sixth commandment had reached his conscience; that he was a *murderer*!—that, being the second son of a Highland laird, he had some time before, from base and selfish motives, cruelly suffocated his elder brother, who slept in the same bed with him; and that now he had no peace of mind, and wished to surrender himself to justice, to suffer the punishment due to this horrid and unnatural crime. Mr. Erskine asked him if any other person knew any thing of his guilt. His answer was, that so far as he was aware, not a single individual had the least suspicion of it; on which the good man exhorted him to be deeply affected with a sense of his atrocious sin, to make an immediate application to the blood of sprinkling, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance; but, at the same time, since in Providence his crime had hitherto remained a secret, not to disclose it, or give himself up to public justice. The unhappy gentleman embraced this well-intended counsel in all its parts, became truly pious, and maintained a friendly correspondence with this “servant of the Most High God” in future life. It is added, that after he withdrew, the minister had the happiness to recover the manuscript formerly missing; and, in consequence, preached in the afternoon on the topic he had originally in view.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE. — “Who comes there?” said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. “A friend,” softly said a timid voice. — “Advance, and give the parole.” The same soft, timid voice said, “Love!” — “Love!” said the sentinel, “is not the parole, and you cannot pass.” — “Indeed, this is cruel, indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take, perhaps, her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass, ere the morning's battle takes place, let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him.” — “Pass, friend, all's well!” It proved her last farewell.

BREAKING THE NECK. — A complete dislocation of the neck would so compress the spinal marrow, that it would produce a palsy of all the vital organs, which would be inevitably followed by

death; but a partial dislocation might take place, and by being speedily restored, the patient would survive. The latter might occasion such a distortion as would be apparent; and is, what is commonly, but incorrectly called *breaking the neck*. Q. Q.

A NEW POISON. — Professor Geiger, of Heidelberg, whilst recently engaged in making chemical experiments, succeeded in establishing some remarkable illustrations of the active principle of hemlock. Its base is an organic salt, which opens an entirely novel series of these highly interesting organic substances, for it is volatile, and similar to a volatile oil. Its poison is of the deadliest description. The smallest quantity, applied inwardly, produces paralysis; and one or two grains are sufficient to kill the largest animal. Another of Professor Geiger's late discoveries is the active principle of henbane (atropin); its base is likewise an organic salt. Its poison is quite as deadly as that of the former, but exhibits dissimilar appearances, and is not so rapid in its effects. Animals, where even a minute dose is administered, become languid, cannot stand upon their legs, are attacked by convulsions, and die within six hours. — *Reper. of Patents.*

ANECDOTE OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION. — When the people were storming the arsenal, a regiment of Polish soldiers under the command of a Russian colonel, a man who happened to be universally liked, even by the Poles themselves, arrived upon the ground. A strict sense of military duty induced the colonel immediately to draw up his men, and order them to fire upon the people. The soldiers paused, for their hearts were in the cause of their compatriots. During this critical moment a voice issued from the crowd, which was heard, even among the din of musketry and the clash of swords — “Colonel! You are known, and you are respected; we do not wish to injure you, but you must desist from your orders to the soldiers; if not your blood be upon your own head!” — The ill-fated but gallant officer could not listen to this warning; the obnoxious order was again repeated, and the soldiers still wavered between their habitual respect for their commander and their repugnance to fire upon their friends; there was a moment's pause, but it was only for a moment: fifty shots then followed each other in quick succession; the unfortunate Russian fell, and his soldiers joined the people.

EFFECT OF LOVE.

Love must be *fire*, as ancient proverb say, Hence, I feel *cold*, when thou art, *Love*, away.

The Echo;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VI.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, March 23 1883.



See page 85

Illustrated Article.

FITZ ARNULF.

A NORTHUMBRIAN LEGEND.

By William Henry Thwaite, Author of *Carl Schwartzsen, Gertrude Bremmel, &c.*

1st MUR.—Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

GLO.—Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:

I like you, lady,—about your business straight—
Go, go—dispatch.

1st MUR.—We will, my noble lord.

Shakspeare.

CAS.—That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou think'st.
I will make proof of thine.

Ibid.

It was on a bleak December night, in the reign of that monarch who, by his heroic bravery, had secured to himself the appellation of Cœur de Lion, that two men, bearing the habit and deportment of armed retainers, were seen making their way towards an irregular pile of architecture, near to the northern extremity of Northumberland.

The castle of Sir Roland Fitz-Arnulf

was one of those feudal edifices, so many of which were erected during the sway of Stephen, by the turbulent barons of that period, who, actuated by the great principle of self-preservation, thought that they had a right to place themselves upon an equal footing with their neighbours, who were also, in general, their rivals and enemies. It has long since fallen to decay, and not the slightest vestige now appears to mark the spot where it once stood; but the following legend connected therewith, has been handed down by oral tradition.

Sir Roland Fitz Arnulf, the proprietor of this structure, was among the number of those barons who had followed their sovereign, the valiant Richard, on the crusades, to seek fame and glory in the Holy Land, leaving the care of his domain, and the charge of his infant daughter, to his brother Hubert, and bearing with him the prayers and blessings of his dependants, to whom by his kind and courteous demeanour, he was particularly endeared; Hubert, on the other hand, was universally detested, on account of his savage and morose disposition. It is true his person was tall and command-

ing; his limbs firmly set, and moulded in the most accurate proportions of manly beauty; but his face, naturally handsome, continually wore the same haughty, contemptuous aspect; and the fiery, demoniacal glances, which his bright eyes shot forth from beneath their bushy brows, spoke that all was not at rest within. The long glossy beard that covered the lower part of his face, and the curling locks that shaded his countenance, vieing in colour with the raven's plumage, (neither of which, however, were so dark as his soul), had procured for him the title of the Black Baron.

Years had rolled away, King Richard returned from Palestine, but no tidings of Sir Roland arrived; at length, a report was spread by a wandering pilgrim, that he had fallen at the siege of Acre; and the vassals, giving up all hope of again beholding their beloved lord, sank despondingly under the tyranny of Hubert the Black Baron; not one of them but had felt the smart of his oppression.

In the meantime, the Lady Alice had ripened into womanhood, and a rising

attachment had been formed between herself and Edmund de Warrenne, the son of a neighbouring, though less powerful, baron. On discovering their love, Sir Hubert was exceedingly wroth, and, in the height of anger, forbade Edmund to approach his domains, under pain of subjecting, not only himself, but his whole family to the extremity of his displeasure. He was too politic, however, to inform Alice of the true cause of Edmund's absence, leaving her to suppose that her lover was seeking elsewhere that enjoyment which her society no longer afforded. Sir Hubert's motive for proceeding thus was as follows:—He had been negotiating with a kinsman, who stipulated, that should he obtain the consent of Alice to their nuptials; he would forfeit all claims to her patrimony, thereby leaving the Black Baron in undisputed possession of the estate; but Sir Hubert, judging that he should not be able conveniently to accomplish this while Edmund was in existence, dispatched a messenger to that young nobleman, expressing his deep contrition for the line of conduct he had adopted, and inviting him to attend a ban-

quet which he had prepared for his reception, hoping that there a reconciliation would take place. To complete his design, he intended to have him waylaid and assassinated; thereby at once ridding himself of this formidable obstacle to his wishes. This brings us to the opening of our narrative.

Our two worthies approached a clump of dark yew trees, beneath which they stole, and commenced a conversation in low whispers; the wide spreading foliage cast a profound shadow around;—wrapt in the impenetrable gloom of which, the persons of the speakers were effectually concealed; the thick flakes of snow were fast falling, and the chill northern blast howled drearily, as it groaned through the thick branches of the venerable yews.

"'Tis hereabout Sir Hubert bade us wait his coming," said one of the men.—"Whew, by St. Dunstan, 'tis a bitter night;—the winter's blast findeth its way through my doublet, which is none o' the thickest, and maketh me tremble, like one with the ague; an this meeting were over, and I were ensconced by the hearth side of mine host o' the Silver Flagon, I should deem myself fortunate; but, perchance, thou hast thy flask with thee, Master Maurice?"

"Ay, marry, have I," returned the other; "trust me, 'tis too pleasant a companion to be left behind; here," continued he, pulling out the flask in question, "here is that will warm thy blood; beshrew me, Walter, but thou quiverest like an aspen; drink, my bully boy, for believe me, thou wilt have occasion for a firm hand and a stout heart anon."

"The knight, then, has opened his mind to thee?" said Walter, after having taken a wondrous long pull at the flask, and gulped down a large portion of its contents.

"That he has not," replied Maurice, "but I shrewdly guess his purpose, an I be not marvellously out o' my reckoning;—thou know'st Edmund de Warrenne, I trow?"

"And what of him?" asked the other.

"Gramercy, good fellow, grant me patience, and thou shalt hear; Sir Hubert hath of late been much pestered by this same stripling, who sayeth soft things, and whispereth tales of love in the ear of the Lady Alice, his fair niece; now, mark me, Walter, it runneth in my thoughts that he would have the boy's prattle silenced—dost understand me?"

"Right well," answered his companion, "in plain terms, he would have him murd——"

"Hush, Walter, keep a guard over thy tongue, thou know'st not who may overhear us—but think," continued he, "of the rich reward that will accrue to us for this service; the job is soon over, you have nought to do but stick thy knife into his weasand, and——"

"By cock and pye," exclaimed Walter, "'tis marvellously easy to say 'stick thy knife into his weasand,'—but Edmund is a stout youth, and firm, and useth his weapon to some purpose;—moreover, he seldom suffereth his adversaries to depart scathless. I tell thee, Maurice, I have no stomach for this business."

"What! dost fear him—hast turned coward?"

"Ha!" roared Walter, starting up in a fury, and unsheathing his hanger; "coward, did'st thou say! that is a word I can ill brook; pluck out the fox that dangles at thy side; an I prove not that I bear as stout a heart as thyself, the crows shall feed on my carcase."

"Peace, Walter," said the other, in a conciliatory tone, "chafe it not man, I meant not to anger thee."

"The fiend rive thee for a villanous liar," continued Walter, in high indignation, "look to thyself, thou beggarly cur, and God ha' mercy on thy soul."

"Nay, then, an thou needs must fight, I am not he that will disappoint thee," said Maurice, drawing his rapier, "come on."

Their weapons clashed and emitted sparks of fire, but the contest seemed doubtful, as both were equally matched; when suddenly a third one entered the scene of battle, who struck up the points of their swords, exclaiming—

"How now, good fellows, are ye mad? Put up your weapons,—what means this idle fray?"

"It means that my friend Walter here is too hasty in taking offence, Sir Knight."

"Peace, I tell thee," said Sir Hubert, "away with this foolish brawling, we have weightier matters to think on."

—He then proceeded to effect a reconciliation between the combatants, who after a time shook hands, and appeared contented to forget the past. "And now to our purpose," continued he, "ye are trusty knaves I trow, and shrewd hands at the poniard; an ye please me in this matter I shall propose, ye shall not lack reward;—take this as an earnest of my intentions," at the same time plucking out a purse, and placing it in the hand of Maurice, he added, "ye can settle its contents between yourselves anon."

The ruffian having weighed the purse

(which was none of the lightest) for a moment, put it in his pouch, and replied, "We attend your pleasure, my lord."

"Know ye, then, that the young Edmund de Warrenne has sued for the hand of the Lady Alice, and, to my displeasure, I find he has wrought upon her affections—she loves him. Now I fain would have her wed a fair cousin of mine;—this cannot be accomplished while Edmund is in being—he must be removed; to effect this, I have spoken him fair, and bid him to a wassail to-night—he needs must come—hush, what noise was that?"

"I hear nought but the rustling of the wind among the branches," said Walter.

"Methought I saw a figure glide past me," said the baron; "it may be that it was a phantasy of the brain. I tell ye," resumed he, apparently forgetting the circumstance, "he must pass this spot; let your daggers do their work, and then ye may dispose of him in the castle moat, with a stone about his neck to keep him down. Like ye the scheme, my masters?"

"Right well," said Maurice, "'tis a good conceit."

"Hark!" exclaimed Sir Hubert, "I hear footsteps,—he comes—be firm, good fellows, and use well your weapons. I will retire behind yon clump of trees, for I must not be seen in this business, lest he escape."

"Fear us not, my lord," whispered Maurice, "the light of another day shall not dawn upon him."

In the meantime the youthful Edmund came gaily along, unconscious of the danger that awaited him, mounted on a large cream-coloured steed, gaily caparisoned, which snorted and pawed the ground, as if proud of its burden. The gorgeous apparel of the horseman was for the most part hidden by a large dark cloak, which he had assumed as a defence from the weather. His brow was covered by a velvet bonnet, which was surmounted by a white waving plume. Scarcely had he approached the spot where the ruffians were concealed, when they suddenly pounced upon him, and the foremost of them in an instant buried his weapon in the breast of the gallant charger, which made a furious plunge, and fell lifeless to the earth. Edmund received a violent fall, but was on his legs again in a moment. It was not long ere he received a hard thrust, which took no material effect, as he wore a shirt of fine link-mail beneath his dress.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "is this thy play?" Then stepping back a few paces, he threw off his cloak, and standing on

his defence, added—"Thou hast mistaken thy man, Sir Cut-throat."

He defended himself bravely from the miscreants, who attacked him with great fury. Sir Hubert, finding his minions likely to become worsted, rushed to their assistance. This unequal strife lasted not long, for a figure appeared habited in a pilgrim's dress, with the hood drawn closely over his face, armed with a sufficiently proper fox, with which he smote Maurice to the earth, and stood to face Sir Hubert; but he, finding the odds against him, for the other villain had fallen beneath the hand of De Warrenne, fled into the thicket, and was soon lost sight of in the darkness of night.

"Thanks, my friend," said Edmund, addressing the stranger, "for thy timely assistance, which hath saved my life.—May I know to whom I am indebted for this service?"

"It would boot thee little to know the name of an obscure individual," replied the pilgrim; "but danger lurks about this spot—follow me, I will lead thee to a place of security."

Edmund hesitated.

"Your intentions should seem honest," said he, doubtingly.

"Thou hast no reason to believe that I should play thee false," returned his companion. "Had that been my purpose, I should scarce have risked my life in thy defence, but had rather ensconced myself behind yon tree, and suffered thee to fall under the knives of these sturdy assassins, whose warm blood is now mingling with the snow flakes."

"Pardon me, my friend," said De Warrenne, grasping his hand, "this mysterious circumstance will excuse my suspicion—Lead on, I am content to follow thee whithersoever thou wilt."

"How now, my pretty page," said the Lady Alice Fitz-Arnulf, as a fair-haired boy entered her apartment, "what wouldst thou, Edwy?"

"A friar from the neighbouring monastery would hold a conference with my lady," replied the page.

"Let him be admitted," said Alice. "What can he seek from me, or which of the brotherhood can it be—can'st conceive Blanch?" continued she, addressing her hand-maiden.

"Perchance 'tis Father Anslem, thy confessor, my lady," answered the attendant.

"That can hardly be," returned Alice, "as Edwy would have been familiar with him—but see, he comes."

At this moment the page Edwy returned, leading in a man enveloped in the habit

of a grey friar, with the cowl gathered so closely over his head as effectually to conceal his features. He strode slowly across the apartment, and then uttered in a low tone of voice, "Lady, I would fain converse with thee awhile."

"Holy father, thou may'st command my attention," replied Alice.

"I have tidings to communicate to thee of the utmost import," said the friar, "and it is meet that they should come to thine ear alone." He turned towards the page, and pointed to the door.

"I have no farther occasion for thy presence, Edwy," said the lady; "and thou, Blanche, may'st retire—but remain within calling. Now, father, I beseech thee, relieve me of suspense."

"Be not alarmed, Alice," said the pretended monk, altering his voice and demeanour, "one incautious word may cost me my life;" he threw back his cowl, and disclosed the well-known features of Edmund De Warrenne.

Alice, who had been gazing into the stranger's cowl with intense curiosity, at first turned pale, but suddenly resuming her usual gaiety, exclaimed—

"Thou hast been marvellously chary of thy company of late, Edmund, and would'st take me by surprise; thou would'st be merry with me, and nought would serve thy purpose but a monk's cowl, forsooth. What means this masquerading!—what need had'st thou of this disguise, Sir Truant?"

"Because, without its assistance, I could not have gained admittance here," replied De Warrenne. "But a truce to thy mirth, Alice—I have much to say, and time flies apace. Listen, therefore, but be silent, for one imprudent ejaculation might be fatal to me. Know, then, that on my way hither last night, I was beset by three armed ruffians, who sought my life, and would have accomplished their purpose but for the interposition of a stranger, who was fortunately near the spot. One of these men I am convinced beyond a doubt was Sir Hubert!"

"Sir Hubert!" exclaimed Alice; "impossible!—he could not be guilty of so foul an act. What advantage could accrue to him from such a deed?"

"By removing me," said Edmund, "he thinks he shall have no difficulty in persuading thee, my Alice, to bestow thy hand upon Ralph De Lacy, his kinsman, and thus secure to himself thy inheritance. I speak from the authority of the stranger of whom I have told thee, who overheard Sir Hubert plotting with his minions this diabolical scheme."

"And who is this man in whom you place such implicit confidence!—I would

have thee beware of him, my Edmund—fall not into hasty conclusions respecting my kinsman."

"To lull thy suspicions, Alice, I will inform thee of a circumstance thou dost little wot of; but lest these walls have ears, come hither." He whispered her.

"My father returned!—and thou hast seen him?" she exclaimed. "This is joyous intelligence, indeed, and so unexpected."

"Hist, Alice—his safety depends upon thy silence. Did Sir Hubert but dream of his proximity, he would scour the country and hunt him to destruction, ere he would suffer him to set foot within these towers."

"Thou hast not confided in one of whose discretion thou shalt have any reason to complain," said Alice.

"I know it, my Alice," replied Edmund, "therefore have I trusted thee. The circumstances of his deliverance from captivity shall be related to thee at a season when thou shalt have no fear of being overheard. I have other matters to tell thee: this same De Lacey, who seeketh thy hand, is daily, nay, hourly expected at the castle; in the meantime, should thy kinsman speak with thee on the subject, thou must feign compliance with his wishes, and use dissimulation, in order that we may gain time, while means are used to collect together the faithful vassals, who are willing to strike for the defence of their liege lord. The services of the old warden are already secured, who hath promised to introduce any number of men within the castle walls, when our plans are ripe for execution. Hark! some one comes this way."

At this moment the voice of the baron was heard at high discussion with the page in the corridor.

"Stand from before me, boy."

"Forbear, I pray thee, Sir Hubert," said the page, "thou may'st not enter my lady's chamber, she has ordered that none shall be admitted."

"Interrupt me not, thou stripling," continued the baron, "lest I trample thee under my feet."

"It is indeed Sir Hubert," said Edmund, "all then is lost."

"Yield not thus to despair," said Alice, "trust to a woman's wit for a cunning device in time of need. Draw the cowl over thy face, and seat thyself in yonder chair. Thou shalt be the confessor, I the penitent. Quick, dear Edmund."

She flung a velvet cushion at Edmund's feet, and knelt in a reverential posture before him, while he extended his hands over her, as if in the act of pronouncing a benediction.

"Whom have we here!" vociferated the baron, as he rushed into the apartment, followed by the terrified page.

"God ha' mercy, kinsman," cried Alice, starting up, as if in surprise, "is this thy demeanour towards a member of the holy church!—'Tis Father Anslem, to whom I have just made my shrift."

"Pardon me, Alice," said Fitz-Arnulf, "I was ignorant of the quality of thy guest. Have I thy pardon, reverend father, for my rudeness?"

Edmund bowed his head.

"Edwy," said Alice, "attend Father Anslem to the portal."

"On returning to thy monastery, haply thou wilt summon Father Bertram to my presence," said Sir Hubert. "May I rely on this service?"

Edmund again bowed, and folding his hands meekly across his breast, followed the page; who, although he well knew the pretended friar was not Father Anslem, still had sufficient sagacity to keep his counsel. The young De Warrenne moved along with a faltering step, and so well did he counterfeit the character he had assumed, that even Alice had much ado to persuade herself that he was not an aged monk, tottering across the apartment.

"Yon friar seemeth to be a man of few words, and marvellously slow of speech, methinks," said the baron, as Edmund left the chamber.

"He is ever thus, good man," replied Alice, "after a confession—absorbed in deep meditation."

To be continued in our next.

A TURBULENT HUSBAND TAMED.

A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

A tradesman, who lived in a village near St. Alban's, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he had brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her; but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. "Stop," said she, "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in

our marriage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods." "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly; "My dear friend, pray, be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous." In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tailors publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

THE SUN-DIAL.

AN OCCASIONAL REFLECTION.

Epictiti Enchiridion made English in a poetical paraphrase. By Ellis Walker, M.A. London. Printed for Sam Keble, at the Turk's Head, over against Fetter Lane, in Fleet-street, 1708.

We pass the modest dedication "To my honoured uncle Samuel Walker, of York—by the Translator," a poem of 67 lines in the pindaric fashion, in praise of Epictetus—represented in the concluding verse as

"Only truly great and free."

A poem upon Epictetus, his *Morals*, by Joshua Barnes, Esq., *Cambr.* Coll. Camb. Sept. 28, 1691, claims attention; from this effusion more than a century ago, we insert the following interesting and original extract, *ex gr.*—

He saw the world was mean and low;
Patrons a lie; friendship a show;
Preferment, trouble; grandeur vain;
Law a pretence; a blaze esteem;
Promise a rash, and hope a dream;
Faith a disguise, and truth deceit;
Wealth but a trap, and health a cheat.
These dangerous rocks this pilot knew,
And wisely into port withdrew:—
Christian, make haste and learn his wit;
I fear thou'rt scarce an heathen yet.

We proceed "Upon Epictetus, his *little Book*, taken out of the Greek Epigrams:"—

The sense which Epictetus doth impart,
Consider well and treasure in your heart;
That so your soul from earth aloft may rise,
Aspiring to her native seat, the skies.

On the same.

He that great Epictetus truly knows,
Amid life's storms serene and smiling goes;
'Till Nature's voyage finish'd, he at last,
Safe anchor in the port of heav'n doth cast.

Leonidas upon Epictetus.

A slave I was, of fortune's favours bare,
In body maim'd, and yet to heaven dear.

A recapitulation follows, written in verse by M. Bryan, L.L.D., Oxon. Sept. 17, 1691. And another similar production, by Thomas Walker, Sid. Coll. Camb., Jan. 14, 1694. These are too lengthy for our purpose; but we cannot resist "An Acrostic on the Ingenious Translator," Mr. E. W., by Ezekiel Bristed, M.A., which is of an epigrammatic turn.

E-England and Athens now are join'd in one;
L-earned Epictetus sings, in the English tone.
L-ay by this rusty book of crabbed Greek,
I-n English poetry you hear him speak;
S-o all the dark-tongued oracles of Greece,
W-hen Truth shot forth full beams, did hold
their peace.

A-ll you that would philosophers appear,
L-earn Nature's laws in charming numbers here;
K-eepe home, you need no more to Athens run;
E-re long, they'll all from thence to England
come;

R-ead here, and you will find them all outdone.

Three other poems of meritorious order lead at once to the "Life of Epictetus." As it is brief and pithy, it shall be introduced under the auspices of our Dial; and we cannot but admire the shade of reflection which it casts in the circle of our sunny hours.

"Epictetus was born about the end of Nero's empire at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. During the first years of his life, he was a slave to Euphroditus, a libertine, and captain of Nero's life-guard. How he obtained his liberty, and became a philosopher of the stoic sect, is uncertain; only this we find, that he, upon the edict made in the eighth year of Domitian's empire, was forced as a philoso-

pher to quit the city of Rome and Italy, and, amongst others, to retire to Nicopolis. He had far renounced ostentation and ambition, then reigning vices amongst all the philosophers; for, as Vincentius observes, 'His house at Rome was without a door; his attendance only an old servant maid; and all his household stuff an earthen lamp, by the light whereof he brought forth those noble and divine reflections.'* This, after his death, was so much valued (Lucian reporting it) that it was sold for 3,000 drachmas, or groats: the purchaser thinking, that if by night he constantly read thereby, he should not only attain his wisdom, but grow into equal admiration. Epictetus would have all philosophy to consist in constancy and continence; whence he had always these words in his mouth, '*Bear and forbear*,' which were generally as well practised as taught by him; for during the time of his slavery his master, Euphroditus, would make it his ordinary pastime to *wrnick* Epictetus his slave's leg; who, smiling, and without the least passion, told him, that if he continued his sport, he would break it, which accordingly he did. 'Did I not tell you,' then said he, 'you would break my leg!'—How great a piece of patience was this, scarce to be paralleled, except in this other of his own, which was, that when his iron lamp he much valued was stolen, all he said was,—'I shall deceive a thief to-morrow, for if he come for another, it shall be an earthen one.' And he was not only a great maintainer of this single virtue, patience, but likewise a practiser as well as maintainer of all the rest in general: for as there was not any one in his time that did so many good actions as he, so was there not any that made it so much his business to conceal them, being of opinion, that a true philosopher ought to *do* and not to speak. And what's particularly more observable in him, is that of all the philosophers, he had the best opinion concerning the Deity, and the greatest insight into our mysteries. His sentiments are so conformable to Christianity, that St. Augustine speaks highly of his character. He died in the 90th year after the foundation of Rome, in or about the 96th year of his age."

We give a few lines as a specimen of the translation, but our attention may, at a future period, be devoted to a selection of the best parts of the poem.

Respecting man, things are divided thus;
Some do not, and some *do* belong to us;

* Rome is represented in the frontispiece at the top, and Epictetus sitting in his doorless house, writing by his lamp, without a candle. The old woman is crossing a bundle of sticks near a tree for a fire.

Some within compass of our power fall,
And these are they which we our own may call.*

The commencement of Pope's "Essay on Man" smacks very much of these lines. Pope, indeed, seems to have paraphrased poor Epictetus unmercifully. But more of this anon. OLIO.

Fine Arts.

VIEW OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP, WITH PART OF THE CITY AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.—Painted by Mr. Burford.

The monarch took the word and grave replied.
Presumptuous are the vaults and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchanged, immortal, and supremely blest.

Odyssey.

This indefatigable and enterprising gentleman has produced, in addition to the inimitable and quiet picture of Stirling, now, also, exhibiting in the "upper circle," an accurate representation, from drawings taken by himself, during the last four days of the siege of Antwerp. The subject, as our readers are aware, is one well calculated to draw forth Mr. R. Burford's powers; and we are happy to say, in which he has succeeded in an eminent degree; and as it is one of the most stirring interest in a political, historical, and domestic point of view: for battles on canvas are always exciting when executed with the singular ability of which the artist is known to possess; and this exhibition forms a striking contrast with the more finished production of Stirling. The present view was taken from a slight eminence in the rear of breaching battery, on the last morning of the siege, shortly before the firing ceased. The battery, of course, occupies the immediate foreground, directly in front of which is the bastion Toledo, with the breach as it then appeared; to the left is the dismantled Lunette St. Laurent, and the counter battery; to the right, the fortress Montebello, and the fortifications of the city, above which the tower of the cathedral, the steeples of the churches, and the summits of some of the highest buildings, have a picturesque effect. Behind, the ground is covered with the batteries, parallels, trenches, and other works of the French; beyond which is seen a considerable extent of country, which, although very flat, is pleasingly diversified by country houses and plea-

sure-grounds, in almost constant succession, and at a more favourable season of the year, would have been most luxuriant, from its high state of cultivation, and the abundance and beauty of its vegetation. Nearly sixty prominent features are identified in developing the characteristics of this siege. Each of these is delineated skilfully, and arrests the attention of the spectator, who is advised to take them in the order of the description, or he will not make any progress in the painting.

Our first glance has not enabled us to stop at particular sections for the beauties Mr. B. introduces into his subjects; but we could not avoid admiring in our way No. 14, *Port de Succours*, which by the frangible wood work must not have afforded any assistance to the enemy. No. 34, *St. Paulo*, and No. 35, *St. Andre*, are prominently shewn forth; and from Chasse's house to the *Jardins de l'Harmonie*, the action is admirably sustained. Abundant figures of both sexes are portrayed. Yet we cannot survey this scene of kingly feud and diplomatic strife, unimpressed by emotions to which our kindly nature leads us. When we see the consuming fires exalting their wreaths and climbing over battlements and towers, falling into the bosoms of contentment, and separating the good and happy and the idle and mischievous indiscriminately—when we see the glittering bayonet, the ponderous mortar, the combustible shell, the slaughtering sword and the sharpened halbert, we think of the widow's fate, the orphan's cries, and participate mentally with the sufferers. But while we are influenced by sentimental feelings in surveying the copied elements of strife, let it not be imagined that in Leicester-square the fair visitors will be *horror-struck*; for here colour is only the resemblance of the reality, which, though painted to the life, is rendered as agreeably to the palate as any reasonable surveyor of a siege can desire. We doubt not, therefore, the public will appreciate the exertions used with so great advantage by Mr. R. Burford, and patronise him who has conveyed the action direct from the spot, with all the *colours of victory*, without raising a *storm* about his ears.—OLIO.

Musical and Mechanism.

THE APOLLONICON.

Studious to ease thy grief,
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul;
Leave thought to age, and give thine ear a feast.

THE mechanical construction of this powerful organ, independently of the precision with which it executes the most difficult overtures, is worthy the minute

* Independently of Gray, we verily think a greater poet than Pope never lived in the preserves of literature. We do not allude to any of the *modern race* of poets, of course: they live and write in open and careless defiance of the eighth commandment, and *make all things common* which suit the structure of their columns.

inspection offered to the curious; and, so fully answers the purpose upon self-acting principles, of producing melody without the assistance of the fingering art, as to draw the musical, the talented and fashionable; but, with the skill and experience of Mr. Purkis, whose life is devoted to the *keys*, he imparts feeling into the instrument and regulates its powers, so that the simplest melodies are rendered divinely beautiful, and the elaborate compositions of Mozart, Weber, Paer, Rossini, and Moschelles, grand and effective. During these *lenten* times, and other occasions, our readers, the fair ones especially, are directed for an hour's sweet intercourse with the 'Apollonicon,' in which their susceptibilities will be mutually gratified.

THE WORLD'S PITY.

The pity of the world? A mourning smile!
A few smooth interjections, interspersed
With a few honed words — a seeming depth
Of feeling in a sorrowful tone. An eye
That looks with an inverted scan. An ear
That lingers with a plausible, passive, bend;
Appearing to receive the sufferer's plaint,
Without a tear of sympathetic birth.
Without a sigh, from sweet Compassion's cell:
A sudden pause! — a thought, a promise, — press;
Departure with an undefined excuse,
Yielding no comfort to a suppliant's claims;
Plunged in the vortex, bent on sordid gain,
Omitting Pity's ill requited lot,
And happy in forgetting Misery's plight. v.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TALL GENTLEMAN.

Majestas proxima cælo.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR,—If so many of the diminutive race be permitted to make confessions to the "World Confessor," may not a tall gentleman offer his, at the shrine of "Public Opinion," for absolution from the frailties of ascensive stature? For, as it regards myself, I confess, with humility, that in the earliest stage of my career I was the uphanded wonder of gossips even at my christening, and though only a few months old, (I was born in the longest day), I was considered a child of larger growth than any other of equal age, which made the vicar exclaim—"Quæ monstrant ipsi puer-is." And in accordance with the educating couplet written by Pope, I grew to be a fine twigging 'osier,' and very soon took the 'bow,' or rather enforced it, as soon as I could 'paddle.' Sent to an infant seminary, that any running predilections might be discouraged, I rose out of myself, and overtopped (and I could hit marbles too) the marvellous tom-boys and hectors of the ring, bearing the cognomen of Tommy Tallboy, patiently.

Having gained favour with the staid conductress of the establishment, agreeably with the suitable elevation of my hopes, I was selected for the "Flag Bearer," without the least flagging, and bore it valiantly through the streets on "Breaking-up Day," but not without being taunted through the scorching Midsummer day by an ascetic dwarf that aspired to the post of standard honour, by his saying proverbially,

"Sorry weeds grow a-pace."

Like the 'aloe' at the Colosseum, blowing, growing, and all alive, I was removed from my first post of distinction to a 'Boy's Academy,' where, shortly to my utter mortification, when my back was turned, it was chalked with mystic symbols, and capitally inscribed with a well known fourth letter, the Delta of the ancients and dance of the moderns, which resolved my proportions into an enigmatical obelisk. But (and who would not rejoice?) as my days lengthened, so my statuary fabric strengthened, till I found myself a very Saul among the striplings and groundlings. Hence, on May Day, I was solicited for the high position of a Maypole on the village green, to be decked with wreaths and garlands,

By happy nymphs and happy swains.

But, with proper consequence, I disdained the offer, and aspired to some higher view of 'men and things'. Still, open to remark; if I stood in a crowd, some pertinacious and envious wag, stunted in his growth, would exclaim in an understood euphony, "Master Dennis, will ye be kind enough to clap your head under your arm, and walk away with it; or, hasten to the fish-market, and dispose of your 'cod's heads and shoulders.' Oh, the low varlets! I might have punished them at "one fell swoop," but I was reconciled to their want of high breeding, and whispered with inward emotion,

"Mox etiam fractis mæte."

As I assumed a real character and attracted such notice, I became warmly sensible of the effects of the "tender passion," and stooped to the angelic smiles of an amiable creature, Miss Lucretia Squattleford. From my accustomed height, I suddenly fell into the "pit of love;" and, like Don Quixote, addicted my time to *knight errantry*.—With the song, I could say, 'Long time, my love, I courted her.' But alas!—when extricated from the depths of suspense, though I often addressed her from the first floor window, when we ventured to glide abroad and face the day—

light together, the sarcastic *shortlings* would point with their fingers, and sing,

'Arms, arms! 'ye brave!'

Then significantly add—

'Sure, such a pair *was* never seen!'

Some passing, as familiar grown, would say — "He's the celebrated Bill in Chancery," and takes up his abode at Long's Hotel, and adding, truly—

'Sure, such a pair *is* never equalled!'

'Grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphas.'

Such unsolicited applications assailed me,

'Whenever I took my walks abroad,'

till my sweet Lucretia

Proved false; and I grew high,
Where the 'many read the sky.'

And, mercy save the mark! as I was musing one night in a reverie by the seaside in a light costume, whether I should plunge deep enough, or find a tree tall enough, or make my quietus with a bare bodkin, (for this was the only time I felt low); the provincial newspaper stated that the Cock Lane Ghost, or a Pillar of Salt, retrod the haunted shore, not aware that I never had appeared at the 'Fleet Ditch.' For this misappliance of my real dimensions, I exclaimed with the 'Sow of Feeling!'

'Malignant planets! do ye still combine
Against this wayward, dreary lot of mine.'

My being intimate with Mr. Twankey, the grocer, exposed me to many servile remarks when I visited him. I was called long pepper — allspice — sugar loaf, with other substantive epithets—such as are

'Cam furor haud dubius.'

My father's demise, however, determined me to be a gentleman of the first rank, and I set out with the motto—

'Short reckonings make long friends.'

In my 'dancing days,' I once or twice solicited the fleshy hand of Miss Harriet Stump, who thought it no disparagement to waltz with a hop-pole, though the middle-sized couples observed, with some truth, that 'short ladies are usually attached to long acquaintances.' While in my circuitous rambles about town, I was known as the "Observant Pedestrian," supposed to be the principal in the house of Longman and Co.; a proprietor of the "Long Stages," and a large freeholder in Long Lane, Long Alley, Little Moorfields, and Great St. Helens." But, sir, since I have said quite enough to convince any reasonable person of my being a celebrated statuary, it would not be deferent in me to ex-
p-

tiate. I am neither a patent ladder—a Time's Telescope—an overseer to the poor—a fire-escape—nor a starred theatrical. But getting by degrees into the slippered pantaloons—still a bachelor and "going down." Let not the Middletons, the Shorts, or the Underwoods, however, boast; for I have greater reason to be humbled, and take shame to myself for being so conspicuous without a proportionate ratio of talent. I, therefore, trust you will overlook my lengthy dissertation, and think it no harm to allow patronage to the first appearance of a "Tall Gentleman," who has just sufficient sense to acknowledge that, as

"The tree falleth so it must lie,"

which, I hope, will not be in your way, (*barbara vox*) so as to render me inadmissible to the eyes of certain glove dealers, who, I have no doubt are, by this time convinced, my feelings are like those of Tristram Shandy, raised in their estimation, when of approvable qualities.

PETER PINESTALKABLE.

THE POLISH EXILE.

For the Olio.

Forced from home to desert lands,
From wife and children dear,
To roam along Siberia's sands,
And forests dark and drear;
Mid rocks with horror deep imbued,
Where music wakes not solitude.

The impulse of the Exile's soul,
Pervades the howling wind,
His country's wrongs in visions roll
Across his tortur'd mind.—
For her slain sons he slain would weep
But tears of anguish spring too deep.

His fancy hears the clarion's sound
That call'd him to the field—
And haunts the blood-stain'd battle ground,
Where Poland's fate was sealed:
Where freedom's sword was lifted high,
To fell the strength of tyranny.

Oppression's power may chain
His form in bondage down—
But Liberty in heart can reign
And wear her golden crown;
At last the chainless spirit flies,
To other realms beyond the skies. J. C.

FLORETTA;

OR, THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

Concluded from page 79.

WITH the appearance of the evening stars in the heavens, Henry stood by the spring of La Garenne, where he was soon accompanied by the light-hearted Floretta; but when he informed her of their approaching separation, she was almost ready to die with grief. Who could paint her despair—who describe the sufferings of Henry? Embracing each other closely, they wept, complaining of their bitter fate, and at the same time trying to instil into each other that

comfort, of which they both stood so much in need.

"So now, you are going to desert me, Henry," she exclaimed, sobbing; "you will soon forget poor Floretta, and I shall be alone on the earth. Now that you are going, I shall have nothing in this world to look forward to but death!"

"But," exclaimed Henry, "I shall not leave thee for ever; I shall soon return, and to whom do I belong if not to thee? Am I not wholly and for ever thine? What should I ever retain in my memory were I to forget thee? Thou art the life of my sweetest recollections, and before I lose thee out of my memory I shall lose my very existence."

"O Henry! you will return no more; and if you should, you will not know Floretta."

"Alas, Floretta! thou art much happier than I am. Here the scene of our happiness, this garden and this spring, will remain open to thee. To-morrow, when I have lost thee, I shall be thrust out of paradise—a wanderer in another world; in a desert, solitary amongst thousands. For that reason will my heart yearn after thee the more. When far away, one single flower that had but blossomed at the foot of this fountain would transport me with rapture. When I am hated or feared by those that surround me, thou wilt be loved; be idolized by others. Other men will see thee, and worship thee; and those, perhaps, thou wilt think more lovely than me!"

Thus they were conversing together for a long time. Tears, vows, and caresses—fresh doubts and fresh assurances succeeded, until the turret clock of the palace called the prince away, and reminded them both that the hour of parting was arrived.

Floretta then suddenly seized hold of Henry's hand, and pressing it to her bosom, exclaimed, "Seest thou this spring of Garenne? There thou wilt ever find me, ever as to-day. And look, Henry; if thou art not ever the same, in like manner as this fountain pours forth its inexhaustible life, so shall I my inexhaustible love, until laid hold of by the cold hand of death. Henry, I can cease to live, but never, living, cease to love. Here thou wilt find me again, ever as to-day—ever here."

She disappeared, and the youthful prince staggered through the garden to the palace, sobbing bitterly.

The journey, however, which Henry undertook, by diverting his mind, soon enabled him to overcome his grief. The first fifteen months which he passed, after his departure from the spring of La Ga-

renne, filled his mind with other thoughts. Amidst the tumults which were at that time distracting France, he began to display that activity and intrepidity of character in the field, by which he afterwards rose to such immortal fame. He was already the admiration of the brave; and the ladies at the court of Catherine de Medicis tried to console him, more than perhaps was necessary, for the loss of Floretta.

The glory and praises of her lover soon reached the ear of Floretta; he was, no longer the young gardener that formerly took delight in setting flowers whilst kneeling by her side; but the warrior, ranging about through countries, and searching after fresh laurels. It was not the Prince of Bearn she had ever loved, but the simple Henry; and now his dazzling transformation excited not so much her wonder as her sorrow. She had heard how the beauties at court tried to entangle him in their snares, and how he, prone to inconstancy, attached himself first to the one, and then to the other. He was the only man in the world on whom her affections had ever dwelt; and now, having lost all faith in him, she lost all faith in human nature. The grief she endured was soon the means of breaking her heart. What had now arrived, her reason had already, but in vain, foreseen.

In his travels, Henry at length visited Nerac once more. There seeing him one day promenading up and down the gardens and groves of La Garenne, in company with the beautiful *Demoiselle d'Ayelle*, she could not resist the strong desire that arose in her, to throw herself just in their way.

The sight of Floretta, who even now pale with grief, was still more beautiful in her sorrow than before in the brightness of her joy, suddenly aroused in the young prince the dear recollections of his first love. He became distracted, and would have instantly ran up and clasped her in his arms, had he not been prevented by the lady at his side, and the circumstance of a number of the courtiers also being in the garden, from yielding to his desires. The following morning, however, perceiving old Lucas busily employed in the garden, he stole to the cottage, where he found Floretta sitting alone. The sudden return of her father, however, prevented his having any conversation with her; he merely requested one hour's interview at the spring of La Garenne that evening, when she replied, without raising her head from her work, "At eight o'clock thou wilt find me there!" He then hastened away from

the cottage again, the same as in former days. His whole soul burnt for Floretta, and he could scarcely await the coming of the evening.

It was dark, and the clock had already struck the appointed hour. In order not to be met by any one, he went through a back gate of the palace, along a by-way, which he still remembered, that led to the thicket. At last he came to the spring, but Floretta had not yet appeared. He waited a few minutes, his heart beating terribly all the while. On a sudden he was aroused by a rustling of the leaves, and already extended his arms to fly to meet her, and press her to his breast. To this grief, however, it was not Floretta, but merely the blowing of the wind. He walked up and down impatiently for a while, and at last perceived in the dark, not far from the spring, something white, as if a part of her dress. He went up to it, and found a sheet of paper, together with the arrow and the pierced rose. There was writing on the paper, but the darkness of the night prevented his being able to read it.

Terrified and agitated, he hastened to the palace, exclaiming, "What! does she not come—does she send me back the arrow, because she has ceased to love me!"

He read the paper, on which were only these words:—"I promised thou wouldst find me this evening at the spring of La Garene. Perhaps thou hast passed by without seeing me. Look better, and thou wilt surely find me. Thou hast ceased to love, when thou seest this I shall have ceased to live. Mercy, O God!"

Henry soon divined the meaning of these words. The palace resounded with his cry; the servants all hastened at the call of the young prince, and with lighted torches accompanied him to the spring of La Garene.

But why prolong the sorrowful tale? The dead body of the innocent girl was found in the pond formed by the water of the spring, and afterwards consigned between two young trees to the earth.

The grief of the young Prince of Bearn was without bounds.—Henry IV. is to this day the idol of the French. He accomplished many great things; he fought, lost, and won; but never again did he win a heart so pure and so faithful as the heart of Floretta, the sorrowful recollection of whom he retained to the last.

Such was the *first*, and such the *only* love of Henry IV. of France. He never loved again.

ON A YOUNG LADY WEeping.

Beneath the rocky steep
The willows idly sleep,
Unruffled is the deep,—
Why lovely maiden weep?

A bright blue summer sky
With white clouds sailing high
Is all that greets thine eye,
Why should'st thou maiden sigh?

"Though gently zephyrs move,
"And skies look bright above;
"Yet they oft faithless prove.
"And so, alas, will Love!"

L

Table Talk.

MIRABEAU AND HIS BROTHERS.—Mirabeau used to relate with great glee an anecdote of his brother. The Viscount de Mirabeau was a very fat and heavy man; the people called him "Tun-Mirabeau." One evening, going to pay his court to mesdames the king's aunts, the usher of the chamber, deceived by the darkness of the corridor and the heavy walk of the viscount, mistook him for monsieur, the king's brother, whose gait was very similar, and announced him as such: "Monsieur," said he, throwing open the door of the apartment. "Oh! it is only monsieur, brother of king Mirabeau," said the viscount; and the courtly circle laughed heartily at an allusion which was not entirely devoid of truth.—Dining one day with the Count de Montmorin, Mirabeau was asked by his host what he thought of his brother.—"He would be," replied Mirabeau, "a man of wit and a scapegrace in any family but ours."—The viscount was not behind with him in epigrams. The friends of Tun-Mirabeau reproaching him with having, one evening, attended the Assembly almost in a state of intoxication, he replied, "My brother has left me only that one vice."—*Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau.*

ANECDOTE OF TALLEYRAND.—Talleyrand, among many other singular anecdotes, described the manner in which the new clergy had been consecrated. Three bishops were necessary for the ceremony and his two coadjutors had hesitated till the last moment. Nothing was less canonical than the means he employed to secure the co-operation of one of them, who wanted to withdraw, and thereby prevent the ceremony from taking place.—Being told by the Bishop of Lida that the Bishop of Babylon was wavering in his resolution, Talleyrand paid the latter a visit, and with a most serious look informed him that their colleague the Bishop of Lida was on the point of deserting them; that he well knew to what such conduct exposed them from the

people; but his mind was made up never to suffer himself to be stoned by the mob, and he would certainly shoot himself if either of them betrayed him. As he said this, he produced a small pistol, which he flourished with an air of determination. This menace had its due effect.

APPARITIONS.—Dr. Hibbert, in his *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*, has satisfactorily shown, “that apparitions are nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which have been rendered as vivid as actual impressions.”—In his *Theory of Apparitions*, Dr. Ferriar relates an anecdote illustrative of the power which the imagination possesses of reacting upon the organs of sense with an intensity sufficient to create a belief in the reality of the objects, the impressions of which are thus renovated and vivified. It is as follows:—“A gentleman was benighted while travelling alone in a remote part of the Highlands of Scotland, and was compelled to ask shelter at a small lonely hut. When he was about to be conducted to his bedroom, the landlady observed, with mysterious reluctance, that he would find the window very secure. On examination, part of the wall appeared to have been broken down to enlarge the opening. After some inquiry, he was told that a pedlar, who had lodged in the room sometime before, had committed suicide, and was found hanging behind the door in the morning. According to the superstition of the country, it was deemed improper to remove the body through the door of the house, and to convey it through the window was impossible without removing part of the wall. Some hints were dropped that the room had been subsequently haunted by the poor man’s spirit. My friend laid his arms properly prepared against intrusion of any kind by the bedside, and retired to rest, not without some degree of apprehension. He was visited in a dream by a frightful apparition, and awaking in agony, found himself sitting up in bed with a pistol grasped in his right hand. On casting a fearful glance round the room, he discovered by the moonlight a corpse, dressed in a shroud, reared erect, against the wall close to the window. With much difficulty he summoned up resolution to approach the dismal object, the features of which, and the minutest parts of its funeral apparel, he perceived distinctly. He passed one hand over it—felt nothing—and staggered back to the bed. After a long interval, and much reasoning with himself, he renewed his investigation, and at length

discovered that the object of his terror was produced by the moon-beams forming a long bright image through the broken window, on which his fancy, impressed by his dream, had pictured with mischievous accuracy the lineaments of a body prepared for interment. Powerful associations of terror, in this instance, had excited the recollected images with uncommon force and effect.”—*Encyc. Brit.*

DISCOVERIES IN THE CHINESE SEAS.—An interesting circumstance is mentioned respecting new discoveries in the Chinese Seas. The English residents had fitted out a small ship, the *Knoborg*, of 90 tons, to proceed on a voyage of discovery. She had coasted up so far north as lat. 30; and, it is stated, had examined the ports and places of the Chinese northern territory with great care and minuteness. The persons engaged in this investigation report that the inhabitants appeared to have the greatest wish to trade with the English, acting in the most friendly manner towards the persons composing the expedition. The natives were evidently in want of a variety of English and Indian goods; and, from the apparent richness of the country, they could give a number of valuable articles in return. They are said to be generally very intelligent.—The official report will, of course, not be published; but the officers and others employed give a most flattering account of the expedition, and express a confident opinion that a great field for the commerce of England may be opened on the coast and in the islands of those seas.

GRATITUDE IN A SLAVE.—A lady residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave, whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward; being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family. Years passed away; and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty: misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common necessities of life. This man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode; with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future com-

forth. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer: he could not, however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design. "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services; when you were rich, you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed in his palanquin to the comfortable and well-furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always showed by their conduct that they considered themselves her servants. Deserted by those who had been her equals in station, and who had professed themselves her friends whilst she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependents.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.—To touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself, and if you would take as much pains as I do, you would not need to ask for my corrections. With the greatest indifference to fame, which you know me too well to suppose me capable of affecting, I have taken the greatest pains to deserve it. This may appear a mystery or a paradox, in practice, but it is true. I considered that the taste of the day is refined, and delicate to excess, and that to disgust that delicacy of the taste by a slovenly inattention to it, would be to forfeit, at once, all hope of being useful; and for this reason, though I have written more verse this year than, perhaps, any man in England, I have finished, and polished, and touched and retouched, with the utmost care. Whatever faults I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of negligence; I never suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can; and though some may be offended at my doctrines, I trust none will be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy in the numbers, the rhymes, or the language.

C. wper.

WORDS OF THE WISE.—"The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of the assemblies, which are from one shepherd."

I. Earth, which is the basest element,

is both our mother that brought us forth, our stage that bears us up, and our grave wherein we are at last entombed. 'She gives to us our original, our harbour, our sepulchre.

II. In Heaven the mind shall see God in all things; or, to speak perhaps more justly, shall see all things in God. For He is the Universal Agent: "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." All creatures are but as small dependent particles of existence, swimming in the illimitable sea of His essential life.

III. In Heaven we shall be known by each, and each be known by all.

IV. We lost a Paradise by sin; and have gained a Heaven by the cross.

V. Reason can, and should, judge of the meaning, the mortality, and the evidence of Revelation.

VI. The flower falls, when the fruit comes to appear; so grace and truth came by Jesus Christ; grace, to obey the precepts; and truth, to take away the types.

VII. Logic or metaphysics may give the theory of reason; but it is poetry and mathematics, though seemingly opposite, that practically improve and fit us for every rational inquiry.

VIII. The ceremonial law of sacrifices was the Gospel in shadows.

IX. Constraint makes an easy thing toilsome, whereas love makes the greatest toil pleasant.

X. The hand of a little child may receive a pearl, as well as the hand of the greatest giant, though not hold it so strongly. A weak faith may be a true faith, and so a saving faith.

SPEECH OF SULLY.—One day the Duchesse de Vernulle, one of Henry the fourth's favourites, remonstrated with Sully for his severity, alleging that the king had a good right to make presents to his mistresses and nobility. His answer should be generally known:—"This were well, madam, if the king took the money from his own purse; but it is against reason to take it from the shopkeepers, artisans, and agricultural labourers; since it is they who support the king and all of us; and they would be well content with a single master, without having so many cousins, relations, and mistresses to maintain."

SECRET TO EFFACE WRINKLES.—Throw on a red hot iron shovel some powdered myrrh, and receive the smoke on the face, covering the head with a handkerchief to prevent the fumes from being dissipated. Let the operation be repeated three times—then heat the shovel again, and when red hot as before pour on it a mouthful of white wine, and hold your face immediately over the smoke arising from it three

successive times. Continue this practice every night and morning as long as you see occasion.

Varieties.

AN English gentleman and his friend travelling through a track of woods in one of the western states, took with him an Indian lad as guide. In the course of the day they separated, and one of them finding some curious berries, sent them to his companion by the lad, with a note specifying the number. The one who received the present, found some of the berries missing, and having reprimanded the boy for eating or losing them, sent him back for more. The gentleman forwarded a second parcel with the number again marked on the note. The boy played the same trick with these, delivering only part of what he received. This procured a second scolding. Whereupon the Indian fell down upon his knees, and kissed the paper, saying, "I found out the first time this paper was a witch or a conjurer; but now he has proved his power to be supernatural indeed; because he tells *that which he did not see*; for when I flung away the last berries, for the sake of experiment, I took care to *skip the note under a stone*, that it might not know what was passing."

THE PRUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.—Hans is a fellow of some humour, and has more than once on examination afforded mirth to the lawyers. On one occasion he had to justify bail, and was probed pretty deeply as to the extent and character of his property; he had to justify to the amount of 700*l*. "So Mr. Kutzlas," commenced the counsel, "you are, it seems, a man of wealth. Pray sir, of what does your property consist?" "Of pictures." "Oh, oh! pictures. Well, I am a bit of an amateur myself and so 'tis lucky we have fallen into each other's hands. We can have some talk on the arts, I declare you have quite the look of one of the *cognoscenti*. What are these pictures?" "Ay, I have one picture dat—" "Ah! let us hear about that one picture. That's doubtless the eye and soul of the collection. At how much do you value it?" "At a thousand pounds." "A thousand pounds! A Rembrandt, doubtless?" "No!" "Well, a Titian? a Claude? a Correggio? a Rubens? a — by none of the great masters? and yet you value it at a thousand pounds! Pray, who's picture is it?" "Mein wife's," was the laconic answer of the witness. The counsel was silent, and the court laughed at the connubial spirit displayed by our hero. *Mon. Mag.*

CONFESSION OF AN IRISH PEASANT.—Luke M. Geoghan being at confession, owned among other things that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The priest told him he must make restitution; Luke couldn't—how could he, when he had eaten it long ago! Then he must give Tim one of his own. No; Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience—it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the priest said, if he wouldn't he'd rue it, for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at the final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" "Indeed but the father did." "And may be Tim himself will be there too?" "Most certainly." "Och, then, why bother about the trife this side the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him *then*, you know."

MAGIC LANTERN.—When barrel organs, the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who travelled about Europe with this instrument. In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the King of Sardinia the title of Count of the country where he was born; for which probably in a time of war he did not pay above a thousand guineas. With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank, and settled himself peaceably for the remainder of his days in his mansion. In the entrance hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they moldered to dust; and he ordered by his will, that any of his descendants who should cause them to be removed, should forfeit his inheritance, and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende. Within these few years the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.

COACH TRAVELLING 120 YEARS SINCE.—The following advertisement appeared in the "Newcastle Courant," in 1712, one hundred and twenty years since. It will be seen that the journey from Edinburgh to London then took *thirteen days* for its performance by a stage-coach; it is now performed in forty-four hours:—"Edinburgh, Berwick, Newcastle, Durham, York, and London stage-coach, begins on Monday, the 18th of October, 1712. All that desire to pass from Edinburgh to London, or from London to Edinburgh, or any place on that road, let them repair to Mr. John Baillie's, at the Coach and Horses, at the Head of

Cannongate, Edinburgh, every other Saturday; or to the Black Swan, in Holborn, London, every other Monday; at both which places they may be received in a stage-coach, which performs the whole journey in thirteen days, without any stoppage, (if God permit,) having 80 able horses to perform the whole stage. Each passenger paying four pounds ten shillings for the whole journey, allowing each passenger 20 pound weight, and all above to pay sixpence a pound. The coach sets out at six o'clock in the morning. Performed by Henry Harrison, Robert Yorke, Richard Speight, Richard Craft."

RALEIGH'S HUMANITY.—Raleigh's influence with Elizabeth saved from death Mr. John Udall, a pious minister, whose zeal for the reformation of Episcopacy had offended the queen, and brought down upon him the vengeance of her bishops and judges. He also interceded in behalf of a brave officer named Spring, to whom the Government owed a large sum, which was unjustly withheld, although the veteran had received many wounds in her Majesty's service. It is reported that Elizabeth, somewhat irritated at these and similar applications for the unfortunate, on his telling her one day he had a favour to ask, impatiently exclaimed, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" To which he made the noted answer, "When your gracious Majesty ceases to be a benefactor."

CÆSAR'S STILE.—Did the reader ever hear the tale of "Cæsar's Stile?"—that of Agricola's long ladle he may probably have read in the "Antiquary." Dr. Stukely, or some other antiquarian, was travelling through England, when he heard that on a certain hill there was a stile called "Cæsar's Stile." "Ay," said the doctor, "such a road, mentioned in Antoninus, passed near here; and the traditional name of this stile confirms the probability of a Roman camp on this spot." Whilst he was surveying the prospect, a peasant came up, whom the doctor addressed:—"They call this Cæsar's Stile, my friend, do they not?"—"Ees, zur," said the man, "they calls it so ar'ter poor old *Bob Cæsar*, the carpenter, (rest his soul!); I helped him to make it, when I was a boy."

EARL DUDLEY.—Among the various anecdotes of his lordship is the following:—At a dinner party, given immediately after the *Olla Padrida* ball of a twelve-month ago, a gentleman entered his lordship's dressing-room about nine

o'clock, the dinner not having been served, and said, "Lord Dudley, the ladies are famishing for want, and I am afraid my wife will have a fit." "My dear fellow," said his lordship, "what can I do, as Lord and Lady Londonderry have not arrived?" Mr. — took his hat and walked to Holderness House. "It must be a mistake," said the porter, "for my lord and lady dine at Rosebank." The gentleman returned, and communicated to Lord Dudley the result of his inquiry. "True, true!" returned his lordship, "I intended to have asked them, but forgot it." He was very eccentric when in office, and often astonished his under secretaries by the directions which he gave, but his dispatches at that time gave no evidence of mental weakness.

PRESERVATION OF SIGHT. The first thing to be attended to, is a careful regulation of the use of the eyes in regard to length of time, as far as this is practicable: entire disuse of them suddenly would be almost as injurious as a continued straining of them beyond their capabilities. They should, therefore, be variously employed as much as this can be done, not applying them too long or too intently to the same object, but relieving them by change of scene and diversity of occupation. Another means that will be found to be beneficial, and to help the eyes where much relaxation cannot be obtained, consists in shutting them now and then while at work, going into the air, looking out at an open window, especially if there be any trees or verdure within sight; this interval of rest, though only a few minutes continuance, will be found greatly to relieve the eyes, and enable them to resume their employment with comparative pleasure. A third caution is, that those who are conscious from experience that their sight has been weakened by its severe and protracted exercise, or arising from any other cause, should carefully avoid all attention to minute objects, or such business or study as requires close application of the visual faculty, immediately on rising; and the less it is taxed for a while after eating, or by candle-light, the better. The fourth means I have already recommended, viz. bathing the eyes frequently through the day with cold water. Though the simple effect of this may for a time be hardly perceptible, yet if duly persevered in, I can vouch for its producing the happiest results. So long as there is no actual disease of the eyes, only cold water should be used; and this, applied in the gentlest manner, will soon become sufficiently tepid for all the ends of utility and comfort.

Curtis's Treatise.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VII.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, March 30, 1833.



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Illustrated Article.

THE SACRISTAL VOW.

For the Olio.

Vows are not transient ever: some fond hearts
Keep what their lips declare. Absence wears not
The impression from the mind; but stores its
value

In life's most secret places.

In the early reign of Anne, when the political disquisitions of Steele's *Crisis* and the Whigs diverted the attention of the nation at home, our foreign suppliants, the Dutch, and the Grand Alliance of the Confederacy, excited great commotion on the frontiers. The fort of Gibraltar, and the strongholds of Portugal and Spain, gave birth to bloody contests. Marlborough, like our Wellington, gained splendid glories by his able generalship with the enemy; victory upon victory crowned him and his assisting officers—he, with the Dukedom of Blenheim and a magnificent fame trumpeted forth throughout Europe. The gallant and talented Earl of Peterborough was an active participator in the welfare of her majesty and his country; zealous in maintaining the bravery of our national character, pre-

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eminent where it is tried for unshaken firmness and an undying spirit of valorous enthusiasm by sea and land.

On the 26th November, 1703, a general consternation prevailed by the visitation of the great storm, which began at midnight, and whose violence neither trees nor houses were able to resist: whole woods were laid almost as flat as if they had fallen to the axe, and trees of great bulk were torn up by the roots. The roofs of most houses were uncovered, many chimneys blown down, the lead on the roofs of churches curled up like rolls of parchment, and the dreadful effects of its fury appeared in the morning.

Though many lives were lost in Dauntsey and other places, greater loss was experienced at sea; many ships of the royal navy and merchantmen perishing upon our coast, and many others driven from their anchors to the coast of Norway. An eye-witness describes the distress of her majesty's ship *Association*, a second rate of 96 guns, commanded by Sir Stafford Fairborne, which sailed from the Downs in company with seven other capital ships, under the command of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in their return from

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Leghorn. The Association was driven from her anchors; the night was pitch dark, but what was more awful, the Galloper, a dangerous sand, was under her lee, so that she was in danger of striking upon it. Driving thus at the mercy of the waves, she, in the morning, passed over the tail of the Galloper in seven fathoms of water. The sea, boisterous and angry, all in a foam, was ready to swallow her up, and the ship at that time received a sea on her starboard side, which beat over all, broke and washed several half ports, and forced in the entering port. She took in such a vast quantity of water, that it kept her down upon her side, and every one believed that she would not have risen again, had not the water been speedily let down into the hold by scuttling the decks. During this consternation, two of the lower gun-deck ports were pressed open by this mighty weight of water, the most hazardous accident next to touching the ground that could have happened. The hurricane seemed to gather strength, for words were no sooner uttered but they were carried away by the wind, so that, although those upon deck spoke loud and close to each other,

yet they could not often distinguish what was said. Part of the sprit-sail, though fast furled, was blown away from the yard. A ten oar boat, that was lashed on her starboard side, was often hove up by the strength of the wind and overset upon her gun-wale. We plainly saw the wind skimming up the water as if it had been sand, carrying it up into the air, which was then so thick and glooming, that daylight, which should have cheered us, rendered the scene more ghastly. The sun gleamed through the rims of the clouds at intervals and disappeared. The ship wanting anchors and cables, our wood and candles expended, no beer on board, nor anything else in lieu, every one reduced to one quart of water *per diem*. The men, who had been harassed at Belle Isle, and in our Mediterranean voyage, now jaded by continued fatigues of the storms, falling sick every hour, the vice-admiral in this exigency put into Gottenburgh.—“Thus,” said Charles Danvers, “after peril, death, famine, disease, courage and perseverance, I, for one, out of many of the gallant crew, survived to reach my native land.”

But as soon as his uncle's (the Earl of

Peterborough) mission was known at his residence, Dauntsey-house, for a continental contest, Danvers, who was a promising and fine young midshipman, felt an enthusiasm incidental to a true hero in arms and war stirring in his spirit; he longed to sail again on the proud ocean, to strike the lightning of his genius on the conflicting elements, like as when thunder accompanies the fire in the storm. His uncle, influenced by a kindred feeling, received the proposed adventure in the conflict, expected as a certainty to ensue, to assist Charles the Third in the rightful possession of the Spanish monarchy.—Charles Danvers, therefore, became more impatient as the time advanced for his departure, and his soul seemed already in the engagement. But little, or no, regret would have been felt by this noble resolution, had not a passion of another description involved another person in the issue—this passion was love, which nourishes or consumes the human tenement, just as its fires are directed by the mutual tendence or neglect which inspires or deserts it—the common enemy or friend of all human misery or bliss. The visits which Charles had made to the rector's daughter, Rosalie, at the parsonage, were too frequent and too agreeably accepted to be misunderstood. As all lovers ought to be, they were of an age, and knew nothing of the selfish covetings of the world; but they understood the reciprocal influence passing in their hearts. The idea of his quitting the scenes of love's first virgin budding and cherishing blossoms, was like fixing an arrow in the centre of the bosom; but Charles assured Rosalie that into whatever danger he might be called, his love should not forsake him; and he conjured her to offer her prayers without ceasing for his protection and safe return to that quiet which he hoped to enjoy with her hereafter. This interposition, sweet as it was, and flattering as it proved to a maiden's burning wishes, but feebly requited her for the intervals of suspense and despair likely to intervene. But in this aspect of their hopes, marriage could not be entertained.

The day before Charles must bid an adieu to the spot and object of his attachment, as Rosalie leaned full of lassitude in the long carved lattice window-seat, chequered with lead in diamond panes, and branches laden with flowers; her father sitting at the side of his study and library, in his velvet cap, fringed by silvery hair, in spectacles, with pens, ink and paper, and a table-book, with two or three volumes open, and composing his next Sunday's discourse, well seasoned with Latin and Greek, and a loose robe

wrapped round him, as he directed the pen over the blank paper with divine thoughts and ethic examples. Her mother, who was at the same moment working a firescreen of the scene to represent the portraiture of a favourite dog, observing an unusual paleness lying over Rosalie's countenance, after she turned the hour-glass on the table, while the rays of the sun lingered on it, put down her work and said—

"What aileth thee, my child!—Our dear girl, master, doth not thrive of late."

The good old divine raised his eyes over his spectacles and said—

"Rony, art thou not well, my love?"

"I hope I shall be better, my dear father."

"If aught disturbeth thy health, child, and I can learn the cause, the Herbal will set thee in order—I will consult it anon. Get Culpepper, my dear."

A knock being given at the door, and a stranger, by the barking of the dog, entering the parlour, checked this colloquy for the present. This was a young collegian, and friend of Dr. Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, London; having especial business with the rector respecting the feuds in Ireland and Scotland, so prevailing at this period about church discipline and matters of conscience. Rosalie and her mother withdrew into the cypress walk behind the parsonage-house, leading to the earl's mansion; and ere they had time to conjecture as to the result of the interview between the collegian and the rector, Charles joined them, linking his fingers with those of Rosalie.

"As I must leave you to-morrow," said Charles, "one thing, which is nearest my heart, I should like to accomplish."

"Any reasonable service," said the old lady, who seemed as partial to him as her daughter.

"The chancel door is now open—permit Rosalie and me to betroth our love at the altar."

"What!" said the mother, peremptorily—"Charles, you astonish me."

"Mother!" said Rosalie—"will you consent to witness our affection?"

"Only," rejoined Charles, "to prove the truth of our vows."

"What would your father say? What would the earl think of such connivance? No! so serious a motive must be weighed. I must seek counsel."

"Then, madam," said Charles, "my dear lady! we shall be ruined—if not at this sacred hour, now our hearts are on the shrine of devotion. Now, even now, all is silent."

"Is this thy desire, child?"

"It is, mother, or I must die. This

urges me to confess our love. It must be sanctified, and I shall be happy."

"But your father must know it."

"Well!"

"I'll reveal it to him, if you have scruples."

During this conversation, Charles insensibly led them onward into the sacristy, and in the holy sanctuary they plighted their troth to love each other till death, and love each other only."

Returning to the parsonage, the collegian, who glanced ardently on Rosalie, was just leaving, and the evening closed in with the lovers, and the rector and his wife, sitting round the hearth in various and more cheering confabulation,—chiefly adverting to the war, religious controversy, and the earl's noble conduct in advancing the cause of the queen and identifying his nephew for his naval or military promotion as opportunities might offer.

"May God be with thee, young man!" said the good pastor, as he shook hands, with tears in his eyes. "May thy life be spared to see Dauntsey again. If my candle should be put out—give one look towards the old parsonage house."

Charles could scarcely bear the impression; he grasped his hand and said,

"Rely on it, sir, I cannot forget the kindnesses and obligations which I have received at your hands;" and pressing his way into the hall, parting with Rosalie in kisses and adoring truths, he retired to meet the wishes of his uncle at Peterborough-house for the ensuing day.

The grey dusk of morning had drawn the hues of light and brightness round the atmosphere, and opened the volumes of nature, with the incense of gratitude and harmony. The carriage and retinue waited at the great hall steps, with the outriders in their stirrups; trunks and baggage were fastened safely—the Earl ready for departure and taking his seat. His nephew, not being present, was called, and a servant sent in pursuit of him. After some minutes had elapsed, he was discovered near the parsonage with Rosalie clinging round his neck, like the ivy clasping the church-tower near them.

"One more farewell!—adieu, thou sweet one," said Charles, perceiving he was sent for; "I shall soon return to thee, Rosalie." She looked distractedly, and whispered "farewell!"

On her re-entering, the carriage wheels rattled out of the scene, and they were watched off the distance by the villagers and Mr. and Mrs. Flecton at the windows. Bitter, however, as the parting proved, it was more so after they parted.

Reflection entered the chambers of their minds. Charles was abstracted and absent, but his imperative duties called his powers into action. Having, after difficult travel, reached the court and obtained the instructions, they embarked for foreign service and joining the grand fleet under the command of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, arrived off Lisbon, May, 1705, with the Duke of Ormond and the land forces. After various fatigues, got into Altea Bay, August the same year, and entered Barcelona, the most ancient city in Spain; it having been a colony of the Carthaginians, built by them to stop the impetuous torrent of the Romans who came from Italy, and after they had subjected Gallia Narbonensis, were endeavouring to make themselves masters of Spain. It was at this time situated in a plain near the sea, having a mole within, which only galleys and small ships could enter. Its entrance had a platform, with guns mounted for its defence, and a lighthouse, being a tower in the form of a pyramid with a lanthorn at the top. It was fortified round with ten bulwarks and towers. Its ditch, in some parts, was not very deep. The castle and citadel, built on a hill, commanding the spot around.

It would be impossible to describe the action of landing the troops and obtaining information and supplies of provision, and the severely successful attacks made and enforced here, and in succeeding towns to establish Charles as monarch in his new dominions. The batteries of war, in all quarters, were roused into slaughter and bloodshed.—Duels were fought between French and English officers. The dead lay on the field, and among them was the brave Prince of Darmstadt. Tarragona and Badajoz surrendered, and triumph reigned. In all these feats Danvers was most conspicuous; but, being at length exhausted by his wounds, he was taken to a little house, standing near Calamon brook.

By returning with my readers for an interval to the parsonage house, Rosalie was found in wavering and anxious suspense; a new incident falling in with her experience, and likely to throw a chain of sorrow round her neck in the person of a new suitor, by her father proposing to set an impression with the seal of his love on her heart's fate.—Charles, of whom she received no tidings, was in the keenest bodily and mental pain—sometimes insensible—sometimes in lucid hopes, when his gratitude was exerted in behalf of his benefactress, an aged Catholic widow, and her daughter,

Isabel. She was a pretty, young, jaunty girl, to whom his presents and grateful declarations were many and sincere; and she could not, or did not, conceal, as he grew daily better, that she was under the influence of the blind deity; and, therefore, treated her cavalier, who had heretofore received an apparently mutual return, with indifference. To some, it would be difficult to define which of the two females, Rosalie or Isabel, was the most enchanting. Rosalie was more refined. Isabel more mellow and sunny. Rosalie imbibed her principles from her learned and studious father's tuition, and was trained in her mother's lady-like and well-bred society. Isabel had little more than her beauty and virtue; she was flattered rather than instructed by the priesthood, flourished in the hotter element, and wore a more voluptuous cast in the dark splendour and brightness of her eyes. The sportive serenades in the groves, and the evening sighs, like the winds to the guitars, which never failed till now, to draw her out and seek the rapturous delights with her cavalier, were neglected. All her pride and pleasure consisted in restoring Danvers, who, placed in this predicament, could not ungenerously treat her but with kindness and esteem. Hard as the struggles of war, the struggles of love were more so, and they who had prepared for happiness, were not thwarted.

"Consider, my dear father," said Rosalie in supplication; "I own my errors—I ought to have made you acquainted with my heart, it was the act of a child who feared her parent's displeasure."

"My word is my bond," said the doctor, in a sterner accent than ever before escaped his lips. I have pledged my honour that you shall give your hand to the doctor's nephew. He is now promoted to a living. He's a worthy young man—learned and kind—he will, moreover, rise to high church preferment—is a friend of the earl, and will succeed to my pulpit. As to the story of their sacristal vow," turning to his wife, said he. "I fear it is a cunning invention to draw me from my purpose; but if true, that thou, Rosalie, art betrothed, I condemn thy presumptuous imprudence, and condemn the collusion. Charles may be well enough for a naval or military life, but I like not *blood-letting husbands, the cause of widows, and orphans, and misery*. Once, and again, I set my fiat to my purpose. Your sins will bring your own sorrows. The future son-in-law, whom I have chosen, will be here anon, and I have fixed the day for the

nuptials. Your intercourse with him will lead you to alter your opinion of him, and you will not regret the change."

"It must not, cannot be," said the perturbed mother, "it will not be—the child will die, and——" Here she took Rosalie by the hand, in tears, and withdrew.

"But it *shall*," said the relentless father, "unless—" here he broke the sentence, and burst the tear from his eye, as the echo of his voice shook the air.

But, while these circumstances agitated the peace at Dauntsey, could Danvers divide his own heart by the persuasive presence of Isabel? He talked to her of his charmer, Rosalie in England. He told her he was betrothed to her. These declarations were looked upon as subtrefuges. Isabel loved him too dearly to abate one iota of his sharing her happiness; and, jealous as she was, it was jealousy which grows into admiration, and is upheld by hope that does not see the object which created it. He assured the widow, too, that however truly his heart might be affected, and it was affected by Isabel's attachment; however much he admired her beauty and fascination; he dared not trust his feelings so far, as to forget the one whom he had left in his own dear country. This being intimated to the cavalier, it was supposed would appease his anger; but he, as well as Danvers, was a soldier. He formed a resolve, however, which might set his rival aside, and possess the charms of Isabel. Danvers now being able to reconnoitre with the armies, had an interview with the earl, who directed him to England with despatches. By intimating this to Isabel and her mother, he attempted to proceed. The daughter, however, clung, like hope on the verge of despair, to the young Englishman, as Danvers was called, and she followed the route he took with the most careful and intense vigilance; he kissed her again and again, and entreated her to forego her mad proposal of sailing with them; meantime, her cavalier intercepted the plan by attacking Danvers in a lone track near the walls of Badajoz.

"Thou'rt a villain," said he, as he drew a dagger from his side—his eyes were like fireballs.

"Ha, truly! say'st thou so?" replied Danvers.

Isabel shrieking and endeavouring to separate them.

"Thou art," was the rejoinder.

"A trusty soldier deserves not such a name." The sword which Danvers drew, glittered only for defence.

"Thou'st stolen the affections of this wretch — this lovely and fearful being," said the cavalier, still more enraged, and he plunged the dagger up to the hilt in her breast. He combatted the lunge which Danvers made at him to save Isabel by drawing another from his belt under his cloak, and a long fight ensued. Isabel lay in her blood with the dagger infixcd. Danvers withdrew it as she heaved a deep groan, defending himself. The cavalier received a wound in his side, and he fell. A party of soldiers appearing,—Danvers precipitated his retreat, and after a quick passage regained his native shores. After he presented his credentials he opened a letter inclosed for him—giving him permission by the earl, to visit Dauntsey, and to marry the girl that had been enduring the trial of his absence : and leave also for an unlimited time from service ; with other joyful observances to be regarded in commemoration at Dauntsey-House.

The morning on his reaching this place was a more than usually fine one, and a similar brightness shone in his heart. He calculated on the supremest delights, and fashioned a thousand pleasures to regale his Rosalie with on the prospect of meeting and the succeeding triumphs. But, the Parsonage House was as a blank. The curate's wife had been laid under the porch at rest ; the curate in the church, with his proposed son-in-law, and Rosalie no one could say where, for at this moment she had escaped from the altar with the bridemaid, and the people stood marvelling and waiting with breathless inquiries. Danvers rushed forward to the chancel on learning the particulars. He looked as wild as a maniac escaped from his keepers. Nor did the surprised curate and his protege seem less struck.

There was no time for par lance, no time for recrimination, the clock striking twelve, and the marriage not being completed, the people dispersed slowly and full of surmise, and various story ; they went their several ways. Danvers closed in with the curate and the young clergyman, and after they entered the parsonage an eclclaircissement ensued, in which favourable light, as a reasonable, not an implacant lover, the palm was yielded to Danvers and immediate search made after the flight of Rosalie and her female friend. The Avon was dragged—wells were examined—hiding places traced.

After much anxiety, they were, however, discovered ; their concealment was not suspected, a village peasantess was

the first to intimate it. But the father relented. Danvers was accepted, and Rosalie, without delay, united. She recovered from her sadness, her father lived to see her happy, and when the earl returned from the continent, and sought ease and retirement, the credentials of Danvers being every way acceptable, a long season of joy succeeded to the sorrow which clouded the morning of affection. The curate was installed to the living and became a friend of the family. He was united to a niece of the earl and highly esteemed for his pastoral usefulness in the neighbourhood.

... PHILO NAUTICUS.

THE ALBUM.
For the Olio.

Within the poet's book,
Would Ellen something say ?
Use not the pen for that,
O Ellen ! not the pen, I pray.

The volume hath but two—
Two leaves of purple bloom ;
Yet therefore question not,
For Ellen, there is ample room.

If pages are my lips,
If you are willing, haste,
They blush in readiness,
Let them, sweet Ellen's motto taste.
C. H.

CALDERWOOD CASTLE.

THE fall of this castle, which took place about sixty years ago, was attended with circumstances of so romantic a nature, that we think them deserving of record.

There was a Dr. Baillie, a clergyman, father to the late Sir Matthew Baillie, physician in London, and who had been tutor to the *then* Sir William Maxwell and his two brothers, one of whom was father to the present General Sir William Maxwell, who had a villa in that neighbourhood, and was, consequently, a frequent visitor at the castle. One day, when at dinner with his wife, he said he had all the forenoon felt an anxiety about Calderwood, as if some of the family were ill. Mrs. Baillie said there seemed to be no cause for such a supposition, and the conversation ended. At tea in the evening, Dr. Baillie said, "You know, Mrs. Baillie, that I am far from being superstitious ; but it is strongly impressed upon my mind that some of that family is seriously ill." Mrs. Baillie replied, that had that been the case, he might be sure they would have been informed of the circumstance ; besides, he was down there four or five days before, when they were all in perfect health. At their supper, Dr. Baillie again said, "It does not

signify, Mrs. Baillie; but I have taken an anxiety about that family that I can neither account for nor control, and I am certain some individual there is most seriously ill." Mrs. Baillie desired him to order his horse to the door, and put his nightcap into his pocket, and ride down to the castle, though the family would be much surprised at a visit at so late an hour. Dr. Baillie arrived about eleven o'clock, when the family were just going to bed. His first question was, "Is the family all well?" Lady Maxwell said, they were all well, thank God, and was glad to see the doctor, and ordered a bedroom to be prepared for him. He then explained the cause of so untimely a visit, and requested Sir William that he would order a servant, with a couple of candles, to go with him into the castle, while his bedroom was preparing, as he wished to examine the east wall, where he perceived a slight rent when he was last there, and was desirous to see if any alteration had since taken place. It may be proper to say that all the house servants, and several of the farm servants, slept in the castle, and most of these had gone to bed. In about a quarter of an hour, Dr. Baillie returned, and said, he was certain the castle was going to fall, as the rent he had formerly noticed was considerably enlarged. The servants were all ordered to get out of bed, and to join the family, who resided in a more modern building, attached to the castle. At the top of the castle was a square tower, in which were deposited the archives and records of the family. These Sir William had conveyed away. The family then determined to sit up all night, and see the result; when, at half past nine in the morning, the whole of the east side of the castle went over with a tremendous crash! There was a range of stables below the castle, full of horses; but these were saved by the stables being arched, and were dug out of the ruins two days afterwards. Thus, if it had not been for a providential interposition of Dr. Baillie, nine or ten persons would have been crushed to death.

Cham. Edit. Jour.

SNATCHES FROM DRAMATIC OBLIVION.—No. 1.

For the Ollio.

TOM ELRLINGTON, ESQ.

"Poor Tom's a cold."

THIS thespian hero of the 'sock and buskin' was born in London, June 1688. His father, having a large family, put him an apprentice to an upholsterer in

Covent Garden,—a favourable, though, perhaps, dangerous, situation for a youth of dramatic taste; and young Elrlington had not long been articled before his propensity was discovered, for he became intimately acquainted with Chetwood, the celebrated prompter at Old Drury, and used to take lessons, and practised privately with associates inheriting like addictions. In one instance, says Chetwood, when we were preparing to act 'Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow,' after I had wrote out my part of Massiva, I carried him the book of the play to study the part of King Masinissa; I found him finishing a velvet cushion, and gave him the book;—but, alas! before he could secrete it, his master, a hot voluble Frenchman, came in upon us, and the book was thrust under the velvet of the cushion. His master, as usual, rated him for not working with a *morbleau*.—"Why a you not vark, Tom?" and stood over him so long, that I saw, with mortification, the book irrecoverably stitched up in the cushion. Poor Tom, who was stage-struck, cast a desponding look on me, when he was finishing the fate of the play, while every stitch went to both our hearts. His master, observing our looks, turned to me and with words that broke their necks over each other for haste, abused both of us. The most intelligible of his wrathful expressions were "*Jack Pudenges!*" and "*Moua de bong.*" But our play was gone for ever. Another time we were so bold as to attempt *Hamlet*, where our 'Prentice Tom had the part of the ghost assigned to him. His armour was composed of pasteboard, neatly painted. The Frenchman had intelligence of what we were contemplating, and to our surprise and chagrin, made one of our audience. The ghost on its first appearance is dumb to Horatio. While these scenes past, the Frenchman only muttered between his teeth, and we were in hopes his passion would subside; but when our ghost began his first speech to Hamlet, "Mark me!" He replied, "Begar, me vil marke you presently!" and without further parley, beat our poor ghost off the stage through the street; while every stroke on the pasteboard armour grieved the auditors inasmuch, that several ran after the ghost and brought him back in triumph, with the avenging Frenchman at his heels, who would not be appeased till our ghost promised never to act again. In the last year of Tom's time, however, his master increased his liberty; and the youthful aspirant attracting the notice of Keene, an excellent player of the time, Tom was introduced on the

stage as 'Oroonoko' and well received in 1711.

Elrington was a true copy of *Verbruggen* in tragedy and polite comedy, and possessed an infinite fund of humour.—His voice was manly, strong, and sweetly full toned; his figure tall and well proportioned. He married respectably; had a large family; and his career was prosperous. He was a gentleman of honour, humanity, and extensive good-nature; of a facetious and becoming conversation, and associated with the best company. After many years of free living and sunshine enjoyment, he was taken ill, the very day he was consulting a plan for a new theatre, after the form of that of Old Drury, with an eminent builder. But physical aid proved unavailing, he died of the pleurisy, July 22, 1732.

Z. P. Z.

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Like a five act tale twice told,
Reader! we are ten years old.

Now that this gallery is opened, the dawn of sunny hours invites us from wintry habits, and brings us into the genial atmosphere of Spring; we can take our dimensions without risk of jostling—turn round first at this picture, then at that, and keep the portraits, wherever they follow us, in countenance. We can scrape acquaintance with them in private, agreeably with *our views*, and conduct the female part of them genteelly into the marginal presence of our finely formed figures and black dressed pages, waiting in dutiously devout attitudes to receive them in the best natured frames of temper, body, and pressure. We can make game of the *dead game*; smile in safety at the storms and shipwrecks; permit poachers, foxes, and rats to pursue their avocations; laugh at the hyenas; watch the landscape with fixed eye, and muse in dreamy abstractions and unearthly reveries. Enchantment dwells in the words *British Artists*!—How much talent is employed!—how many calm nights have been spent!—what ardour and toil!—what restless energies!—and what sickly forms have anxiously touched and retouched the stretched canvas, to realise this splendid collection, and prove to surrounding nations and British history that the constellation of this exhibitionary season surpasses the preceding one, and reflects brighter evidences of genius; and we doubt not will insure warmer patronage.

Like a butterfly in a garden that is undetermined on what flower first to fix, so are we in the multitude of paintings.

But as we must rest our look somewhere, we find it,—

No. 78. *A Study from Nature*. By Miss Ann Nasmyth.—A sweeter study could not have occupied this lady's skill: she has gained a purchaser by it, and added another laurel to her genius-wreath. The style is after Pynaker, and well executed.

92. *The last Booth in the Fair*. R. B. Davis.—If this is not the *best* booth in the fair, it is certainly the best in the line. The worthy artist has succeeded in producing an excellent description of the scene; and though the shadows might have been a little mellowed, there is no cold feeling excited, nor do we desire to quit the booth till the last.

69. *Landscape, Evening*. T. C. Holland.—A perfectly correct effort of nature. The time chosen is appropriate; and a softness of expression, suited to sober thought, pervades the scene.

4. *Remains of the Palace of Reine Blanche, Paris*. J. Holland.—These remains of a piece of antique architecture are extremely well finished and expressively touched. The delicacy and softness of the light are disposed with great skill and effect.

332. *The Toilet*. R. J. Lonsdale.—We never neglect looking after toilets, because we are sure to see a lovely face contemplating some suitable manner of disposing her curls and endeavouring to improve her beauty. This is the case here. Mr. Lonsdale has, indeed, put nature and art before us in highly-finished gracefulness. If satin were in *hats*, this lady's dress would be *felt*.

"How happy he, whose lot may fall
To own the sweet original!"

320. *Master Shard, his favourite Pony and Greyhound*. C. Hancock.—We venture to guess the young gentleman is a pet, and the pony and greyhound are pets also. The pencilling is very correct; the colouring rich, and the composition admirable.

160. *The Arrival of Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey*. S. A. Hart.—The powerful influence of pride—the result of thwarted ambition—the pricks and aching of conscience—the tortuous workings of a dubious mind, arrest the dignitary in the course of nature, and produce an important effect on the nerves of the spectators.

13. *A Landscape and Cattle*. T. S. Cooper.—A very interesting delineation of the subject designed. The landscape is cheering; the cattle are naturally drawn, and the artist has ably united his materials.

472. *Watermill, near Ashburton.* F. W. Watts. There is a freshness and freedom in the execution of this choice watermill, which will obtain many admirers.

228. *View on the Hamble Water.* F. M. Lee.—This is another vigorous production, and of worthy-like qualities.

212. *Lady Jane Grey, when in confinement in the Tower, visited by Feckenham.* W. Fisk.—A patient waiting for; a placid meekness and a humble confidence are finely wrought in producing the contrast exhibited by the wily and bigotted visitor. The pity for the lady sufferer, and the disgust for the affected consoler, are descriptively depicted.

418. *Clifton near Bristol.* Pine.—This artist, whose name is not usually in picture catalogues, has given an excellent promise of appearing more frequently. This production is of the picturesque class, and identifies a romantic spot of fashion and fancy. The poet Cowper, in his journey, raised this quarter to eminence; and Hannah More has still more endeared some of the scenes here represented, by her goodness of heart.

61. *The Lake of Lugano.* W. Linton.—A beautiful picture, on which the fancy may sail, love delight to dwell in, and happiness seem secure of a heritage.

8. *A Peasant Girl of the High Peak, Derbyshire.* J. Inskipp.—The simplicity which this artist unites with natural combinations of artlessness and rustic ease, will, as in this instance, ever insure him a portion of admirers and purchasers.

79. *Thieves.* R. Farrier.—The conception and finish of this small picture are cleverly illustrated.

270. *Pike Pool.* J. Inskipp.—All the lovers of angles will bob for a catch at 'Pike Pool,' and fancy much recreation from the effort.

OLIO.

To be resumed.

Nature, Science, and Art.

The British Diorama—Phisiorama—Herculean Boy—The Hydro-Oxygen Microscope (O. Bond-street)—*Historical Carvings* (idem)—*The Industrious Flea*.

Each burns with emulation, and each claims A preference; but they all amuse—go, see.

NATURE, Science, and Art, are the three graces, to whom we are so strongly attached, that neither trial, misfortune, or death, would be able to separate us from them, either in their unities or kindred conformations. That we should be

continually gossiping respecting their attributes, for ever hankering after them, watching them and talking of their loveliness, day by day, may, to some persons, savour of uxurious passion; but, when we are suspected, nay, even seen, gadding about the gayest parts of the west-end, and at the brightest and most dressy hours too, what shall hinder us from being the veriest gallants and warmest lovers of their excellence, (for, true lovers rarely see defects, and if they do chance to see them, find excuses for good-nature sake) whenever and wherever they are discovered. In this view, we blame ourselves by not having earlier noticed the *British Diorama*, by Mr. De Roberts, of the *Grand Picture of the Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt*; and fourteen interesting *Views of the Phisiorama* at the *Queen's Bazaar*. But our feelings of admiration are not the less excited to the subjects; nor do we, at this late offering hour, diminish the solace of our predilections, that scenes so well finished, have been duly appreciated.—The attractions at this Bazaar, indeed, are neither few nor small, particularly as the *Herculean Boy* is greatly spoken of.

We have been drawn, also, to the exhibition of a magnificent *Hydro-Oxygen Microscope*, by which a drop of water is magnified 500,000 times, occupying a surface of 132 square feet, and representing thousands of living creatures in their natural perfection. The bees—sting—the eye of the fly—the flea—lace—cambric, and whatever is animated or not, are witnessed to a degree of accuracy to which the ingenious proprietors have, at great expense, and with considerable success, brought their demonstrative and optical powers. Visitors may here become students, and with truth derive much improvement in 'Natural History.' The objects are magnified with clearness, and serve as practical lectures. Each moss, or insect, is before the attention; and we can safely assure the fair sex (and they are not few that visit this representation) though they be occasionally seated in the dark, it is the Miltonian darkness visible, which enlightens the understanding.

Over against the 'wonders of the microscope world,' is the *Exhibition of Carvings*, to which, in a former number, we alluded. We cannot, however, part with these very curiously wrought groups, which, on account of the public not being acquainted with them, are not appreciated, without mentioning two of the nine subjects carved. Sir Roger de Coverley going to church, attended by

the 'Spectator,' and surrounded by his tenantry, and the 'Politicians.' These alone stamp the cunning workman, a man of genius, whose days, we regret to say, are almost numbered, and whose lamp of life is in the socket of years.

That certain *fleas* should hop, skip, and jump through the realms of Regent-street, is common enough; but Mons. Bertolotto has educated his race of exclusives, and inured them, by *gradatory management*, to habits of industry.

Industrious Fleas, they certainly are; and their operations, though limited to the little in their stubborn way, are rendered great by ludicrous imitation:—Chasse and Gerard—coachmen—drawers—drivers—besiegers, and footmen, are engaged in various pursuits, and fill their places far more creditably than many of the liveried and powdered idlers that loll in the vicinity. Homer's battle of the 'Frogs and Mice' is connected with our literary history. But the 'Battles of the Fleas' will require the poetic afflatus of some future scholar to hand them down the stream of time.

OLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPTURE OF A SPANISH SLAVE-BRIG.

Mr. Leonard, in his records of a voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, gives the following description of slavery and the ships employed.

"The tender had only two guns mounted, eighteen-pounders, and forty-four men. The action was most gallantly contested, and, taking place during the night in calm weather, when each vessel was obliged to use her sweeps, lasted for several hours. The Spaniard did every thing in his power to escape, until a light breeze sprang up, when, finding the tender gained upon him, he shortened sail, and prepared to defend his vessel to the utmost; and the action only terminated by running the tender alongside, boarding, and taking possession of him. The tender lost one man, and had six wounded, among whom was her resolute and excellent commander, Lieutenant William Ramsay. The prize had fifteen of her crew killed, four desperately wounded, and several slightly; and, I regret to say, there were also unfortunately two of the slaves killed, and a few wounded, by the shot from the capturing vessel, and the cutlasses of the boarders in the scuffle.

When our brave fellows got on board, and the decks were cleared, which was but the work of a moment, the scene of misery which presented itself was truly

heart-rending. The inhuman crew (among whom, I regret to say, were several Englishmen), were not to be pitied, but their wounded received every assistance from Mr. Douglas, the medical officer of the tender. It was their victims, the poor hapless slaves, that demanded the commiseration and the fullest exertion of the humanity of the captors. It has been said, that during the action two of them were killed, and several wounded; and, when we consider the mass of human beings on board, so small a number is truly surprising. Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement,—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven were placed in the wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list, from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent under the superintendence of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender, to Sierra Leone in the prize for adjudication in the Court of Mixed Commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub, for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung

to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave-trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many years, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new; until they tasted all its bitterness, they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh-water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations."

CRUELTY OF SLAVE-TRADERS.

"By the villains employed on board of those vessels engaged in the slave-trade, life is held so cheap, and their moral turpitude is so excessive, that the most atrocious crimes are perpetrated, and the most diabolical cruelties inflicted upon the persons of their unoffending captives, with impunity, and without compunction. A frightful instance of this occurred on board the schooner taken by his Majesty's brig Plumper. One of the female slaves, with a chastity of demeanour 'above all Greek, all Roman fame,' and a purity of heart that would have done honour to the most refined and exalted state of human society, had long and indignantly repulsed the disgusting advances of the master of the schooner, until, at last, the iniquitous wretch, finding himself foiled in his execrable attempts on her person, became furious with disappointment, and murdered his unfortunate and unoffending victim with the most savage cruelty, the details of which are too horrible to be conceived, far less described! And yet these inhuman miscreants, in the event of their vessel being captured, are generally allowed to go unpunished. We cannot, or at all events we do not, punish them: that is left for the laws of their own country, and they are consequently suffered to escape. This is but one instance of the numerous unheard of horrors entailed on the native Africans by the slave trade, as it is at present carried on. I shall relate another which

also occurred very recently. His Majesty's ship *Medina*, cruising off the river Gallinas, descried a suspicious sail and sent a boat to examine her, the officer of which found her to be fitted for the reception of slaves, but without any on board, and consequently allowed her to proceed on her course. It was discovered some time afterwards, by one of the men belonging to the vessel, that she had a female slave on board when the *Medina* made her appearance, and knowing that, if found, this single slave would condemn the vessel, the master (*horresco referens*) lashed the wretched creature to an anchor, and ordered it to be thrown overboard! This is an instance of the additional inhumanity indirectly entailed on the slave-trade by the benevolent exertions of England. Had our government been able to obtain from Spain, by the firmness and determination of her remonstrances, permission to seize all vessels under her flag fitted for the reception of slaves, this vessel could by no means have escaped, and no object could have been gained by the atrocious murder. As it is, our treaty with Spain limits us to the seizure of vessels with slaves actually on board; and this single slave, if found by the *Medina*, would have made the vessel a legal capture; to prevent which the poor creature was cruelly sacrificed—the life of a slave being considered by these wretches as no better than that of a dog, or one of the brute creation.

"Thus, as I have already said, the half measures, we are obliged to adopt for the suppression of this merciless traffic, adds incalculably to its inhumanity. Here we see, that in a futile attempt to save their vessels from capture, these remorseless speculators in blood sacrificed more than a hundred and fifty lives. Had we let them alone, the dreadful event would not have taken place. This refers to a horrible murder of slaves, thus told, of the Spanish brigs *Rapido* and *Regulo*; the former of one hundred and seventy-five tons, eight large guns, fifty-six men, and two hundred and four slaves; the latter, one hundred and forty-seven tons, (both Spanish admeasurement), five large guns, fifty men, and two slaves; both bound to Cuba. Connected with the capture of these vessels, a circumstance of the most horrid and revolting nature occurred, the relation of which will afford an additional instance of the cruelty and apathy of those who carry on the slave-trade,—of the imperfection of the laws enacted for its suppression, as well as of the additional inhumanity entailed upon it by ourselves, as a consequence of the

very imperfection of these laws. Both vessels were discovered at the entrance of the Bonny, having just sailed from thence; and, when chased by the tenders put back, made all sail up the river, and ran on shore. During the chase, they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos shackled together by the ancles, and left in this manner to sink or swim, as they best could! Men, women, and young children, were seen in great numbers struggling in the water, by every one on board of the two tenders; and, dreadful to relate, upwards of a hundred and fifty of those wretched creatures perished in this way, without there being a hand to help them,—for they had all disappeared before the tenders reached the spot, excepting two, who were fortunately saved by our boats from the element with which they were struggling. Several managed, with difficulty, as may be supposed to swim on shore, and many were thrown into large canoes, and in that manner landed, and escaped death; but the multitude of dead bodies cast upon the beach, during the succeeding fortnight, painfully demonstrated, that the account given to us, by the natives on the banks of the Bonny, of the extent of massacre had been far from exaggerated. The individuals whose lives had been saved by the boats were two fine intelligent young men, riveted together by the ancles in the manner described. Both of them when recovered pointed to the Rapido, as the vessel from which they were thrown into the water. On boarding this vessel, no slave was found; but her remorseless crew having been seen from both tenders busily engaged in their work of destruction, and, as the two poor blacks, who endeavoured to express gratitude for their rescue by every means in their power, asserted, with horror and alarm depicted in every feature, that this was the vessel from which they were thrown, she was taken possession of. On board the Regulo only two hundred and four slaves were found remaining, of about four hundred and fifty. All of those found on board of her were branded with the letter T on the right shoulder. Had the commander of the Black Joke, (which had been cruising off the river Bonny for a long period.) who knew that those vessels were lying there, ready to take slaves on board, been permitted to use every means in his power to suppress the slave-trade, he could and would have gone up the river with this vessel, and destroyed them with the greatest ease; and thereby prevented the merciless cruelty which subsequently took place. But no! He dared not; be-

cause he was liable in heavy penalties, had he even detained a Spaniard, without having slaves actually on board. These inhuman scoundrels are fully aware of this; and it was this very legal impediment to the capture of Spanish vessels which induced them to throw their miserable captives into the river, so that, no slaves being found when boarded by the tenders, they and their vessels might be suffered to escape. But they could not effect their nefarious design completely, for our tenders were close at their heels, and they were detected in their crime, and consequently detained. As, however, there were no slaves actually found on board of the Rapido, and as the members of the Court of Mixed Commission at Sierra Leone usually adhere to the letter, instead of the spirit, of the law, and the treaties having for their object the suppression of the slave-trade—although the fact of her having slaves, *bona fide*, on board, and having thrown them out in the murderous manner described, was witnessed by some hundreds of persons—it is questioned by many here, on a consideration of the circumstances attending the trial of cases somewhat similar, whether this court, from whose verdict there is no appeal, will condemn her or not. It is quite certain, whether this may be the case or not, that there will be no punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of so great a crime. [She was condemned, on the evidence of the two slaves.]

“In the colony of Sierra Leone, founded expressly for the suppression of the slave-trade, on which such enormous sums have been expended, and so many valuable lives sacrificed, it will hardly be credited that numerous instances have been found of persons deeply engaged in this diabolical traffic—men holding, in some instances, respectable stations, and having the outward appearance of respectability: and that vessels have been fitted up by residents of the colony destined to carry on this cruel and revolting traffic even on the rivers adjacent to the Peninsula. To what extent this most atrocious practice had been carried on in the colony, or at what period it commenced, has not hitherto been ascertained, as there are no very strict parochial regulations, and, consequently, little or no attention paid to the registration of deaths and removals; but from facts which have recently come to light, it is conjectured that the crime has been perpetrated for a long time with peculiar enormity, and to an extent almost exceeding belief.

“The manumitted slaves frequently

visit Freetown in search of employment, when the emissaries of these traders in human flesh take care to throw themselves in the way of these unsuspecting people, and tell them that they would endeavour to obtain employment for them. Under this promise, they inveigle them down to Pirate's Bay, or Cockle Bay, to the westward of the town, where the slave dealers have canoes in readiness, on board of which they are placed, carried over to the Bullom shore, and thence to the nearest river for embarkation. Children have been entrapped even during the day at Freetown, and taken to houses, where they have been kept prisoners for some time; but being well treated, have at length been induced to accompany their jailer across the river, when they were immediately sold. At present there are not more than seventeen or eighteen thousand liberated Africans in the colony, although the chief justice at the last sessions stated, in his charge to the grand jury, that there had been twenty-two thousand of these people imported during the last ten years. This decrease, he said, did not arise from any disproportion in the number of births to that of deaths; the proportion of the former being, in 1829, as seven to one of the latter. Judging from this ratio, and allowing for casualties, there ought to have been an increase of one-half upon the whole. This falling-off can therefore be attributed to nothing else, mortifying as the fact must be, but to the cupidity of those infamous wretches in the colony, who have so long, with impunity, trafficked in the blood of their fellow-creatures. After the many millions sterling which this colony has cost the mother country, established by her with the sole view of receiving, sheltering, and protecting all unhappy Africans who might be released by her humane exertions from the horrors of slavery, it is truly humiliating to think how very unsuccessful all her beneficent exertions have proved." *Ib.*

FITZ ARNULF.

A NORTHUMBRIAN LEGEND.

Concluded from page 86.

THE Baron Fitz-Arnulf was seated on a richly carved oaken chair, his arm rested on the table near him, over which was spread a covering of crimson velvet, richly embroidered. His hand compressed his brows, and he continually patted the floor with his foot, as if in deep thought. A crucifix was near him, also a lamp, which cast an imperfect light around the spot where it stood, leaving the recesses of the spacious apartment wrapt in

obscurity. He started up and paced the chamber to and fro—"Curse on the middling fool who spoiled my work last even," muttered he, as he strode with a hasty step—"would I could tear him piecemeal for his handiwork. De Warrenne has escaped me; no matter, I have wrought upon Alice to believe him false, and moreover she sheweth not so much aversion to my wishes, as I expected. So far 'tis well. Why are my meditations thus disturbed?" he exclaimed, "what would'st thou speak, and be gone."

"A stranger would commune with thee, my lord," said the warder, who had just made his appearance.

"Grant him admittance."

The warder retired, and in a short time the tall figure of the same individual, whose timely assistance had proved so beneficial to Edmund de Warrenne, was ushered in by Osric, the baron's henchman. He walked across the room with a firm step, until he confronted Sir Hubert, where he stood drawn up to his full height, erect, and in silence. The baron's countenance changed to an ashy hue.

"By'r Lady," he muttered, "'tis he who marred my scheme—Come hither, Osric."

The henchman approached, and having received his commands from Fitz-Arnulf in a whisper retired; but presently returned, accompanied by several men-at-arms, who stationed themselves around their lord.

"Thou would'st hold a conference with me, Sir Pilgrim," said the baron, "if thou hast aught to communicate, say on."

The stranger took a packet from beneath his habit, and handing it to Sir Hubert, turned his head, which was enveloped in the hood of his garment, towards the baron, seemingly as if he was intently watching the effect produced on him by the perusal of the document. On glancing over its contents, the visage of Fitz-Arnulf became overcast, and changed alternately from red to a death-like paleness. He sank back in his chair, agitated, clenched his forehead, covered his face with his hands, and remained some time in a reverie. Presently he aroused himself, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"Get ye hence, good fellows—leave us awhile," said he to the retainers.—"Osric, a stoup of wine, the stranger is faint. Be seated, good friend,—thou requirest rest. Now we are alone," continued he, "I would reason with thee awhile. Fill thy goblet, and pledge me. Can'st thou attest the truth contained herein? My brother has returned from Palestine, so says the parchment."

"That it containeth nought but verity is certain," said the pilgrim; "I had it from Sir Roland himself, who will be here anon to place the matter beyond doubt."

"Thou could'st benefit me, and thyself likewise, an thou had'st the will," resumed the baron; "dost wish to serve in the wars abroad?—if so, thy purse shall be well filled with crowns; or had'st rather remain in peace at home, this castle shall afford thee a place of rest and security—let me but know the road Sir Roland proposes to travel hither."

"I must first learn the motive of thy inquiry," said the stranger.

"I would fain sally forth and welcome his return," answered Sir Hubert.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, "thy intentions are scarcely so friendly—Baron, 'tis a sorry reception thou would'st provide him with."

Fitz-Arnulf's brow darkened.

"Thou hast guessed my purpose," said he, "beware how thou attemptest to frustrate it. Aid me therein, and name the request next thy heart, it shall be thine. Answer me as I desire, lest the rack force thy compliance."

"To his veriest enemy a true man would allow fair and equal combat," said the stranger, regardless of the baron's threat, "but thou, being a craven, would'st become a mighty assassin, and wreak thy villany on him who regarded thee with affection—thy brother, the playmate of thy childhood, and the companion of thy maturer years—in consideration of filthy gain and vain aggrandizement, him thou would'st basely murder—Out upon thee, thou cold-blooded kinsman! Shame, Sir Hubert, shame on thy knighthood."

"Thou hast courage to taunt me thus," interrupted the baron, whom rage had till now prevented from speaking. "What ho! Osric, Godfrey, Morris, where are ye. knaves!—Seize on this traitor."

The men-at-arms prepared to execute this command, when the stranger threw off his pilgrim's guise, and stood before them a stately warrior, of noble and portly bearing, habited in a splendid suit of link mail, with the red cross emblazoned on his breast.

"Back every man of you," he exclaimed—"I am Sir Roland Fitz-Arnulf, your lord, and shall be obeyed! Who approaches a step nearer to me, his skull will I cleave in twain. Men spoke ill of thee, kinsman," he added, addressing the baron, "but I believed them not, 'till mine eyes and ears bore testimony to the truth of their reports. Still I thought thee not so vile as thou hast proved thyself to

be. I am not in so helpless a condition as ye seem to conceive." He stamped heavily on the oaken floor, and instantly the chamber was filled with armed vassals; led on by Edmund de Warrenne. The men-at-arms fell back.

"Dost fear this impostor, cowards!" shouted the baron—"Curses on your recreant souls! Then let my own trusty sword drink thy heart's blood, and silence thee for ever," and he rushed furiously on Sir Roland.

"An' it doth," cried a man, stepping from Sir Roland's party, "I am content to have my archery marred for ever—Wat the smith seldom twangeth his bow in vain." So saying, he drew a cloth yard shaft to its head.

"Hold on your hand," cried Sir Roland, "I would not harm his life."

But the mandate arrived too late, the arrow whizzed through the air, and smote Sir Hubert in the breast.

"Ah! I am slain," he uttered with a cry of anguish, "withered be the hand which sent that shaft."

He fell heavily to the ground. The retainers, seeing the fall of their master, and being taken by surprise, immediately laid down their arms, and acknowledged Sir Roland for their lord.

All attention was now directed towards the Black Baron, who slowly raised himself upon one arm—Sir Roland hastened to support him.

"Cheerly, Hubert," said he, "how goes it with thee?—thou art not hurt to the death, I trust?"

"This is kind in thee, kinsman," returned the baron. "Ah! little did I think what it was to die, with all the horrors of a foul conscience racking my breast; when I would have consigned thee, without remorse, to the murderer's knife. I cannot expect thy forgiveness for the evil I would have done thee."

"May heaven pardon thee as freely as I do," replied Sir Roland—"Why stand ye there, gaping like idiots?" he exclaimed to the domestics, who had gathered round—"hasten for the leech, all may yet be well."

"No, no," cried Sir Hubert, " 'tis useless, the tide of life ebbs fast. Oh, God! that pang. Thy goodness, kinsman, renders agony doubly agonizing." He became faint. "Ha! 'tis past—hell opens its jaws to receive my guilty soul! Farewell, Roland—I—I—"

He spoke no more, the death struggle was on him; he writhed in horrible torture; his features became distorted; his eyes stared fearfully; his face grew black with convulsions; he had breathed his last.

"Life has passed away," said Sir Roland, "and he is gone to render up an account of his many sins. Let his remains be cared for, good fellows."

The scene just described necessarily caused a tremendous uproar in the castle; that Sir Roland had returned, was repeated from mouth to mouth, until it reached the ear of the Lady Alice, who was quietly employed in embroidering a piece of tapestry. She was in some measure prepared for this intelligence, although she knew not the precise time when it would arrive; it came not, therefore, with such deafening import as it otherwise would have done. She hastened to the scene of action, and rushed into Sir Roland's arms. "My father," was all she could utter, and fell sobbing on his breast.

"My dear child!" cried the knight, in a transport of joy, as he pressed her to his bosom, "this is an hour of bliss I scarce ever thought to enjoy; but for the hope of this, I had long ere now pined away a miserable existence in captivity! The bare idea that I should hold thee thus again, my Alice—this faint ray of hope, which beamed in upon my soul, dispelled the dungeon's gloom, and bade me live for happiness and thee. Look up, my child," said he, parting the auburn locks and kissing her fair forehead,— "look up, and tell me what shall be done to him by whose aid thy father is restored to his right?" He turned his gaze upon Edmund de Warrenne, who stood near them. Alice blushed, and cast her eyes on the ground, but spoke not. "Ah-a! girl," exclaimed Sir Roland, "is it thus I read thy thoughts?—But, come let us retire from this scene of blood—we will talk of this matter anon."

Shortly after this occurrence, Edmund and Alice were united, and joy once more resounded through the castle.

Varieties.

JOSEPH WOLFF.—Kurnaul, September 4th, 1832.—The Rev. Joseph Wolff who arrived here a few days since, returns towards Simlah, this evening, in consequence of having obtained passports from Runjeet Sing, to visit Cashmere, from whence, *Deo volente*, he proceeds to China. He preached on Sunday and yesterday, and this morning gave us lectures, or rather a history of his travels, and the object of them. His sermons were intended to prove from the Scriptures, that the second coming of our Saviour will be in the year 1847. His lectures were very interesting and entertaining, and, notwithstanding the extreme

heat of the weather, were attended by nearly the whole of the station. The "Apostle" is a very extraordinary man, and a sincere enthusiast in the cause he has undertaken. He appears of a most amiable and cheerful disposition, and speaks of the stories that have been circulated regarding him with great good humour. He never said we shall go naked during the millenium; for he says we do not require that to effect this object, for we have only to go into Bokhara, where we shall soon be stripped to the skin, as he himself experienced. He is deeply read in the Scriptures, and appears, as Dr. Johnson would say, to have learning enough for a bishop. He has a retentive memory, and remembers the name of every place and person that he has seen or conversed with. He has a very pleasing voice, and sang some of the sacred Hebrew songs in the original, which is one of the nine languages he is acquainted with. He speaks English grammatically correct, but with the accent and pronunciation of a foreigner. He recommends all travellers to speak the truth, and to tell a plain straightforward story, for that honesty will always be found the best policy. He every where proclaimed himself a Jew believing in Jesus Christ. He speaks very highly of the attention he received from all English men in his travels, and he is very liberal and tolerant in his religious doctrines. He was taken by the Toorkoomans, and, in consequence of being a Moola (priest), and having lost three teeth, they only valued him at five tomans, about 30 rupees, whereas they valued his servant at 60 rupees. A flight of locusts passed this station at noon to-day; the wind was from the East, and the flight came from that direction."

DR. RADCLIFFE.—At one period of his life, being pressed by his acquaintance to marry, he looked out for a wife, and at length fixed his choice upon the daughter of a wealthy citizen of London, with whom it was agreed he should have £15,000 down, and a still larger sum on the demise of her father, whom, however, he soon found reason to address in the following terms:—"Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman, but you must pardon me, if I think her by no means fit to be my wife, since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word, she is no better and no worse than actually quick with child, which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt but you have power enough over her to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of a physician. I

shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known, since I am by no means qualified to be so near of kin. Hanging and marrying, I find, go by destiny; and I might have been guilty of the first, had I not so narrowly escaped the last." This was the only matrimonial scheme in which he engaged, the lesson proving too strong for his memory to forget, or his prejudice to surmount.

IRISH CIRCUMLOCUTION.—Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:—"The reason, sir? Why you see that Justice, and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of Adam's copies in it." What's that?—"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnel." Oh, there's a man to be hung?—"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?" What's his offence?—"No offence, your honour; it was only a liberty he took." Well, what was the liberty?—"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback, and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulders, than the Devil put it into the cracher's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle-fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then you see, they got frisky, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to slape on the binch; and when he wouke up, he found the cracher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money." In short, said I, you mean to say he has been horse-stealing?—"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England."

Bernard's Retros.

THE CHANCELLOR IN A WATCH-HOUSE.—Among the many incidents which occur in my reminiscence of Brougham in those halcyon days, I may mention one. A party of us had supped at the rooms of a Dr. Parry, the brother of the circumnavigator. After supper, as we were crossing the south bridge, we chanced to be witnesses of a very disgraceful scene—a mob of idle scoundrels (most of them bakers) beating an unfortunate woman with a brutal ferocity. It was impossible to stand by and not make some attempt towards her deliverance. The

tumult in place of abating by our interference, grew frightful. All the watchmen within hail were about our ears in an instant, and in return for our chivalry lodged us all fast in the watch-house. The chancellor never probably found himself in a position less congenial to his taste and habits; but even here a mind so avaricious of knowledge was not unemployed. Among our associates in this vile prison, which was filled with the refuse of both sexes, an old soldier sat cowering over the embers of a fire that "taught light to counterfeit gloom." He had campaigned it in the American war; and with this hero our embryo candidate for the woollack picked up an acquaintance, extracting all that he could on the favourite theme of his martial exploits. The names of several officers under whom he served, the amount of the forces opposed to each other in particular engagements, and the scenes of the battles, position of the combatants, skill of the manoeuvres, advantages, reverses, in short, every thing that was likely or not likely to come within the veteran's ken, was asked and responded to. So passed our night, until it pleased Aurora to leave her saffron couch, when, through Broogham's interference, we were set at large by a sort of general gaol delivery, by an order from the police magistrate, on the condition that, if required, we should be ready to make our appearance at the Sessions—a condition which, as we had been guilty of neither blood nor battery, was not likely very seriously to damp the joy of our liberation.—*Sir B. Faulkner's Visit to Germany.*

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—Two barristers, of the names of Doyle and Yelverton, were constantly quarrelling before the bench. One day the dispute arose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave like a gentleman!" The other, smarting under the blow as he lay on the ground energetically replied, "No, never, I defy you. *You cannot do it, sir.*"

A LADY'S STUD.—Countess Orloff Tshesminsky has a stud of 1,320 horses, of Arabian, English, and other races. The grounds attached to it amount to 1,080 acres, and the number of grooms and labourers employed on it are 4,399. The sum realized by the sale of horses is of considerable annual amount, and they are sold not only on the spot itself, but in the regular markets both at Petersburg and Moscow. It lies near Bobrew, in the province of Waroune, on one of the countess's estates, called Chrlenow, and was set on foot by her father in 1778.



See page 119

Illustrated Article.

THE EMISSARY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

For the Olto.

MOST of our readers, sans doubt, have heard of the remains of a certain old inn which might be seen at Islington some twelve months back, y'clep'd the Queen's Head. It was a low house of singular architecture, apparently in the style of the Elizabethian period—perhaps, for we do not profess to be positive judges in such cases, even of a later date. Lately, however, it has been pulled down, and a more modern edifice erected in its stead. It is said that Elizabeth had honoured this hostel with her presence on more occasions than one, in company with a few noble knights and ladies, condescending freely to compliment mine host on the good entertainment he offered both for man and beast, and on the truth of the assertion that *his* wine “needed no bush.” Whether this account be “quite correct” or not, we must leave to the scrutinizing antiquarian and others in-

terested in the research, and proceed at once to the subject matter of our tale.

It was on a cold frosty evening in the month of January, 159—, that a party of stragglers were seated around a blazing fire in the tap-room of this inn. They appeared to be, from their dress, artizans or shopkeepers of a middling order, determined to forget for a few short hours the cares of business, and enjoy a drop and a sup with their well-known “bully host.” One of the party, “a man of melancholy mien,” whose large cloak, apparently a powerful protector against the roughest winds and keenest snow, hung on a peg close by, seemed in no very congenial mood. He had withdrawn himself rather apart, so as not to be too far from the influence of the cheering flame, and yet at a *respectable* distance from the rest. His liquor was placed on the table before him, and appeared not to have been so well plied as that of some of the others. With his head resting on his hand, he seemed sunk in thought, save at intervals, when his keen eye was anxiously fixed on the door, or uneasily glanced over the small latticed window of the apartment.

“Our friend,” half whispered an old

shrivelled looking being, "seems in an unpleasant disposition; now, well, I warrant me that trade hath been bad with him of late—losses have attended his business; and who knows," added he, in a still softer tone, "but bankruptcy may stare him in the face. Ah me! ah me! how fortune declines! I remember me now, that when I was young profits were good, and money ready; but out upon the new fangled methods of shop-keeping, they leave no man the chance of earning an honest penny with success—sad change, sad change!"

"Peace, old croaker!" said a bold and goodly favoured youth—"wilt never cease bewailing the march of improvement?—Away! I'd bet my bran new Sunday doublet against thy every day hose, that the stranger feels the smart inflicted by a fair damsel's black eye. Prithree, friend, draw thy stool nearer to us, and honestly confess thou art in love."

The person thus addressed roused himself from his apathy.

"My friends," said he, "heed not my listlessness, fancy me unwell, or—anything—but tire me no more with heedless questions. Believe me, I am in no

mood to crack jokes with the young, or lament over past ages with the old."

"Well, well," rejoined the other—"each man here has a right to enjoy himself as it best suits him; so we leave thee to thine own communings, and be they black or white, gloomy or delightful, it signifieth nought to us. Come, friends, fill your cups, and like 'good men and true,' drink with me to the health of Elizabeth, queen of England."

This spirit-stirring toast was cordially received, and drunk with much avidity.

"Ay," said the old shopkeeper, "God bless old Queen Bess, and may she—"

"Marry, friend," interrupted another, "if report belies not, she would be little pleased with thy homely truth. Elizabeth hath been too long used to court flattery easily to digest such a sentence as that. *Old Queen Bess!* why she esteems herself youthful, and tender as Hebe. Did'st thou not hear with what pleasure she received the fawning address of those oily foreigners the ambassadors but last Tuesday se'nnight?"

"Silence thy irreverent tongue, Master Winlove," exclaimed a fat, burly-looking man, assuming a frown of im-

portance, "nor blaspheme our lady sovereign's name by such indecorous assertions. To my plain understanding, the thing that most approaches folly in the mind of her sacred majesty, (Heaven bless her chaste name), is the complacency wherewith she doth look upon those idle places called playhouses, and the smiles with which she greeteth the productions of that vain scribbler Will Shakspeare."

"Vain scribbler! in thy teeth, thou paltry and envious calumniator," cried the youth, animated with ardent zeal for the honour of the Shakspearean muse—"I tell thee, Master Wilford, that poet's works shall live for ages after thou hast passed the doom of rottenness. Thy musty folio shall fall to pieces through sheer neglect, whilst Shakspeare's fame shall bloom in unchanging freshness thro' each successive age. Scribbler, forsooth! Now fie upon thee for a puritanical ohurl."

What more might have passed between the two disputants it is impossible to say, for just as the old man's face was colouring up with indignant wrath, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the house (which the careful host always closed at dusk), that at once startled the company, and a large dog that was lying composedly at the feet of one of them.

"How now," cried the host approaching the portal, "what person at this staid hour, thus rudely disturbs our quiet?"

"Open, varlet, open directly, or the safety of thy door shall not be secured another moment—Open, I say."

The warning was not in vain—the door was opened, and in rushed a figure that caused no little surprise to our merry-makers. This was a man, apparently young, and of extremely handsome appearance. His beard was trimmed after the most approved fashion of that day, but in every other respect (save indeed a light rapier which hung by his side) his apparel and demeanour were those of a plain artisan. A large cloak enveloped his body and nearly covered the form of an almost senseless female he bore on one arm. He cast a hurried glance around him.

"How now, mine host," cried he, "hast no other room wherein to bestow a timid damsel and her friend, but amongst a set of noisy roysterers. Aroint thee, knave! be quicker in thy movements, and disclose the best room in thy domicile without more gaping, or by St. George force more than thy back will like to bear shall be bestowed on thee in lieu of reckoning."

"Verily, most uncourteous sir," re-

joined the offended host, assuming a dignified air, "thou talkest somewhat largely; hast not yet learnt the wholesome doctrine, that a man's house is his castle? Never while I have an arm to raise in my own defence, shall the inn which Elizabeth herself (Heaven bless her majesty!) hath honoured with her most noble presence, be made a refuge for a trifling youth and his loose leman.—Nay, then," added he, as the other lifted a menacing arm, "gentlemen," (turning to the gaping company), "if ye be men assist an honest innkeeper in the defence of his lawful rights."

On the word, up started some three or four of the most stalwart guests, and ranged themselves on mine host's side. A slight change passed over the countenance of the assailant; he bit his nether lip angrily, then drawing forth an apparently well lined purse, he threw it towards the offended host.

"Pardon me," he added quickly, "I am to blame, friend—prithce obey my command, and that speedily; irritate me by no farther delay—the damsel lacketh assistance, and be assured none purer than her in heart and deed ever crossed thy threshold. Come, haste thee, man."

No mollifying ointment, bestowed by the most skilful leech, ever assuaged the wound of a disabled man with greater celerity than did the chink of the purse calm the mortified vanity of the innkeeper.

"Nay, now indeed," said he, "thou speakest like a noble and generous youth, and I will forthwith present unto your worship's notice the best and neatest apartment in Christendom. Verily, friends," turning to his coadjutors, "you may reseat yourselves—the gentleman is an honest gentleman, and—"

"No more words," said the party alluded to, "but the room, good sir, the room."

The other bowed and led the way up the well-worn staircase with alacrity.

"Now fie upon these inconsiderate and dissipated town youths!" said the old shop-keeper, as the sound of receding footsteps gradually died away, "for that he is a town-bred youth I will wager my yearly profits by his bold assurance and impudent swagger. I'll warrant me he hath ruined the soul and body of that deluded damsel for ever and a day by his wicked artifices."

"Peace, thou grumbler," said the youth; "more likely he hath rescued her from the fang of some luxurious veteran in sin, who, though worn down with age, hath still a longing for more youthful joys; or, perhaps, she flies from some stern guardian, who, like thee, would

fain fetter her will, and force her to renounce her first and truest love. I'd swear she's pure—that lovely face betrayed no signs of guilt, or——”

“Did'st see her features, then?” asked the gloomy stranger we before mentioned, with an air of deep curiosity, if not interest.

“Ay, marry, sir, one glance, and that was all; for in her companion's fury towards our host, he disarranged the folds of his mantle, and her face for one moment was exposed to view. Ay, and a fairer I have seldom seen; pale, indeed, it was, but soft and placid as the sculptures of a Phidias.”

“Indeed!” rejoined the other, and the conversation for a time dropped.

The host shortly after returned, and numberless were the questions proposed, but to all was the same answer returned.

“Gentlemen, gentlemen, excuse me—honour bright, you know—mum's the word. Suffice it, they're an honest pair, and will do our hostel no discredit. Ay, and by George, 'tis now (mercy on us!) ten of the clock, and my staid principles ye all know, friends; and the laws every honest subject is bound to obey; so, priethese neighbours, retire like peaceable and worthy gentlemen to your several homes.”

One after another they dropped away; the stranger, however, still remained in his seat; the admonition of the worthy landlord was once more repeated to him, when he roused himself—

“Hark ye, friend,” said he, “business of higher import than thy mind can guess at hath brought me hither, and till my task be done and my errand accomplished, no power of thine shall make me budge an inch.”

“Marry, then, shall the power of the nearest constable place thee in the stocks, thou saucy varlet,” retorted the other, or my name's not Wynkyn Gosport.”

“Nay, I defy that too—but a truce to folly; listen, Master Wynkyn—a word in thine ear, man. When the queen vouchsafed to honour thy hostelry with her presence, thou didst remark a certain ring she wore.”

“Ay, marry, did I. Oh, the sparkling of that ruby brightness—it caused my very heart to beat at the thought of its massy worth.”

“True, and the slanderous say that thou did'st—but no matter; to refer to that tale now, 'tis sufficient for my purpose that thou remember'st the ring, now behold it here again.”

The host stretched forth his small twinkling eyes to their full extent, as with an amorous ogling he viewed the

sparkling treasure held by the stranger.

—“By this sign, know then; that my commission comes from Elizabeth herself; listen to me, therefore, and obey my words as thou wouldst her's. Nay, look not incredulous, or refuse my bidding, lest it go hard with thee. I, too, have gold to feed thine avarice, as well as yon fool that has so lately crossed thy threshold; here, take this purse, and now surrender to me the person of the female thou hast just received.” Gosport looked aghast. “Nay, stare not man,” resumed the other, “but comply with my demand—give me a key (if the door be fastened) of the chamber where she and her lover are concealed, and leave me to pursue mine own plans.—What they may be is no business of thine—be silent and obey, and thy reward shall be doubled—trebled, mayhap; but if in thy folly thou darest resist, or shall hereafter tell what thou may'st see or hear to-night, dread the vengeance of insulted majesty,—it will be swift and sure.”

Gosport, a notorious coward, save when backed by his friends, hesitated but a short time; the threats were alarming; the messenger he could not doubt, and then his avarice was to be gratified—the reward was noble.

“Far be it from me to doubt the queen's power to revenge, most noble sir,” replied he, “or mistrust her generosity in rewarding her most humble servants, among whom the host of this inn desires ardently to be enrolled. Here is the key you wish for, yet, allow me to hope that your designs are not harsh; the damsel, poor thing, is but young and gentle as a lamb; she has a companion, too, fierce and hot-headed, who might cause thee some trouble.”

“Fear not, I know the risks, and my designs are nought to thee,” rejoined the other, “be they dark or generous, it can concern thee but little—now leave me; yet stay, one word, the damsel from what you hint, still continues with her protector,” (there was a slight sneer as he pronounced the latter word,) “she is not alone?”

“No, fair sir, they are both in the same room,—at least they were so when I left the chamber some few minutes ago, and indeed he seemeth to have much ado to console her; she soon, indeed, recovered from her insensibility, but only awoke to passionate grief and upbraidings.”

“He must be removed if possible,” half muttered the other, “and yet how can a contest be avoided; I am well armed, and more than a match for him

in sheer strength—but no, there must be no scuffle. Is there no means to detach him from her side?" There was a slight noise without. "Hark, Gosport, methinks I hear the door above gently open—go, see, and bring me news."

"The host left the room. The emissary paced up and down thoughtfully.

"So," said he, half aloud, "so my information was correct after all. He has taken this road, and as good luck will have it, spared me much trouble and research by resorting to the same inn that I myself have used. What imprudence to bring her to a common hostel! but 'tis like his rashness. Good luck, too, did I say? Alas! what an undertaking is before me. Rid me of the minion that dares to alienate the noble Essex from the duties he owes to the state that employs him. And does Elizabeth think me so blind to the real motive of this cruelty. Thinks she I discern not the burning fever of jealousy that urges her to such injustice? Alas! the state might wait long enough for the services of the noble Essex, were but those services rendered to this aged maiden queen. Rid me of this minion—How? She reck not—cares not. Who is this girl, too, that so captivates the luxurious earl? Why am not I trusted with her name? Young, they say, and beautiful. Alack, poor wench! how art thou deceived. But if there be strength in this arm, or wit in this brain, thou shalt be saved from the snare of this fowler. Thy heart, I trust, is pure, and if thy betrayer has not succeeded in his cursed artifices, thou mayst yet be happy. Whoever thou art, it signifieth nought to me; thy danger shall be shown thee, and a path of safety pointed out, if heaven but 'prosper all my good intents.' Hum!—what saw the queen in my features to insult me by such an employment? Am I not a belted knight, poor indeed in this world's pelf, but rich I trust in honourable feeling? Do I then possess such a ruffian-like exterior? Ah, Matilda, thy unkindness hath indeed deprived my cheek of colour, and imparted gloominess to my behaviour—but, thank heaven, the 'milk of human kindness' still flows warm within my heart. Hark! I hear receding footsteps—he is leaving her then; now let my purpose be swiftly carried into execution ere he returns; should a contest ensue, noble blood might flow; or should I fail, the queen's displeasure might be fatal to me indeed. How now, mine host," continued he, turning to Gosport, who had just re-entered, "has the gallant gone?"

"He hath, most noble sir," returned the other, "but not without vowing swift vengeance on my unlucky head, should I permit ought of harm to reach the fair treasure he hath left behind. He will be back anon, therefore, whatever thy good pleasure may be, (if thou wilt deign to receive the advice of thy humble servitor) it would be well to carry it into speedy effect, if thou would'st not be interrupted by the presence of the lady's friend."

"Enough, enough, most courteous Master Wynkyn, fear not your gallant's threats of vengeance, thou shalt be protected by a mightier power than his, and thy good services shall not be forgotten by Elizabeth; now, show me the apartment—yet stay, I will find mine own way thither. What thou hast already received is but a kind of first fruits of that which thou art entitled to hereafter, if thou provest faithful; but if thou betray'st me, once more I warn thee, dread the vengeance of one who remembereth her foes."

"Fair sir, rely on thy servant—he is dumb."

In a small but tastily arranged chamber of this inn sat the fair damsel who seemed to have given the queen such unlucky cause of uneasiness. Her appearance was that of a girl about the "delightful age of sweet fifteen;" her figure (of the middle size) was exceedingly proportioned, and her light auburn ringlets shaded a face of extreme and delicate beauty; she had evidently been weeping, for the remains of tears, "those oracles of grief," were still wet on her pale cheek. She cast many and anxious glances towards the door of her apartment.

"Why did he leave me," she exclaimed, "methinks if it were for ever so short a period I would not be left alone. And why thus timid now! Was I not bold enough to leave my father's home, and for a mere stranger. Have I not dared to quit the scenes of infancy, to wander in a desert track? Be still, thou peevish heart, rely on Alfred's truth, for that is now thine only stay—should that fail me—horror—horror. Yet there is no retreat even if I would. Am I not in his power; yea, and my fame—pure as I know it—at the mercy of his breath? Away with these doubts—these foolish fantasies that strive to scare my mind; there is—there can be no deceit in such a heart as *his*. Hark! he comes—O joy."

The door was cautiously, almost timidly opened, and a figure far different

to that which she expected, appeared on the threshold—it was that of the emissary. He cast one hurried glance around, and then fixed his clear dark eye on the female. He started back as if struck by an assassin. A deadly paleness passed over his countenance, and he stood without power to move or speak; nor was the effect less singular upon the damsel herself. A flash of “rosy red” overspread her face, and then suddenly forsook it, leaving it still paler than before. With one faint shriek she fell senseless at his feet. The man hastily recovered himself; with a trembling hand he wiped away the cold dews that had gathered on his forehead, and raised the girl from the ground.

“Merciful powers!” he exclaimed, “can it be possible? is it not all a dream, or am I mocked by some phantom form that has assumed the character of her I loved? Alas! no—these glossy ringlets gem no phantom’s brow; that gentle face belongs to one alone—one living, lovely image. It is no dream—no false delusion mocks my aching sight; it is too real—too true. O Matilda! was it for this thou slighted me, to become the minion of a man like him—the object of aversion and revenge to your sovereign. Wretched! wretched girl!”

A few burning tears fell on the face of Matilda. She began slowly to recover some degree of consciousness.

“So you are come at last,” murmured she. “O Alfred, why have you kept me thus long alone—alone; I have had such visions—such alarms! methought the form—Ha!” she shrieked seeing the emissary’s face, and suddenly comprehending her real situation, she continued, “is it not a vision then?—no, it is indeed the very form of him I wronged! O mercy, Walter, mercy.”

“Guilty, unfortunate girl! well may’st thou cry for mercy, for thou need’st it. Well, may you supplicate protection from the despised Walter, for he alone can aid thee now. O Matilda! could I have believed this of thee, the slight thou didst me I could soon have pardoned, but to see thee thus lost to all sense of shame or—but enough, I will not now upbraid thee with thy sin; time flies apace, if thou dost value thy life, (I dare not say thine *honour*) arise, exert thy strength and follow me. Quick, lady—nay, never frown; I tell thee, if thou would’st have safety, another moment must not be passed in this spot,—thou must fly this neighbourhood, and with me.”

A flush passed over the damsel’s face. “Walter,” cried she, “whatever

thoughts thy mind may raise concerning my rashness, never let them dare to imagine ought against my honour; is it manly in you, sir—you, too, a rejected lover—to insinuate such baseness as your tongue has just uttered, to insult an unprotected helpless female, whom once you vowed you loved!”

“Once loved! by heaven, Matilda! thou knowest not how much my heart was bound to thine. Once loved! even now methinks I love thee, well nigh as wildly as in those days of thy purity and truth when——”

“Again, Walter, again those words.”

“Have I not cause, lady? why do I find thee here,—away from thy friends,—in the chamber of a common inn—in company with a—a—paramour?”

“Tis false, unmannered sir, thy heart can never feel such purity as dwells in Alfred’s bosom—no, nor such holy and disinterested love. Hence, if thou fearest not death, before my lord returns to smite thee to the earth for such audacity in wronging her that puts her faith in him.”

“I would rather face death at thy feet, Matilda, than hear words like those drop from thy lips again. I tell thee, girl, thou art deceived—betrayed; thy boasted hero—thy virtuous lover, who, to prove the depth of his disinterested love, hath borne thee from thy father’s roof, and lured thee from thy friends. This demi-god—this noble and romantic admirer is——”

“All virtue, honour, truth—as thou art ‘a lie.’”

“Pardon, fair lady, thou hast marred my phrase. This Alfred is a man of parts—thou knowest but half his virtues, I must tell thee all. Know then thy lover is of goodly favour in our sovereign’s court. Many are the fair hands that waft him gentle salutations from young and rosy lips, as he passes through ‘the glittering throng’ of gay and joyous companions—nay, royalty herself vouchsafes a courtly smile at Alfred’s manly grace, and condescends to grant the favoured youth full many an honour for services, which slander saith are slight. Nay, she is careful of his virtue, too, for when she feareth lest, through headstrong passions, this hero’s foot should slip and be decoyed from duty’s path into the service of the fair, she sendeth one to watch his wandering track, and bear away the cause that leads to such ‘accursed effect.’ Yet, strange to say, the name by which his courtly friends denominate this idol of thy heart is somewhat different from that which sounds so sweetly from thy mouth,—it is——”

"What, Walter—what?" gasped the female.

"My Lord of Essex, lady."

The girl sank back on her seat in a kind of stupor. Walter looked agast.

"What have I done?" cried he.—"Madman that I was to torture her thus rashly. Alas! have I murdered her?—Why looks she thus fearful? Matilda, rouse thyself from this dreadful apathy! Look up and fly with me ere it be too late. She heeds me not. What's to be done? Shall I call Gosport to my aid? The meddling trifter would but hinder us. Shall I bear her off 'en as she is?—the cold air, perchance, will quicken her perceptions. Yes, it must be so—it is the only hope now left me."

Hegently raised her in his arms. There was an outcry suddenly raised below, and steps seemed rapidly approaching. The sound reached the maiden. A sense of danger seemed to inspire her with new life.

"Walter! Walter!" she faintly uttered, "he comes—'tis Alfred's tread I hear upon the stairs. Oh take me from his sight!—Indeed, indeed, I am as pure, as unstained in virtue as when first thou knewest me. I have been deceived, been light and foolish, yet do not despise me, Walter. Take me hence—restore me to my father—to my home."

"Dearest, I will indeed restore thee to thy home. Thou shalt be snatched from this betrayer's grasp, and find the path of happiness once more. At his life's peril let him advance one foot beyond the threshold."

"Walter," exclaimed the terrified girl, as she saw the steel flashing in his hand, "for mercy's sake, be calm!—traitor as he is, spare, oh, spare his life! For my sake forbear! In judgment, O remember mercy."

She sunk upon the bed, and covered her face with her trembling hands. The door, which Walter had fastened on his entrance, at length yielded to the repeated blows of the infuriated Essex, and the two lovers met face to face.

"How now, Sir Walter Arden," exclaimed the rash earl, "is it thus we meet again? What dost thou here?—Avaunt, if thy life be worth a thought, lest I crush thee 'neath my feet as a despised worm." He advanced upon the other as he spoke.

"Proud lord," cried Arden, "I despise thy words and thee. Depart thou, whilst I bear back this gentle frower to bloom in that fair garden from which thou hast so basely torn her. Nay, sir, I have warrant for my deeds—in the queen's name I warn thee—back."

He displayed, as he spoke, the ring we

have before mentioned. Essex started, and paused for a moment, but it was only to burn forth with still fiercer rage.

"By whatever means thou did'st obtain that bauble, I know not—care not. It may be thou didst find the treasure—borrow it perhaps. Thou knowest my meaning, ha! Take it as ye list. But even if indeed thou art commissioned by the queen to dodge my paths, beware the vengeance of an insulted man. Never shall it be said that Essex wavered in his designs through the mandate of a haughty woman. I scorn her signet, and refuse allegiance to her fancies. No longer will I yield a calm obedience to a foolish tyrant, who plays such 'fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.' Depart or die."

He made a furious lunge at Sir Walter as he uttered the last words. The contest was not of long duration: Arden was one of the most skilful swordsmen of the day, and the passionate Essex was too intemperate to offer a successful resistance—he was thrown prostrate on the ground. With the speed of lightning Walter rushed upon him as he lay breathless, and twisting a scarf he wore between the arms of the prostrate man, he dragged him towards the bed, and fastened him firmly to the low post thereof. Then raising the half-senseless Matilda in his arms rushed from the room, and barring the door after him, hastened down the stairs. His horse he had left ready saddled in the stable; to this place he proceeded, and holding Matilda still more firmly on one arm, he vaulted into the saddle, and spurring onwards, in a few minutes was far from the inn of Master Winkyn Gosport, and fast nearing the residence of the father of Matilda.

To be concluded in our next.

LATE HOURS.

"Whether have I spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke." HUMPHREY CLINKER.

THERE was no contending against it. A fixed displeasure was seated on her countenance, while at intervals she bent her brows firmly, still keeping her eyes riveted on the fire; a slight convulsion of the upper lip plainly showed she was labouring under the influence of some deep mental misery. This is an odd reception, thought I, after frequent attempts to draw my aunt Ursula into conversation; my uncle had been snoring on the other side of the fire-place for an hour.

It was my first visit. My uncle Benjamin and my aunt Ursula were brother and sister, and had lived together on a

comfortable scale of independence some thirty years. My uncle becoming childless and a widower early in life, had retired from business and taking up his abode with his sister "for better for worse." My aunt Ursula had never married, she might have done so,—she had refused the best offers, and broken the hearts of many,—she was the belle of every ball-room,—she might have kept her carriage. All these facts I have gathered from her own lips.

A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my *nearest* relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my return, and ready to answer the thousand and one questions I expected to be asked.

Judge then my surprise when, after a slight salutation, and the tea-things were removed, my uncle rubbed his back against his easy chair and fell asleep, and my aunt sunk into the sullen mood I have endeavoured to describe. I began to fear some heavy calamity had befallen my family, which she was unwilling to break to me, but to all questions on such points I received satisfactory answers. Something was wrong—something had happened to sour my aunt's temper, but my uncle seemed to sleep happily and good-naturedly enough—it was a matter that evidently had not reached him. I had a right to feel disappointed, and was getting into rather a dignified humour, when I heard my aunt muttering something to herself which ended with "Confound him!" As she said this, she stirred the fire vigorously, and in replacing the poker misplaced the shovel and tongs, which falling with a splutter and clang awoke my uncle.

"What's the matter?" cried he.

"The matter, brother! the matter!" replied my aunt fiercely, "here's the old story again; three nights last week did I have to sit up for my gentleman! and it's the same to-night,—but I knew how it would be;—I could see it as he went out of the gate; but if I don't find out his tricks—"

"It's very tiresome," said my uncle, and he fell asleep again.

Poor aunt Ursula relapsed into her former apparent agony of spirit, and fixed her eyes on the fire, occasionally ejaculating, "I'll be a match for him—deuce take him—not a morsel of supper!"—and so on.

I remembered to have heard while

abroad of a certain cousin who had been adopted as darling by my aunt, and who, like many other darlings, had run his own course, and turned out no credit to her rearing up; I naturally concluded he was the aggressor, and that I could not mend the business by inquiring into it.

"Pray!" said my aunt, after suddenly ringing the bell, "Pray!" said she, as Sally entered the room, "What is the clock?"

"Nine, if you please ma'am."

"And is Jerry come in?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bother him," replied she bitterly; "I thought so;—bring up the tray."

The jingling of the supper again awoke my uncle, and he bustled towards it with the good humour of a kindly host willing to do the honours of the table; but my aunt moved slowly, and dragging her chair after her said, as she advanced, "It's my firm belief, brother, that those Miss Jones's encourage him."

"I think it very likely," said my uncle Benjamin.

"Then what *is* to be done?" said she, "am I to be deprived of my natural rest night after night?"

"You have your own remedy," replied my uncle, "get rid of him!"

"Brother! brother! are you mad?" cried my aunt; "are you at your time of life a sufficient guardian to a house like this? No, no, if Jerry has his faults he has his merits also."

"Is it usual," said I, seeing my aunt softening, "is it usual for him to treat you in this way? have you never reasoned with him?"

"Reason indeed—the brute!"

"Why it may not be too late to reclaim him, and the pleasure of doing so would amply repay—"

"Bah!" said my uncle.

At this moment there was a low growl at the outer door, followed by a clear boo, woo, woo, wooh!

"Thank heaven," exclaimed my aunt, rising from the table, "there he is!"

In a few seconds the parlour door opened and in rushed a fine black-tan terrier dog: his tail fell as he caught my aunt's eye, and he crawled imploringly towards me as he reached a little stick from the top of the looking-glass.

"And is this the culprit?" said I, on the servant's closing the door, "I expected to have seen my cousin Stanley."

"Alas!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and looking mournfully at the dog, "He has been dead these four years."

I afterwards learnt that Jerry had been the favourite attendant of my unfortunate cousin in his nightly rambles. My poor

annt Ursula who had loved her nephew, loved his dog also; but Jerry still clung to the old habits of his master. A chain and collar would have done the business, but my aunt was a lover of liberty, and would not bear of such a thing; she bore with Jerry as long as she could, but at last felt compelled to get rid of him on account of inveterate predilection for late hours.

Mon. Mag.

A LETTER

FROM MISS MARY, AGED 16,
TO MISS ANN, AGED 26.

I WENT in my silver and blue
To the ball—I was really in bloom—
Tow'rd me he eagerly flew;
Yea, he—my dear Ann, you know whom.
He spoke of his transports and bliss,
Indeed, "he's a *love* of a man;"
He swore, first by that, then by this—
Do you think he means *any thing*, Ann?

I tried to look simple and meek,
Whilst I trembled with joy and with fear,
As his lips murmur'd over my cheek,
In seeming to whisper my ear.
He spoke of the long joyous train,
Whilst rapture leads on the bright van,
That await those who love not in vain—
Do you think he meant *any thing*, Ann?

ANSWER.

My thoughts I will frankly reveal,
O! scorn not to listen to Ann:
I think that he meant a *great deal*,
Beware of "this *love* of a man."
When he speaks of the long trains of bliss,
That love, in succession, will bring;
Dear Mary, just whisper him this—
That you like them all best in a *ring*.
Metrop. Mag.

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Second Notice.

THE more intimately we become acquainted with the pieces this exhibition presents, the more delight is elicited from our animal spirits, though several instances may be made as exceptions to the general character and class, catalogued for public favour. Whether in oil paintings, water colours, sculpture, or engravings, we are, however, treated with variety of subject, style and proportionate advances towards perpetuating the genius of the sons and daughters of those who are ornaments to the 'Fine Arts' and the nation. But few years have passed onward towards the port of eternity since this gallery was opened; now, behold the progress made in the voyage, and how nobly and well the times are passing! If names that were wont to appear in their regular alphabetical order, and as directors to pur-

chasers, be not in their old places, are they not occupied by many others who are of no mean powers, and who will do honour to their patron and patronesses? We premise that this society, conducted with so much peaceable feeling and united ability, will not relax, nor offer the works of their taste in vain. Mr. W. Shayer has five paintings. All of them, as they deserve to be, are already sold.

No. 155. *A Coast Scene with figures*.—This is just what it professes to be. A scene of quiet interest on the coast, with a few persons who stop when they meet on the shore; and in which the sea and sky are in repose.

207. *An Alehouse door*.—The butcher on a hard-riden horse, with that peculiar lean with the meat-basket, is amusing a benchful of smoking customers on the right and left, at the door of the Swan.—A child attracts the old man—the dog is taking rest, and the light is well judged to give clearness sufficient to the figures, and partially discover the smoker in the shadowed part of the vernal retreat, real and refreshing.

275. *A Coast Scene—blowing weather*.—Another interesting and vigorous painting, void of vagueness, or rough handling, which cannot be said of many we could name.

370. *Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage*.—This is true to its purpose, and of a similar class. The figures are prominent and apparently contented.

399. *Scene in Wales*.—A very delightfully drawn and coloured scene, replete with those beauties with which the country abounds, and remarkably clear in the distances.

543. *Kitten with Flowers*.—491. *Shells*, and 652. *Fruit*. W. Spry. (in water colours).—The first is a beautiful little bit of nature, the kitten—the flowers and the bird's nest with the eggs, are well done. The 'Shells' and 'Fruit,' though not so characteristic, are, nevertheless, highly creditable performances.

873. *Hawking from a model*. By E. Cotterill, (in silver).—Messrs. Garrods. Is as *chased* and descriptive as fine execution can make it. The figures and attitudes are vividly produced. Why hawking should be unpopular we cannot divine.

350. *Master is very ill*. R. Farrier.—A school-boy is dancing in delight of his master, who is seen at the inside of the academy window in his nightcap taking medicine. A scraggy female is at the door receiving the new arrival of labelled bottles of the doctor's boy, and who uses the general precaution of a right

delivery, when 'taken to be well shaken.' The noughts and crosses on the boy's slates with mended corners tell where his sympathies be.

343. *Edinburgh Castle from the Grey Friars' Churchyard.* J. Wilson.—A fine picture, descriptive of a celebrated spot.

371. *Coast Scene.* (same).—Very pretty, light and chaste.—25. *Mill at Amiens.*—53. *On the Beach at Dieppe,* and seven others of equal calibre.

1. *Landscapes.* J. Hawker.—A good free picture, and neatly expressed. We hope some purchaser will not overlook number one.

9. *Lucy Ashton.* J. Boaden.—As mournful as she needs be; yet more to our liking than the 'Inspired Poetess' at the British, erroneously placed there for the beautiful Mrs. Norton.

20. *The Colt's Tooth.* E. Prentis.—Mistress peeps behind the door. Sally stands in pure simplicity near her master, who is supported by Burn's Justice, waiting further commands. By his lickerous ogings and tight roundity, he proves the maxim of La Bruyere:—'C'est une grande difformité dans la nature qu'un vieillard amoureux.'

24. *Will he be constant.* J. M. Joy.—Were we to reply, we should say—yes; if the trinkets and appendages around the maiden are to go into the bargain, and we wish him joy of his elegant choice, who will make up his mind to be constant.

26. *A Pheasant.* W. Fowler.—A very good bird and very well caught, Mr. Fowler. We wish we could say as much for 146, *The Sun Eagle*, by the same.

156. *Roman Boy, with Fruit.* R. Edmonstone.—The design is simple but noble; the expression dignified, the composition harmonious, the colouring florid, and the painting good.

104. *The Spinster.* C. Landseer.—A very clever sketch of a sober looking and matronly woman, who, we presume, is a *spinster* in more ways than one. If industry be blessed singleness, it is here exemplified, apparently, for many a toiling day at her spinning wheel—

'Happy, between her bible and her cat,
Plying her daily task old Jenny sat.'

131. *Scotch Drink.* J. P. Knight.

The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread—
Thou kitchen's fine.

If we may credit Burns, is very good in a weary hour; we cannot, however, say so much in favour of the knight of the pencil, in his identity of the characters he has selected.

132. *Stirling Castle.* T. C. Hoffand.—A wide field of scenery, very touching to a poet's eye, and affording scope for his

fancy; but limited in interest when compared by the descriptive adjuncts of art and nature at Mr. Burford's panorama, now exhibiting.

141. *Portrait of Miss Poole, T. R. C. Garden.* F. J. Meyer, Junr.—This young drummer appears to us a 'leetle' too saucy-faced and mature for the little boy actress of Covent Garden, who generally musters a good 'corps dramatique' when she plays.

To be resumed.

ON CHESS PLAYING.

DURING the war in India, by which the Company's territories were extended so far beyond their hopes, by the talents of the extraordinary men who conducted their affairs, the number of adventurers to the East was enormous; but as the fatigue of military duties destroyed a great part, and as India was really at that time an advantageous lottery to those who could bear the climate, cadets frequently returned in a few years with fortunes of a considerable amount, and recruits in abundance were always to be found ready and willing to serve the Company and themselves. Among others, Mr. S., a gentleman of the north of Ireland started as a surgeon in the army, and after various mishaps and disappointments, found himself, soon after his arrival, attached to the — regiment of foot, then forming part of an encampment in the Carnatic. By some means he became acquainted with General W., the second in command, who had the reputation of being a first-rate chess-player. In India chess is a favourite game; and no sooner was it discovered that S. was a good player, than he received an invitation to a trial of skill. The first evening he obtained a slight advantage; but, though probably a little chagrined at the result, nothing could be more cordial than the manner in which General W. repeated his invitation. They soon became constant players, especially as the officers and aid-de-camps of the General's staff appeared to have little knowledge of the game, and were glad to be relieved from the disagreeable duty of playing with the certainty of being beaten. Whether it was that S. had been out of practice before, or whether he got into the General's mode of play, it so happened, that after a time the account of winning and losing stood considerably in his favour; but this appeared rather to excite and animate his opponent, who declared, in the true spirit of chess philosophy, that the interest of the game was greatest when the opponent was most formidable. At

length S. thought he perceived a slight change in the General's manner—he was less friendly and social—to chess he seemed to have become quite indifferent—seldom expressing a wish to play, and when reminded of an exchange, for which Mr. S. was anxious, and to effect which General W. had assured him he would use his interest, he now returned a vague and evasive answer, as if it were merely a matter of official routine. It was quite evident that Othello's occupation was gone; and it was natural to suppose that the General, who was a proud man, with something of the old school about him, felt he had carried his familiarity with so young an officer rather too far, and took this method of showing him he was to fall back into the ranks.

S. was not a man to thrust his acquaintance on any one: he had the sensitive pride, which an adventurer, without fortune or connections, so naturally feels, and met the newly-assumed stateliness of his commanding officer with the formal deference of military discipline. The distance between them increased every day; they never met except on duty, and then as perfect strangers, until at length the feeling on the General's part appeared to have deepened into inveterate dislike. Whatever reports S. made, he invariably neglected: he spoke slightly of him before the other officers: and once, on giving a general invitation to the regiment, he omitted his name in the most marked manner.

At length a circumstance occurred, which S. could not overlook. The rainy season being at an end, the troops were put on active service; an attack was planned on a neighbouring town of some consequence, and the command of the detachment entrusted to General W. It was in expeditions of this kind that the great prizes of the Indian lottery most frequently turned up; and the — regiment considered it a fortunate circumstance that they formed part of the troops destined for this service. At the mess it was a never-ending theme: from morning to night nothing else was talked of; and S. in common with the other officers, was indulging in sanguine expectations of success, when, the very day before starting, the adjutant read a regimental order that Surgeon S. of the — regiment, should remain in camp, in charge of the hospital, and Assistant-Surgeon Taylor accompany the forces.

Now the season had been remarkably healthy; the sick-list was smaller than usual, and certainly afforded no ground for such a departure from the common routine. On inquiry, it turned out that

this alteration had taken place by the express order of General W., and Mr. S. immediately posted off to his quarters, surprised at this new proof of dislike and prejudice towards him. The General was in his tent, and, as it happened, playing chess when S. entered. "I have come, sir," said he, "in consequence of an order that I should not accompany my regiment to Bh——, which, I understand, was issued by you." General W. bowed stiffly. "May I ask, sir, the reason of so unusual a proceeding?"

"I am not in the habit of giving explanations, sir; it is my order."

"I am at a loss, General W., to understand on what grounds. The number of patients in hospital is remarkably small, and the assistant quite capable of attending them."

"It is my order, sir," replied the General, in that cold and obstinate tone which shows all remonstrance to be hopeless.

"Then, sir," said S., irritated by his supercilious manner, "I shall apply to the commander-in-chief to do me justice."

"You will do as you please, sir," was the contemptuous reply, and Mr. S. immediately hastened to head-quarters.

Here he laid his case before the commander-in-chief; and after clearly showing that there was no necessity for his stay; coupled with the fact that the order was not issued until a few hours before marching, together with hints of the General's unaccountable aversion towards himself, he succeeded in obtaining a written command to accompany the detachment. It was late at night when he entered General W.'s tent, and presented his credentials. "It is well, sir," said the General, in his haughtiest manner, and throwing the paper on the table. "It is well," replied S. firmly, as he left the tent to complete his preparations for the morning.

After a fatiguing march of four days, the troops reached their destination. The artillery could not arrive for some days; but it was generally thought the place would be attempted by storm. Next morning, S., in company with other idlers, went to get a look at the fortifications. They advanced close to the outworks, and remained for some time unmolested: at length a party of the garrison pointed a wall-piece at them—a hint which induced them to keep at a more respectful distance, behind some broken ground in the rear. These wall-pieces are guns fixed on a pivot, with a sight to them—in fact, regular fowling-pieces, except that, instead of snipe-shot, they carry balls of a pound weight or more;—and no doubt S. and his friends

made their observations more coolly, from having a trifling hillock or two between them and these pop-guns. They had scarcely made good their retreat, when a party of mounted officers rode up to the very spot they had quitted. It was the General himself, with his aid-de-camp, and two or three of the staff. The gunners on the walls immediately brought their wall-piece to bear on the new covey. S. and his comrades called to the party, to warn them of their danger; and one of the aid-de-camps was observed pointing to the ramparts; but whether from obstinacy of disposition, or contempt of the garrison engineers, the General took no notice; and of course the rest of the party followed his example.

But this confidence was fatal: the very first shot was fired with so good an aim, that it knocked General W. from his horse. It had struck him on the left shoulder, and when S. hurried up to give his professional assistance, he saw at a glance that the blow was mortal. They removed him immediately out of reach of the enemy, and sent for a litter to convey him to the camp; but before it arrived, he breathed his last in Mr. S.'s arms. The next in command succeeded him; and two days after the town of Bh— was taken by storm, and given up to pillage; and Mr. S. had the good fortune to realize money to the amount of several thousands.

Shortly after the capture of the town, S. was walking with one of General W.'s aid-de-camps, and remarked to him, that he never could account for the sudden and inveterate dislike which that officer had displayed towards him. "Oh," replied the aid-de-camp, "I can tell you the reason: you played chess with him. That was the reason, and the only one. I knew him well, and never would play with him. He always despised the man he beat, and hated the man who beat him."

Mon. Mag.

THE POLISH DAUGHTER.

THE following, extracted from Mrs. Gore's excellent and amusing work, entitled, "Hungarian Tales," will we have no doubt be read with interest:—

"My father, like our own good Jakob, was a flourishing farmer on the Polesian frontier of Luthuania: of good credit, and such fame for honesty and worth as caused the hand of his daughter to be sought of many suitors;—his daughter Marysia,—for no peevishness of humour had then obtained for the free-hearted girl of the Niemen the accusing name of Maruchna. But to me, their various

suits were a matter of mere importunity; for from my earliest years, my heart was pledged to one whose qualities were so great and noble, that nothing,—no! not even my parent's malediction,—could move me to deplore that Pawel was of ignoble birth, and son to a serf of Derencayn. His father, it is true, had prospered; and rented extensive lands of the house of Sapieha, to which his own and his children's service was due in perpetual villanage. For however well endowed with worldly belongings, Pawel was in truth a slave—a denizen;—and his children must perforce be born in bondage!—

"But 'tis not this alone that moves my interdiction," cried my father, when I ventured to frustrate a more prosperous marriage, urged upon me by his will, by a confession of my attachment. 'There is that in the young man's blood which would make a wretch of my Marysia.—Mark you not the sign of the Plica-stricken upon him and all his race?'—I shuddered, Dzidzilia!—for that word was indeed a word of warning! 'Yes!' continued my father, 'Pawel is come of parents whose industry and integrity may have effaced all blemish of their birth; and it were as well to deny the honour of the Burgher of Krakow, as of Pietrus, the father of your lover. But 'tis now thirty years, Marysia, since my eyes have kept watch over the doings of his house. Three of his goodly sons has that fearful malady laid in the grave; the fourth is a raving lunatic in the hospital of the Camaldolite convent at Minsk. Shall I give my daughter to the fifth?'—

"It may indeed be thus, father!" I replied. 'But my Pawel is free of foot as free of heart. The blood dances lightly in his veins, and he, at least, is exempt from the frightful contamination that begets his race. Who so active in the round of the Kraciazczy, when at eve we dance under the linden-trees!—For three successive winters has he won the premium as largest owner of wolf-skins deposited in the mayoralty of Minsk. And did he not preserve your own life, father, by mere vigour of arm, when but a season ago you joined the bear-hunters of the Niemen?'—

"To what avail," cried my father, 'seek you to gainsay my words; which nought but parental love arrays in judgment against your choice? Pawel is all that is good, brave, generous, handsome! But I would not wittingly tell over a daughter's dowry to the son of a slave; and never, were he thrice ennobled, and willing to accept her dowerless, would I bestow the hand of my Marysia on one

within whose polluted veins rankles the filthy poison of the Plica !'

"And upon this declaration you were obedient, and gave up your lover ?" enquired the pretty Dzidzilia, bending her eager eyes upon those of the venerable sybil.

"No !" replied Maruchna, in a low hoarse voice. 'I was overbold in defying the vengeance of God. For the following year, having lost my kind father, instead of marking double reverence to the words of his lips, when those lips were cold in the grave, I turned aside from the desolate home where I was now an orphan, and became the wife of Pawel !'

"But you were happy, dearest Maruchna," cried Dzidzilia, her feelings deeply interested by a tale of love and wilful wedlock.—

"Happy !" reiterated the old woman with fervour. 'Why is there no brighter word in the mouths of men, to designate the joy of those who, loving long and long estranged, are at length united for eternity in the blessed marriage bond ?—Every thing was rapture around us !—The skies, the earth, the very household duties which elsewhere had seemed irksome, were a delight when ministered to the service of my husband. *Happy ?*—What could surpass the happiness of being *his* ; of finding him ever near me,—with love upon his lips and transport in his eyes !—Yet something did surpass it ;—for soon I was fated to hold a babe of Pawel's within my arms, my husband's very self in smile and features,—and while listening to his sportive declaration that it resembled only me, to bend my ear to the gentle murmurings of the fondled one ;—faint, low, plaintive, love-stirring !—*Happy ?*—All-righteous God,—what earthly happiness could out-measure mine ?'

"Dzidzilia now drooped her gentle head on the bosom of the nurse. She wished that Maruchna might not see her weeping at the touching holiness of such a picture.

"The aged father of my husband died ere I again became a mother," said Maruchna, labouring to assume a calmer demeanour. 'And now we were rich indeed. The old man had a lease of especial favour from Prince Sapieha, of the forest of Szczoth, with its beaver-dams and rights of manorage ; even where the weeping pine abounds, and the largest and clearest masses of Lithunian amber are dug up from the sand. Our commerce prospered, we had a dwelling in the wild fast by the river side, with a hamlet as of our own around us. Every

thing was within those walls that could make glad the heart of man. Pawel was cheerful, laborious, forbearing ; our hirelings duteous,—our trade thriving,—our babes—(there were three now rolling on the moss beside our forest door,) our babes beauteous as the imagined cherubim of Heaven !—All three were alike fair, alike gracious ;—but it was the sport of Pawel to excite my mother's wrath by accusing me of partial favour towards the second—my little Jozia ;—with her plaintive voice as of the calling quail,—her curls of golden brown floating over her graceful shoulders,—and her mild blue eyes that beamed as with the emanating spirit of God !—A moment !—faltered the aged woman, pressing her hands upon her breast. 'I must gather breath to speak of all this.'

"Let me forestall the relation, dearest Maruchna !" cried her nursing, willing to spare the pang of further explanation. 'The Almighty who dealt forth of old his judgments upon the patriarch whose flocks were fairest and whose offspring loveliest, smote *you* also with the chastening of his hand !—I see it all.'

"No !—none can see it as I saw it !" faltered the nurse. 'None can see, with the agony of my own watching, the change that came over the fair face of my cherished one ! The burning forehead, the pallid cheeks, the blackened lips.—'Tis the Plica,' cried my unfortunate Pawel when he heard the sweet voice of his child crying aloud upon us for aid and soothing. And I would not believe it—and in my horror, I cursed him for the word !—And even when those bright brown curls grew dim and clammy, and hung together and clung together, I would not own that it was disease that matted them in frightful entanglement ; but smoothed them, and smoothed them, as was my wont ; and kissed the pale cheeks of the sufferer, and said she would be better anon.—At length, maddened with the agony of watching the dishevelment of those lovely locks, I shored them closely off, and flung them upon the blazing logs !—Dzidzilia, there was blood upon the steel as I laid it aside—Dzidzilia !—within a week from the act of rashness, my gracious babe was in her grave !—And for one bitter moment I was glad when the earth closed over the loathsomeness of my fondling ! But soon, very soon, I would have uprooted the sod to gaze upon her disfigured face, and press to my lips,—to my heart of hearts,—all that remained of her I loved with such overweening tenderness !—

"Then remembered I my father's curse !—For I knew that the fatal infection

must be in the veins of my surviving children,—of my Pawel himself,—and that a destiny was upon our little household. I dared no longer lift my eyes upon them, lest I should descry the fatal sign upon their brows.—I dared not wander forth with them into the sunshine, lest peradventure its fervours might stimulate the latent poison. If the rain rained, I dreaded its humid exhalations ;—if the wind blew, I closed up with moss every cranny of our dwelling. I could not sleep by night for creeping to the cradle of my boys, and feeling that their little hands lay calm and feverless on the coverlid. I could not rest by day for stealing out to the cottages of the peasants, and questioning them of their own experience, and of the signs and symptoms of the malady ; till the thought of the new formed nail,—and new springing hair,—and scarified flesh, became as tokens of horror to my mind !—I saw them before me when I waked ; I dreamed of them in my dreams by night !

“ Dzidzilia started, and gazed inquiringly into the face of Maruchna ; who, without notice of her agitation, speedily resumed. ‘ My terrors, dearest, were not premature. Both sickened — both died !—Pawel, (the gay-hearted one who so much resembled his father)—perished first,—in fearful and bitter anguish. Franciszek, the little one, the youngest born, of slow and gradual suffering, as if pining for the playmates gone before. Three babes ! Dzidzilia Bremglicz !—three glorious, lovely, loving babes,—all taken from a heart overflowing with mother’s love, to be thrust into darkness beneath our forest turf !—I was hopeless !—I dared not speak my grief to my husband, lest he should hold it in reproach, or imbibe injurious alarm on his own behalf.—I dared not complain, I dared not even weep. I could only pray,—pray,—pray ;—clasp my hands in heart-broken fervour and supplication, and trust that the earnest voice from the wilderness would reach the pitying ear of the Almighty !

“ ‘ But that merciless ear was closed against my entreating : and the hand of the avenger was against me. The worst was yet to come !—Pawel, conscious of the fate that awaited him and dreading the contagion his touch might convey, now tarried hour after hour, day after day, from the desolate dwelling of his wife ;—he would no longer hold my hand in his ;—he would not even press his arm around me when we wept together upon the grave of our children ! He shuddered whenever I approached him ; and oh ! what glaring looks of tender-

ness and horror contended in his eyes, when he fixed them upon me as the first pains of the pestilence assailed him ;—the heavy brow, the burning hand, the bewildered brain !—Yes !—dearest, yes !—with him the Plica took its deadliest shape ; and the howlings of a lunatic were soon heard in our happy dwelling. Two years did I watch by him ;—even when the gyves were upon him,—and—but why should I thus agonize your gentle nature ?—He, too, died ;—and dying heirless, the laws of the land awarded to the lord of the soil all that the industry of his bondsman had amassed. A desolate widow, I was turned forth into the world. A distant kinsman at Rosienie afforded me a refuge ;—and it was there, sweet, I became the hireling of your grandsire, and took the new-born Jakob tenderly into my arms, as a remembrancer of the precious ones that had been wrested from them.’

“ ‘ One word, Maruchna !’ faintly ejaculated Dzidzilia Bremlicz, without venturing to raise her face from the bosom of the nurse. ‘ On Ludwyk’s hands the nails are springing newly ; on Ludwyk’s cheek there is a wide and fearful scar—’

“ ‘ My poor child !’ replied her monitor, ‘ your fears forestal my warning.—’Tis even as you dread.—The young stranger has been, and will be again, a victim to the loathsome Plica. A fearful infection already riots in the veins of him you love !’

“ ‘ And the youth,—the good youth !’—cried her impatient auditors.—

“ ‘ Wounded, stunned, senseless, and scorched to the very marrow of his young bones,—he was extricated from the smoking pile !’

“ ‘ To die !’ murmured the gentle Dzidzilia clasping her hands. ‘ An evil fate is over the destinies of the heroes of Poland !’

“ ‘ No,—not to die,’ interrupted Jakob ;—“ but to suffer agonies in a cause which even his prowess could not render triumphant. Slowly recovering, his father’s interest would not have availed to save his forfeit life, but that he had been surreptitiously conveyed from the country.”

“ ‘ Heaven is gracious !—Praise be to the virgin of virgins ! !’—cried the eager listeners.

“ ‘ In Wilna, as you may guess, the name of this boy-patriot is worshipped as that of the first of heroes ;—and for my own part,’ continued Jakob, brushing his hand hastily over his eyes, ‘ I would give half my substance—not to be syndic of Walna, but to call the noble one my son !’—

"Delay not then the concession!" cried Ludwyk, having risen from his seat, and throwing himself upon the neck of Bremglicz. "Give me your daughter and your blessing;—and my wounds, my sufferings, my banishment, are a thousand fold overpaid!"—

"And you reviled those honourable scars as tokens of Plica-stricken?" whispered Dzidzilia reproachfully to Maruchna.

"Why did he slay the wood-serpent?" grumbled the old woman. "That one misdeed misled me!"—

But Dzidzilia had no further leisure for reproaches; she was required by her father to kneel down and receive his benediction of betrothment, hand in hand with Ludwyk;—and by her mother to be kissed and wept over and congratulated, as the plighted love of the champion of little Janek,—the bride of the patriotic defender of the liberties of Poland! At that moment not one among them had a thought for the temporal dignities of the son of the Right Honourable the Syndic of the city of Wilna!

"Heir to a Kasztellan and chief magistrate!" cried old Jakob,—having with Anulka's aid and at Ludwyk's suggestion decyphered the letter of paternal sanction which Ludwyk's visit to the post office of Rosienie, had that very evening secured.

"A distinguished student of the learned University!" exclaimed Aunt Anulka, bestowing upon her niece the kiss of peace.

"And the best snarer of cray-fish and netter of quails in the country!" vociferated Janek and Benisia, flinging themselves into the arms of their new brother.

"And so let me even accomplish my own prophecy!" cried Jacobowa, encircling the lovely brows of her daughter with her head-gear of pearls. "Said I not that the Dzierzawea's city-token would well become a bride?"

"God is good!" murmured Maruchna devoutly crossing herself in joyful recognition of the prosperous fortunes of her nursling. "The duteous daughter will make a happy wife."

"Push aside the tables!" cried Jakob, clapping his hands.—"Broach me a hog-shead of Lipiec, and call in the knaves and wenches.—Grzegorz, man!—fetch thy dulcimer, and give us our Mazurek. Sister Anulka,—wife,—Marzanna,—Malgorzata,—Janowa,—your voices—your voices to the burden!"

"And while Ludwyk and his pretty bride stood whispering at the window—(discussing perhaps the culture of the Bee Garden on which they were gazing) the

happy household of the Pasieku raised the chorus of the National Mazurka."

Varietiss.

INCIDENT OF A DISABLED QUEEN BEE.—The people of my village, many of whom are fond of keeping bees, make use of strange expedients to induce bees to stay in the hives into which they are first shaken. One of my hives threw off a swarm, which settled upon the branch of a plumb-tree; it was hived in the usual way, but in the evening went back to the parent hive tree, where it was again hived, but it again went back. I applied to a woman for advice, who was remarkable for her skill in the management of bees. She told me that one certain method of success was to rub the inside of the hive with the saliva of a sow. Not much liking the expedient, I put on a veil, and as the swarm was issuing the third time, and settling on the same tree, I examined the mouth of the parent hive, and there I beheld the queen, with only one wing, making vain attempts to accompany the swarm. I instantly picked her up, put her into the hive, and shook the swarm in upon her, and all was well. After the bees remained, they immediately began to work, I knew that the queen (leading off a second swarm and consequently being young,) would be barren, because impregnation takes place in the air, and this queen could not fly. I therefore united the next swarm I got to the colony over which she presided, and was glad to find that, in the single combat which was sure to take place between the rival queens, she of the one wing lost her life and was thrown out.

Field Naturalist's Mag.

A DOG'S AFFECTION.—After the battle of Barossa, the wounded of both nations, were, from want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field of action the whole night and part of the following day. General Rousseau, a French general of division, was of the number; his dog, a white one of the poodle kind, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the General returned not with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him; found him at night in his dreary resting place, and expressed his affliction by means and by licking the hands and feet of his dying master. When the fatal crisis took place some hours after, he seemed fully aware of the dreadful change, attached himself closely to the body, and for three days refused the sustenance which was offered

him. Arrangements having been made for the interment of the dead, the body of the General was, like the rest, committed to its honourable grave; the dog lay down upon the earth which covered the beloved remains, and evinced by silence and deep dejection his sorrow for the loss he had sustained. The English commander, General Graham, whose fine feelings had prompted him to superintend the last duties due to the gallant slain, observed the friendless mourner, drew him, now no longer resisting, from the spot, and gave him his protection, which he continued to him until his death, many years after, at the General's residence in Perthshire.

United Ser. Jour.

HOGARTH'S TAIL PIECE.—A few months before that ingenious artist, Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed adding to his matchless and unrivalled collection the picture he has entitled "Tail Piece." The first idea of this is said to have been started in company at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter." "There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design till he had completed it. "So far good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this." Then taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken—"Finis," exclaimed he, "the deed is done, all is over!" It is very remarkable, and a well-known fact, that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary "Tail Piece."

THE RAVEN.—A curious anecdote of the raven is related in the "Gentleman's Magazine." He lived many years ago at the Red Lion Inn, Hungerford, and was called Rafe. It is given in the words of a gentleman who lodged at the inn:—"Coming into the inn yard," says he, "my chaise ran over and bruised the leg of my Newfoundland dog; and while we were examining the injury, Rafe was evidently a concerned spectator; for, the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horse Rafe, not only visited him, but brought him bones, and attended on him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. I observed it to the ostler, who told me that the bird had been brought up with a dog, and that

the affection between them was mutual, and all the neighbourhood had been witnesses of their many reciprocal acts of kindness. Rafe's poor dog after a while broke his leg, and during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited on him constantly, carried him his provisions, and scarcely ever left him alone. One night by accident the stable-door had been shut, and Rafe had been deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the ostler found in the morning the door so pecked away, that had it not been opened, in another hour Rafe would have made his own entrance. My landlady confirmed this account, and mentioned several other acts of kindness shown by this bird to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones."

Hancock's Essay on Instinct.

APOLOGY FOR THE LION.—That the lion is idle, except when he is hungry, may be admitted; but what is the plea for human occupation in general, except that a man 'must live;' that he must 'get his bread;' and that if he is idle, he will have no butcher's meat. It is astonishing with what coolness we fish-eating, fish-hooking, stag-hunting, war-making, borough-mongering, two-legged animals, sit in judgment upon our fellow-creatures the quadrupeds; and abuse them for doing, out of sheer instinct and compulsion, what we perpetrate out of a deliberate self-indulgence! Let those among us who have really not been educated for nothing, and who have a decent quantity of humanity to go upon, do justice to the common instincts of lion and noble lord. As to his walking off before a multitude of men and dogs with loaded muskets, and all sorts of advantages over him, it is what, in a Xenophon or a Frederick the Second, would have been called a *retreat*, not a skulking away. The lion refuses to risk his life, and that of others, to no purpose; and instead of praising him for it, we call him idle and skulking. It is surely enough that, before he makes up his mind to decline the battle, he can look calmly upon his enemies; nay, (as they acknowledge themselves,) with the most lofty and courageous aspect. If a dog or so happens to come too near him on that occasion, he makes a movement of his paw, invisible as one of Belcher's pieces of by-play, and smites the mongrel to death; which is just as if he had said, 'Do not misinterpret me, and behave like a puppy. I am standing thus, not for fear of you, but like a proper general calculating his forces.' When Homer speaks of a lion walking off, it is in compliment to his bravest warriors, and the reluctance with which they retire.

Tatt's Mag.



See page 133

Illustrated Article.

THE SEA-SIDE HUT.

For the Olio.

"Mercy on us, what a storm!" exclaimed old Alice Bridport, as a flash of lightning momentarily illumined the wretched hovel, accompanied, rather than followed, by an awful peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very bowels of the earth. "Where can my boy Will be, tarrying at such a time?—Grant heaven he's safe."

"Never fear, good mother," said her daughter Jane, "Will has been the road too often to mistake it, e'en were the night much darker than it is."

"Open the lattice Jane; if my ears deceive me not, I hear footsteps." Jane threw it open—but no sound, save the wind and the roar of the proximate sea, betokened Will's return. "Heaven shield me in my old age," said the mother, "for it can boast no other tutelage. What matter—I shall soon take my long rest beside my good old Jonathan."

"Ay, very soon," said a rough voice from without.

Vol. XI.

"Good God! what can that mean?" exclaimed Alice, hastily, glancing at Jane, who stood aghast on hearing the ominous words. "Look to the door, Jane, is it barred?"

"Tis fast," answered the girl, and with a trembling hand she closed the window shutters.

"It can be no friend who calls at such a time as this," said Alice, "raising her tottering form from her oaken chair.

"Open the door," shouted the same hoarse voice, "if ye give me not ready admission now, it shall go hard with ye when I've gained it by force."

"What want ye here?" said old Alice, "if 'tis money, you will find none; for I am poor, and need it, mayhap, more than thee."

"You lie, dame Alice," said the ruffian; "you know—but open without further parley, or I'll spare neither thee nor thine young nursling." A tremendous blow which made the old door quiver on its hinges, followed these menaces.

"He'll soon force it," said the dame; "haste, haste, Jane, and fetch Will's pistols, you know where they hang. Hie thee, girl, or we are lost."

Jane hurried off, but returned immediately with a face as pale as death.

"They are taken down, mother; I think Will took them with him when he left us before sunset."

"Mercy on us," said Alice, "keep close, child, and trust to Providence."

Every blow which the ruffian dealt on the door became more effectual, until no longer able to resist them, it violently flew open. Jane screamed aloud as the ruffian rushed in; while old Alice, completely unnerved by terror, sank down in her chair. The looks of the savage intruder bore an aspect conformably fierce with his nature.

"How now, old hag," said he, with a fiendish grin; "I'll take vengeance on thee for thine obstinacy. Hand me the iron coffer, I know its contents—hand it over—what, do you hesitate?—then take this," muttered the villain, drawing a knife from his bosom, which, in another moment, would have drank the blood of its victim, had not the report of a pistol been heard close by the doorway. The knife dropped, and the ruffian staggering a few paces, fell motionless to the ground.

"What means this outrage?" cried the well-known voice of Will, rushing in, and throwing the pistol he had just discharged on the table. "Mother, Jane, ye arn't hurt, are ye?"

Old Alice raised her head, and exclaimed, "God be praised for this deliverance!"

Jane spoke not, terror had so overpowered her, that she sank to the floor. Will gently raised and placed her in a chair; then stooped to examine the face of the ruffian.

"A grim fellow!" said he, "methinks I've seen his ugly mug before; he's got it though, whoever he is."

Old Alice and Jane gradually recovered their alarm. "'Twas the mercy of Providence," said the former, "that you came so opportunely, Will; but where tarried you so long?"

"Oh, at a friend's, mother, some way up the coast; 'tis a dark night, which much impeded my progress homewards; but good luck for us, it made no odds to me in taking aim. What meant this fool in breaking into this wretched hovel?"

"He sought money of us," answered Jane. "He spoke of your iron coffer, mother, I did not understand him."

"Nor I, child, unless he meant that old iron chest which poor Jonathan used to keep his writings and papers in; but how he should have known ought concerning it confounds my powers of conception."

"But where shall I stow the rogue's carcase?" asked Will, "it strikes me I'd better drop it over the cliffs."

"Put it where you will," said Alice, "it matters not, so as we get rid of it."

Will proceeded to execute his purpose, when a deep groan issuing from the ruffian's lips, proved that life was not yet extinct.

"By heavens," said Will, "the wretch breathes. No good can come of him, so I'll finish him."

"Nay, brother," said Jane, catching his arm, "he must not die, if we can save him. He is a fellow creature, and, though a villain, must not be butchered like a dog. 'Tis folly to fear him now. Consider, brother, I entreat you, should he recover, he may live to repent his past crimes."

Her entreaties were not fruitless.—Will, after a little demur, scratched his head, and at length ejaculated, "You're right, Jane, it shall be as you desire." So saying, he raised the wounded man's head.

"Now, Jane, bring the brandy flask, and fetch a little water to staunch this ugly wound."

Jane speedily produced both, and applied the brandy to the man's mouth, which did not lack its noted efficacy.—The ball had pierced the lungs, leaving the heart untouched; but from the extreme difficulty of respiration, it was evident that the sufferer would not live long. He half opened his eyes, and with a faint voice begged a chair. Will raised him, and placed him in the one which old Jonathan occupied when living.

"Th-anks, th-anks," said the man, "for this unmerited kindness." But his tones amply testified the agony he was enduring.

"Compose yourself," said Will, "we'll treat you better than you seemed to treat us."

"Rebuke me not," said the wretch, "my time is short; the pain I suffer tells me so; let me maké best use of it.—Dame Alice, you know me not."

Alice looked gravely on his haggard features, and shook her hoary head.

"Then, answer this question, was the name of Martyn Gauntton ever mentioned in thine hearing?"

"What!" said Alice, starting, and eyeing him with the deepest scrutiny;—"What of him?—he perished long since at sea."

"Report said so," replied the man, "but spoke falsely. No, 'twere better for him if he had perished than lived to perpetrate a catalogue of crimes, the recollection of which now stings and racks his conscience. Woman! I am Martyn Gauntton; I—the once bold buccaneer. I tell thee, though you knew it not, I have cruised many a time with old Jonathan thy late husband. Nay, stare not, my words are sooth; I would not add falsehood in my last moments to my former crimes." A fresh flow of blood followed the exertion required in speaking. Will stood stanching the wound.—Jane sat silent and motionless; while old Alice listened to the dying man's account with increasing curiosity. After a short pause, he again spoke. "Woman," said he, "I once claimed thy husband's friendship and confidence; some twenty years back we belonged to the same ship, and fought our country's battles side by side. I can remember as well as if it were but yesterday, how cordially we shook hands when we beheld each other alive, after the bloody but 'glorious first of June.' Many a time I have reflected on that day, and sighed to view the contrast it formed with my subsequent life. Madman that I was, when I might have risen to an honourable post in my king and country's service! Through some whim or caprice, I deserted, joined a numerous gang of smugglers, and soon, from my experience at sea, became their captain. In that accursed hour I forfeited honour, and all that made my former life happy; among other things, I lost the friendship of good Jonathan. He had but one fault, and that I abhorred—he was a miser."

"Say not so of old Jonathan," said Alice, "I knew his habits better than thee, man."

"I speak the truth, woman," said the man, "though a sailor, thy husband was a miser, if ever one lived, and 'twill be proved ere long."

"Why scandalise the dead?" said old Alice.

"I do so in service to you," said the man, "'tis the only compensation for thy wrongs I can offer. Had I not known that my booty was rich, I had not thus visited thy wretched abode. And now, woman, to prove my words, fetch me the iron coffer I demanded; fetch it, I implore you!"

Old Alice, more to gratify her own curiosity than from any other motive, bade Will produce it. It resembled in shape an old clumsy writing desk, and the rust which had partially corroded the exterior, amply proved its antiquity. When

it was placed on the table, old Alice produced the key from a drawer in the room.

"Now, open it," cried the man, impatiently.

The bolt, after a short tug with the brawny hand of Will, at length receded. The lid was raised, and dusty papers first presented themselves. These were carefully removed, under an idea that some inexhaustible treasure was concealed beneath. But no such thing appeared. After routing out every parcel of paper, Will found a massy key at the bottom of the coffer. All gazed on Martin Gauntton for an explanation—but it was too late; in the eager scrutiny his last convulsive gasps had been unheard. In death his stern eyes were fixed on the iron coffer. What was to be done?—What clew could be gained to the mysterious assertions of Martyn Gauntton?

"The papers, Will, the papers, peruse them," said old Alice.

Will and Jane took the papers and examined them separately. They contained mostly letters dated some time back; but the hand-writing bore no similarity with that of old Jonathan.

"'Tis all a cheat," cried Will, somewhat chagrined at the event of his search; "the man either lied or was a fool." So saying he sulkily threw himself on a chair.

Jane was soon tired of her job also. The iron coffer was replaced in its former situation, but the key which had been found in it was kept in the safe custody of old Alice. No further step was taken to realise the words of Martyn Gauntton. About a year after the eventful night, old Alice died; Jane shortly after was espoused to a sturdy member of the preventive service; and Will became the solitary inhabitant of the sea-side hut. Wind and weather had united their efforts against its mouldering walls, and gained an easy admittance through the chasms which appeared in every direction. Will often thought of changing his wretched abode, but he remembered that it had been the shelter of his father for many a year, and could make no determination of leaving it. One night whilst sitting in a somewhat meditative mood, beside the expiring embers of his grate, the wind whistling in his ears, and the dash of the wave on the shore distinctly audible, Will's thoughts wandered back to the night of Martyn Gauntton's death. He ruminated on the villain's dying words.

"What motive," said he to himself, "could have induced the rogue to speak false? His looks were impressive, and mayhap there is some foundation for his

assertions. But the more I try to solve it, the more inexplicable the riddle seems. The key, too, for what could that be concealed under a parcel of papers? I'll e'en take another peep at the interior of this iron coffer, as it's termed. I may as well employ my mind in reading the letters, as sit moping over this miserable fire."

With this determination he arose from his seat, placed the coffer on the table, and was soon busied in the perusal of his father's papers. The writing was not very legible, and somewhat puzzled Will, who was anything but an apt scholar for such a task. Will persevered in his researches for two hours, but, unable to derive the least information from the papers, he gave over the task as hopeless, and again despaired of a clew wherewith he might unravel the tale of Martyn Gauntton, which now impressed itself more deeply than ever upon his mind.

"If," thought he, "my father was in truth a miser, would he not have trusted my old mother with the secret? Could he possibly have concealed it from her?—And yet," continued he, "misers have been known to contrive secrecy so artfully, that no earthly wisdom could detect it, and chance alone has revealed their hidden treasures. Be that as it may, I am resolved to satisfy my mind on this subject, and an inward foreboding tells me that my labour will not be lost. I'll search in every crack and corner of this hut, and, though house and home, I'll pull it down and lay bare the very foundations."

That very night Will set about executing his purpose, and ere an hour from the commencement of his operations had elapsed, the mystery explained itself. It may readily be supposed that the upper room, which old Jonathan had always set apart for himself, was deemed by Will to be the more worthy of scrutiny. His father had used to take his nightly repose on a wooden couch of his own construction, which stood in a recess of the room. Will removed it, and on applying his axe to the flooring, discovered from the sound there was a hollow beneath. The boards, which were of much harder substance in that spot than in other parts of the room, offered a stubborn resistance to Will's repeated blows. Will at length laid down the axe, and began to reconnoitre with the aid of a lantern. In a corner he found a large key-hole bored in a plank.

"This looks well," he exclaimed, on describing it. "I'll wager the key in the iron coffer fits it."

So saying he fetched it, and on applying it found he was not wrong in his calculation. The lock yielded, the broad

plank was raised, and a neat vault developed itself beneath. In it two kegs, neatly encircled by iron hoops, were carefully deposited. On raising them, Will's hopes were strongly excited on account of their immense weight. On breaking them open those hopes were realised. Each keg contained a vast quantity of gold and silver coins; most of them bore the stamp of Queen Anne's time, some were of a later period. Will was quite at a loss to find a reason why his father had never, not even on his death-bed, disclosed the secret to his kindred, but he thanked his kind stars which had thrown their light upon the subject. It was ever a mystery to him by what means his father had amassed so much wealth. No living soul could give evidence concerning it. Martyn Gauntton had been the only being whom old Jonathan had trusted.

The sequel is obvious: Will was in possession of more wealth than from his humble station in life he knew how to enjoy. When the circumstance became known, the antiquaries were all on the alert, and the ancient was soon exchanged for double and tremble its worth in the then current coin. The contents of the two kegs disappeared entirely, save a Queen Anne's guinea, which Will determined to keep in commemoration of the fortunate discovery.

Will inherited not the miserly propensities of his father. He shared his profits with his sister, and in his own affluence did not neglect the wants of others. On the site of the old hut he built a snug house, and when sitting alone before his cheerful fire, often reflected on the night in which the statement of Martyn Gauntton was verified.

H.C.B.

TOM CRINGLE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPTURE OF A MERCHANT- MAN BY A PRIVATEER.

ON this evening, (we had by this time progressed into the trades, and were within three hundred miles of Barbadoes) the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we were bowling along right before it, rolling like the very devil; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and we were the sternmost of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping in the sluggards. It was my watch on deck. A gun from the Commodore, who shewed a number of lights. 'Who is that, Mr. Kennedy?' said the Captain to the old gunner.—'The Commodore has made the night signal for the sternmost ships to make more sail and

close, sir.' We repeated the signal—and stood on hailing the dullest of the merchantmen in our neighbourhood to make more sail, and firing a musket-shot now and then over the more distant of them. By and by we saw a large West Indiaman suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows.

"Forward there," sung out Mr. Splinter, 'stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the boat gun if he does not bear up. What can he be after?—Sergeant Armstrong,' to a marine, who was standing close by him, in the waist;—'get a musket, and fire over him.' It was done, and the ship immediately bore up on her course again; we now ranged alongside of him on his larboard quarter.

"Ho, the ship, a hoy!"—'Hillo!' was the reply. 'Make more sail, sir, and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don't you, sir, keep in the wake of the Commodore?' No answer.

"What meant you by hauling your wind just now, sir?"

"Yesh, yesh," at length responded a voice from the merchantman.

"Something wrong here," said Mr. Splinter. 'Back your maintopsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatswain's mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly boat. We also backed our maintopsail, and were in the act of lowering down the boat, when the officer rattled out, 'Keep all fast, with the boat; I can't comprehend the chap's manœuvres for the soul of me. He has not heave-to.' Once more we were within pistol-shot of him. 'Why don't you heave-to, sir?' All silent.

"Presently we could perceive a confusion and noise of struggling on board, and angry voices, as if people were trying to force their way up the hatchways from below; and a heavy thumping on the deck, and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the mainyard was first braced one way, and then another, as if two parties were striving for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly. 'We are captured by a —.' A sudden sharp cry, and a splash overboard, told of some fearful deed.

"We are taken by a privateer, or pirate," sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain.

"By this the captain was on deck, all hands had been called, and the word had been passed to clear away two of the

foremost carronades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape.

"On board there—get below, all you of the English crew, as I shall fire with grape."

"The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded to, under her lee—and an armed boat, with Mr. Treenail, and myself, and sixteen men, with cutlasses, were sent on board.

"We jumped on deck, and at the gangway, Mr. Treenail stumbled, and fell over the dead body of a man, no doubt the one who had hailed last, with his skull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ringbolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords, so tightly, that the blood was spouting from beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a privateer schooner, sir; the lieutenant of her, and twelve men, are now in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the fore-castle, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard."

"We immediately released the men, eighteen in number, and armed them with boarding pikes. 'What vessel is that astern of us?' said Treenail to the mate. Before he could answer, a shot from the brig fired at the privateer, shewed she was broad awake. Next moment Captain Deadeye hailed. 'Have you mastered the prize crew, Mr. Treenail?'—'Aye, aye, sir.'—'Then keep your course and keep two lights hoisted at your mizen peak during the night, and blue Peter at the maintopsail yardarm; when the day breaks, I shall haul my wind after the suspicious sail in your wake.'

"Another shot, and another, from the brig. By this time the lieutenant had descended to the cabin followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

"I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels were filled with crimson cloth and gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflect-

ed from, and multiplied in, several plate glass mirrors in the panels. In the recess, which in cold weather had been occupied by a stove, now stood a splendid cabinet piano, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels; it was open, a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in them.

"The rudder case was particularly beautiful: it was a richly carved and gilded palm-tree, the stem painted white, and interlaced with golden fret-work, like the lozenges of a pine-apple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

"The table was laid for supper, with cold meat, and wine, and a profusion of silver things, all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder, wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives, and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indiamen, on board of which I knew there was much splendour and great comfort. But, alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stentorous breathing but too clearly, indicated the rapture of a vessel on the brain.

"He was a stout portly man, and although we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

"Four gentlemanly-looking men were sitting at table, lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian-looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were small, but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square high-boned visage, and long, lank, black glossy hair of his cast. These four had no clothing besides their trowsers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught in the very fact of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still, wonderful to relate with, if I may so speak,

the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hair-lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trousers and shirts, yellow silk sashes round their waists, and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon-caps, with the peaks, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, on the snow-white damask tablecloth. They were immediately seized, and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, and another praying. But, merciful Heaven! what an object met our eyes! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, flung into a recess, there lay, more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes dishevelled and torn, blood in her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long dark hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild sparkling black eyes, protruding from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had still been in the hands of those who knew not the name; and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck, and lay in a dead faint.

"Alas the day! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and her parent's death."

"Tom," said Bang, "that is a melancholy affair, I can't read any more of it. What followed? Tell us."

"Why the Torch captured the schooner, sir, and we left the privateer's men, at Barbadoes to meet their reward, and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guardship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his Majesty as impressed men in the second."

Blackwood's Edin. Mag.

SNATCHES FROM DRAMATIC OBLIVION. No. 2.

For the Olio.

TONY ASHTON.

It was not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Hen. 6.

It is a singular but incontrovertible fact that lawyers leave their caps and sacs and turn actors. Tony Ashton was bred an attorney in England; but, having a smattering of wit and humour, he left the study of the law for parts on the stage. Afflicted, also, with an itch for writing, he strained forth a comedy, entitled 'Love in a Hurry,' which was acted but without success. He played in all the London theatres; but preferred resorting to the principal cities and towns with his family and his medley, consisting of some capital humorous scenes selected from the most celebrated plays. His company was generally composed of his own family, (himself, his wife, and son,) and between each scene, a song, or dialogue, of his composition, filled the chinks of the slender meal. He pretended a right to every town he entered; and if any company came to any place where he exhibited his compositions, he used all his art to evacuate the interlopers in his line. He was never out of his way, or if he met with a slightly house when he was itinerant, he soon found the name, title, circumstances of the family, carrying them over with his humorous verse, and thereby acquiring means to bear his charges to the next station. His finances, like those of kingdoms, were sometimes at the tide of flood and as often at low ebb. In one where the stream had left the channel dry, yet ready to launch out on a trading voyage, without a cargo, or provision, he called up his landlord, to whom something was due, told him of his losses on his present voyage, and being sent for to another place, desired he would lend him a small sum on his *wardrobe*, which was shown him in a large box, ten times the value of the debt owing, or the sum borrowed. The honest Boniface, seeing a proper security, easily complied, and giving him the sum demanded, locked the trunk, put the key in his pocket and retired. But, as no vessel can make a voyage without sails (unless we apply the steamers of the present day) and other proper materials, Tony had contrived a false bottom to this great box, took out the stuffing, and by degrees, sent off his wardrobe, by his emissaries, unperceived; and that the weight should not detect him, he filled the void with cabbage-stalks, bricks and stones clothed

in rags, to prevent moving, when the vehicle the next morning was to be taken into the landlord's custody. Every thing succeeded to his wish and away went Tony, but far and wide of the place mentioned to mine host. A week was the stated time of redemption, which the landlord saw elapse with infinite satisfaction, (for he had a *bill of sale* of the trunk's contents), he opened it with great pleasure; but, when he saw the fine lining!—he was motionless, like a statue carved by a bungling hand. He had recourse to revenge. A bailiff, with proper directions, was sent to the place mentioned; but if he had discovered the least wit in his anger, he might have thought Tony knew better than to give him the right cue. This little *underplot* is mentioned to shew to what shifts itinerant actors were put in the seventeenth century. For Tony, when his finances were in good condition, honestly and liberally paid his debts of honour and those of exigent necessity. If, however, Tony, by chance, entered a town, preceded by a company of Thespian showmen, he declared war with them; and his terms of peace, generally, were, that they should act a play for his benefit, that he might leave the siege and march with his small troop to some other place. And, as he was a person of humour and a proper assurance, he, generally, like a cat skimmed off the cream, and left the milk to those who stayed behind. Z. P. Z.

NURSES IN OLDEN TIMES.

DERIVATION OF LULLABY.
FOR THE OLIO.

THE nurses of the Athenians during their time of suckling children, first as monthly nurses, or weaning or dry nurses, were of no small consideration. Their employment was to strengthen the children they nursed, to carry them abroad in the public ways and in the streets, to harden them; and in case they cried, the nurses carried a little sponge full of honey in a pot, always ready for the purpose of quieting them. Of all women a *Lacedemonian* was considered the fittest for a nurse, and such Alcibiades had; or rather, indeed the Athenian women were so proud, that they counted it a disparagement to them to be nurses themselves. And, therefore, the woman in Demosthenes, when it was objected to her that she had sometimes used this *base* employment, excused herself by the necessity of the famine, in the city at the time. Hecuba, also, complained of her unhappiness that she was reduced to perform the office. When they would *lull* or *lall* a child to sleep, they used to sing songs to it, such as are mentioned in Theocritus—

"Sleep my little souls, &c."

Thus our lullabies are derived, and the cradle songs handed down in nurseries, and simple rhymes, from one generation to another. JOIDA.

THE MINSTREL.

For the OLIO.

The minstrel has ceased—never more shall he weep—

All his sad songs of grief are unspoken;
And his wild harp for ever in silence must sleep,
For its chords, like his poor heart, is broken.

How oft in his moments of sadness I've listened
To the anguish that breathed in each lay;
And have marked how the tear in his pensive
eye glistened,

When he sang of his home far away.

Yet he sought not the smile that on wealth is
bestowed,

Nor the joys that on fortune attend:
For he knew he should soon reach that happy
abode,

Where the poor find a father and friend.

Then take the wild harp, let it lie on his grave,
Though it felt not the pangs of his breast;
In life 'twas his friend—his companion and
slave,

And its last dirge has called him to rest.

For the heart that's now cold, like its once magic
springs,

May have yielded to feelings sublime;
And the harp, like the hand, that once swept
o'er its strings,

Has been touched by the finger of time.

HENRIETTA

Fine Arts.

BRITISH ARTISTS.—SUFFOLK STREET.

Third Notice.

RETURNING to our most pleasing of all duties, the enumerating and reproducing symptoms of affection for those we solicit in single blessedness; we leave the ill-natured spleenists to complain of faults they cannot see, discover defects they cannot mend, and swamp the beauties they will not appreciate. Our predominating principle is to inquire—Do we like the work as a whole?—Does it strike us with admiration at the first glance?—Is it a finished production? And is it void of deformity?—Are we directed purely by our judgment? and if so, is it applied without reference to pleasing one, or displeasing another? In the persuasion that we are guided in the affirmative, we proceed in our usual course to No. 18. *Marine Scene*.—139. *Scene at Northfleet, Kent*.—123. *Coast Scene, Kent*, and 283, *Shower clearing off, from nature*. By C. J. Hawthorn.—These pictures are, as their titles express them, of a scenic, landscape, order.—

They are very prettily sketched and suitably toned.

28. *A View of Tring Park, Hertfordshire, the Vale of Aylesbury in the distance.* J. P. Andre, Junr.—An ample scope of the sweetest sceneries in their variations of hue, dispersions and pictorial; those who are acquainted with the romantic spots in this county, will be delighted with the view and the vale.

29. *A Radical.* J. Stark.—A snob eagerly reading a newspaper to ascertain how the cause prospers. The owner of the sole may remain to the last, and then not get the upper leathers vamped. This is a small characteristic effort, void of any radical faults.

38. *The Archer Boy.* H. Y. Hurlstone.—A finely limbed and ardent youth, whose countenance is expressive of his art.

48. *Affection.* J. Lilley.—A beautiful girl fondling a rabbit and dog. Could we idealise our transmigrating, we would aspire to rival her two quadrupedites.

49. *Hopes and Fears.* E. Prentiss.—We doubt not, the girl who is hanging down her head over her stitches, is laughing in 'her sleeve,' as the Cymon stands in the doorway twirling his bat round his fingers. The chattering magpie over his head, and the song 'Just like Love' pasted on the cupboard, are good hints; but

Timid as true, he urged with anxious air
His tender hope, and made the trembling
prayer;

(The poor fellow is in a bad way.)
Nor could she frown on one so 'good and kind';
(Oh! the tender creature!)

Yet, feared to smile,—(how sensitive!)—and
was unkind in mind.

(How transcendently coquettish!)
As we have our 'hopes and fears' of the fate of this couple, we pass to 54. *The Approaching Shower.* R. B. Davis, which is exceedingly refreshing, after so warm a breeze of sighs; and perceive a female by 66. *Going to Market.* G. W. Novice. She is accompanying one of the long-eared race; (in profusion this season) and seems likely ere she return home to catch a few salutes under her open-faced bonnet, which has a chip in it.

90. *Children of Lord and Lady Petre.*—Two fine open-hearted specimens, well drawn and naturally coloured; and 221. *Lady Petre and Son.* E. Y. Hurlstone, are not less worthy of the painter and those he has portrayed.

91 and 93. *Study of Plate.* G. Lance.—Brilliantly executed and peculiar.

223. *View near Seven Oaks, Kent.* R. Hilder.—Accurately painted and pleasingly pictorial.

229. *Study of Sheep.* C. Josi.—Too much of *Ba! Ba!* for our nerves; and to our taste, rather a sheepish affair.

236. *Italian Boy, his monkey dead from cold.* E. Runciman.—The snow round the steps and the chilling weather are suitably expressed.

251. *Ann Page—Merry Wives of Windsor.* J. Boaden.—A very charmingly, pleasing, and irresistibly teasing creature.

265. *Don Quixote in his Study.* J. Cawse.—The knight seems here to have lost his woeful countenance, and to have visited Essex for his calves; for, Quixote has certainly gained an unusual degree by his studious habits, and credits his keeper.

271. *The Chimney Corner.* H. Pearsall.—An old woman is on the right, giving a word of advice to the children looking attentively towards her, from the left side of the fire-place. This is a very innocent picture, and induces good feelings and reflective suppositions. We think the 'Chimney Corner,' however, scarcely warm enough.

280. *Disadvantage of an Elevated Station.* W. Kidd.—This is a bit of satire. Boys get a persecuted one across a plank; when he is at the balance, they suddenly jerk him up and keep him there. A slate is beside the end of a tree, hinting his neglect of learning; and the sawyers on the pit in sight, prevents his making a noise, or he may catch a few of their wise saws. We are surprised Mr. Kidd, after so many successful efforts, has not yet taken the patronymic of Mr. Goat.

282. *The Bewildered Maid.*—W. Derby.—Alas! too many lovers, we suppose, puzzle the maid. Yet, she does not seem inclined to give any of them up, and prefers the bewildering accusations of her senses.

Once more, before we part,
We will confer with British Art.*

OLIO.

Intimations of New Books.

Polish Tales. By the Authoress of Hungarian Tales.

In each of the three tales, Mrs. Gore has displayed an intimate knowledge of the characters she has drawn from continental sources; and they will be as agreeably perused as they are worthy the perusal.

The wondrous Tale of Atroy. Same.

The doings of the Hebrews and their sufferings under captivity during a pe-

* Page 132.—No. 90, for 'Burn's Justice,' read 'Pamela.'

riod of the twelfth century, are described with uncommon force, and the excitement is supported by the author with a masterly power. This tale is, therefore, abounding with incident and highly imaginative.

The Animal Kingdom. (Part XXV.) By Baron Cuvier. With additional descriptions by Edward Griffiths, F. L. S. Whittaker and Co.

Those of our readers who are desirous of making themselves acquainted with this valuable publication, devoted with much care and great ability to a clear and efficient description of the animal kingdom, will be most amply rewarded, both by an acquisition of real knowledge and agreeable reward in the time spent in the perusal of this part, in addition to what may have been gained from the twenty-four predecessors.

The Parliamentary Pocket Companion. Whittaker.

To those who wish possess the private and public histories of the present members of Parliament, this little manual will answer the purpose.

Sketch of the United States. By Achille Murat. Easingham Wilson.

Another work on America. This is the most correct which has appeared for many a day. The marks of truth and sincerity are stamped in every paragraph, and the author shews the light and dark sides with more than a mere sketcher's skill.

JEWISH SUPERSTITIONS.

According to the *Traditions of the Rabbins*, it is believed that the soul of man, after death, is, according to his good or bad works in this world, transferred into that of lions, tigers, &c. and in that state the soul is alive to the degradation in which it is placed.—As an illustration of the above, we copy the following from Blackwood's Magazine:—

"THE Rabbi Joseph, the son of Jehoshaphat, had been praying from noon until the time of the going down of the sun, when a messenger from the chief of the Synagogue of Hebron came to him, and besought him to go forth and pray for a woman who was grievously tormented. The Rabbi, ever awake to the call of human sorrow, rose from his knees, girt his robe round him, and went forth. The messenger led him to a building deep in the forest that grew on the south side of the hill of Hebron. The building had more the look of the palace of one of the princes of Israel than of a private dwell-

ing. But if its exterior struck the gaze of the Rabbi, its apartments excited his astonishment. He passed through a succession of halls worthy of the days of the first Herod, when Jerusalem raised her head again after the ruin of Antiochus, when her long civil wars were past, and she had become once more the most magnificent city of the Eastern world. Marble columns, silken veils suspended from the capitals of the pillars, tissues wrought with the embroidery of Sidon, and coloured with the incomparable dyes of Casarea, vases of Armenian crystal, and tables of Grecian mosaic, filled the chambers, in which were trains of attendants of every climate, Ethiopian Indian, Persian, and Greek, all habited in the richest dresses. All that met the eye wore an air of the most sumptuous and habitual magnificence. The Rabbi, however, had but a short time for wonder, before he was summoned to the chamber of the sick person. But all the costliness that he had seen before was eclipsed by the singular brilliancy of this apartment; it was small, and evidently contrived for the secluded hours of an individual; but every thing was sumptuous, all gold or pearl, amber or lapis-lazuli. And in the midst of this pomp, reclined, half sitting, half lying, on huge pillows of Shiraz silk, a female, whose beauty, in all the languor of pain, riveted even the ancient eye of the pious Rabbi. The sufferer was young; but the flush that from time to time broke across her countenance, and then left it to the paleness of the grave, shewed that she was on the verge of the tomb. The Rabbi was famous for his knowledge of herbs and minerals, and he offered her some of those medicaments which he had found useful in arresting the progress of decay. The dying beauty thanked him, and said in a faint voice that she had implored his coming, not to be cured of a disease which she knew to be fatal, but to disburden her mind of a secret which had already hung heavy on her, and which must extinguish her existence before the morn. The Rabbi, on hearing this, besought her to make him the depositary of her sorrow, if he could serve her, but if he could not, forbade her to tell him what might hang darkly on the memory of a man of Israel. 'I am the daughter,' said she, 'of your friend the Rabbi Ben Bechai, whose memory be blessed, but the widow of a prince, the descendant of Ishmael. You see the riches in this house; but they are not the riches of the sons of the Desert. They were desperately gained, bitterly enjoyed, and now they are repented of when it is too late.'

As the lovely being spoke, her countenance changed; she suddenly writhed and tossed with pain, and in her agony cried out words that pierced the holy man's ears with terror. He cast his eyes on the ground, and prayed, and was strengthened. But when he looked up again, an extraordinary change had come upon the woman's countenance, its paleness was gone, her cheeks were burning, her hollow eyes were darting strange light; her lips, which had been thin and faded as the falling leaf, were full, crimson, and quivering with wild passion and magic energy. The Rabbi could not believe that he saw the dying woman by whose side he had so lately knelt, in the fierce and bold, yet still beautiful creature, that now gazed full and fearless upon him. 'You see me now,' said she, with surprise; but these are the common changes of my suffering. The deadly disease that is sinking me to the dust, thus varies its torment hour by hour; but I must submit and suffer.' The Rabbi knew by those words that the woman was tormented with an evil spirit. Upon this he sent for a famous unction, which had been handed down to him from his ancestor the Rabbi Joseph, who had been physician to King Herod the Great, and had exorcised the evil spirit out of the dying king. On its being brought, he anointed the forehead of the woman, her eyes, and the tips of her fingers. He then made a fire of citron wood and cinnamon, and threw on it incense. As the smoke arose he bowed her head gently over it, that she might imbibe the odour in her nostrils, which was an established way of expelling the evil spirit.

"The woman's countenance now changed again; it was once more pale with pain, and she cried out in her torment; at length in strong agony she uttered many words. But the Rabbi perceived from her fixed eyes and motionless lips, that it was the spirit within her that spoke the words. It said, 'Why am I to be disturbed with anointings and incense? Why am I to hear the sound of prayer, and be smitten with the voice of the holy? Look round the chamber. Is it not full of us and our punishers? Are we not pursued for ever by the avenging angels? Do they not hold scourges of fire in their hands, and fill every wound they make with thrice distilled poison of the tree Asgard, that grows by the lake of fire? I was an Egyptian; five hundred years ago I lived at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. I longed for power, and I obtained it; I longed to possess the fairest daughters of the land, and I possessed them. I longed for riches, and I prac-

tised all evil to gain them. I was at length accused before the King of sorcery. I longed for revenge on my accuser, and I enjoyed my revenge. I stabbed him as he was sleeping in his chamber. The murder was known; I was forced to fly. But I first sent a present of perfumed cakes of Damascus to the mistress of the man who made the discovery; they feasted on them together, and together they died. The ship in which I fled was overtaken by a storm. I was charged with having brought the anger of heaven on the vessel. I was seized, and about to be slain; I drove my dagger through the captain, sprang overboard, and reached the shore. From it, in triumphant revenge, I saw the ship and all the crew perish in the waters. I was now in the Great Desert of Africa; and was starving and scorched, until I lay down to die. But at the last moment an old man came from among the tombs, and offered me bread and water. I followed him to his dwelling in the tombs. He scoffed at my complaints of ill fortune, and swore to place me once again at the height of my wishes, if I would be ready at his call at the end of a hundred years. I could have then drunk fire and blood in my fury against mankind, and my thirst of possession. I swore to be his, and prepared to begin my hundred years of enjoyment.

"I returned to Egypt. I had been supposed to have sunk to the bottom of the waters with the wreck of the vessel. My countenance was no longer the same. No man remembered me. I began my career. I was full of wild ambition, eager desire, and matchless sagacity. I rapidly outstripped all rivalry. I rose to the first rank under the Ptolemies. I enjoyed the delight of ruining every man who had formerly thwarted me. All Egypt rang with my fame. I had secret enemies, and strange rumours of the means of my perpetual success began to be spread. But I had spies every where; a whisper was repaid by death. A frown was avenged like an open accusation. My name became a universal terror. But I had my followers and flatterers only the more. I trampled on mankind. I revelled in seeing the proud grovelling at my feet. I corrupted the lowly, I terrified the high, I bound the strong to my basest services. I was hated and cursed, but I was feared. Daggers, poison, secret rage, and public abhorrence, all were levelled against me; I encountered them all, defied them all, challenged and triumphed over them all. I was the most successful, the most envied, and the most wretched of human beings. But my passions at length

changed their colour; I had lost all sense of enjoyment, habit had worn its sense away; the feast, rank, splendour, the adulation of the great, the beauty of the woman, all had grown tasteless and wearisome. Life was withering. But I had a fierce enjoyment still, and one that grew keener with the advance of years. I rejoiced in the degradation of my fellow men. I revelled in corrupting the mercenary, in hardening the ferocious, in inflaming the vindictive, in stimulating the violent. I lived, too, in an evil time of the monarchy. Desperate excesses in the court were all but rivalled by furious vice in the people. The old age of the Greek dynasty was a sinking of the soul and body of dominion together. The deepest sensuality, the wildest waste of public wealth, the meanest extortion, the most reckless tyranny, all that could fester the memory of a nation, were the daily crimes of the decaying court of the Ptolemies. I had come at the right time. Invested with power which made the monarch a cipher, I exulted in the coming ruin—I blinded the eyes of this voluptuous tyranny to its inevitable fate—I had but little to do in urging it to new crime, but I did that little. I wove round it a web of temptation that the strength even of virtue could have scarcely broken, but into which the eager dissoluteness of the Egyptian court plunged as if it had been the most signal gift of fortune. I exulted in the prospect of my accomplished task of precipitating a guilty palace and people into utter ruin; but in the fever of my exultation I had forgot that my time was measured. At a banquet in the King's chamber I saw a guest whose face struck me as having been known to me at some remote period. He was the chieftain of one of the Bactrian tribes, who now came to offer compensation for some outrages of his wild horsemen on a caravan returning from the Indus to Egypt. He was a man of marvellous age, the signs of which he bore in his visage, but of the most singular sagacity. His reputation had gone forth among the people; and all the dealers in forbidden arts, the magi, the soothsayers, and the consultants of the dead, acknowledged their skill outdone by this exhausted and decrepit barbarian. The first glance of his keen eye awoke me to strange and fearful remembrances, but his first word put an end to all doubt and made me feel the agonies of despair. At the sound of his voice I recognised the old man of the tombs, and felt that the terrible time for his payment was come. It was true, I was to die—I was to suffer for the long banquet of life—I was to undergo the torture of the place of all tor-

ture—I was to suffer a hideous retribution for the days of my triumph. They had been many, but they now seemed to me but a moment. Days, months, years, were compressed into a thought, and I groaned within my inmost soul at the frenzy which had bound me to a master so soon to demand the penalty to the uttermost.

"I flew from the royal chamber; my mind was a whirl of terror, shame, loathing, hatred, and remorse. I seized my sword, and was about to plunge it into my heart, and end a suspense more stinging than despair, when I found my hand arrested, and, on turning, saw the visage of the Bactrian. I indignantly attempted to wrest the sword from him, and drive it home to a heart burning with the poison of the soul. But he held it with a grasp to which my utmost strength was as a child's; I might as well have forced a rock from its base. He smiled, and said 'I am Sammael; you should have known that to resist me was as absurd as to expect pity from our race. I am one of the princes of evil—I reign over the south-east—I fill the Bactrian deserts with rapine, the Persian chambers with profligacy, and am now come to fling the firebrands of civil war into this court of effeminate Asiatics, savage Africans, and treacherous Greeks. The work was nearly done without me; but Sammael must not let the wickedness of man triumph alone. He tempts, ensnares, betrays, and he must have his reward like mankind. This kingdom will soon be a deluge of blood where it is not a deluge of conflagration, and a deluge of conflagration where it is not a deluge of blood.' As he spoke his countenance grew fury; his voice became awful, and I fell at his feet without the power to struggle or to speak. He was on the point of plunging me through the crust of the earth ten thousand times ten thousand fathoms deep below the roots of the ocean, to abide in the region of rack and flame. He had already lifted his heel to trample me down. But he paused, and uttered a groan. I saw a burst of light that covered him from the head to the foot, and in which he writhed as if it had been a robe of venom. I looked up and saw a giant shape, one of the sons of Paradise who watch over the children of Israel, standing before the evil King. They fought for me with lances bright and swift as flashes of lightning. But Sammael was overthrown. He sprang from the ground and cursing, spread his wings and flew up into a passing thunder-cloud. The son of Paradise still stood over me with a countenance of wrath, and said, 'Child

of guilt, why shall not vengeance be wrought upon the guilty! Why shall not the subject of the evil one be stricken with his punishment, and be claimed on the burning rocks of his dungeon, that are deepas the centre of the earth, and wide as its surface spread out ten thousand times?" I clasped his knees, and bathed them with tears; I groaned, and beat my bosom in the terrors of instant death. The bright vision still held the blow suspended, and saying 'that I had been preserved from ruin only by being the descendant of an Israelitish mother, but that my life had earned punishment which must be undergone,' as he spoke the words, he laid his hand upon my forehead with a weight which seemed to crush my brain."

To be continued.

LAYS OF BATHOS.—TO MARGARET. FOR THE OLIO.

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Thou cam'st like a vision before my lone heart,
And when I most loved thee, fate forced us
apart;

Oh! our meeting was rapture—our parting regret—

For I felt that my heart it was thine—Marg'ret.

In the grief of my soul, methought I should die,
Tara hermit—and all the world's vanities fly;
But I've seen many changes since thou and I
met,

When my heart it was thine—thine only—Marg'ret.

I lov'd thee—I woo'd thee—was treated with
scorn,

Cursed the hour—ay, the minute on which I
was born;

Recovered—found one, whose heart was 'to
let'

And took it for 'better and worse,' Marg'ret.

Then think not, thou false one, I wretched will
be,

For my wife, 'I lov'd her, that she pitted me,'
Smoke my pipe—crack my joke—ay, and drink
'heavy wet,'

And make myself happy without thee, Marg'ret.
T. F.

ON APRIL FOOLS.

I WAS roused from my reverie by the approaching sound of a horse's hoofs, and looking round, perceived in his rider one whose haste—as it usually indicated the imminent danger—was alleged by some to portend, almost as infallibly, the speedy dissolution of his luckless patient.

There had lately come to settle in our quiet neighbourhood a retired military disciple of Esculapius, more fitted apparently, by his gaunt, formidable appearance, for the combative than the curative branch of his late vocation. His figure

was at all hours to be seen, enveloped in the professional surtout, which pride and poverty alike combined to retain on his peace establishment; and so constantly did his heels display the appendage of a pair of huge military spurs, that I have been innocently asked by a friend's little boy, whether I thought the doctor slept in them. Such, even on ordinary occasions, was the menacing aspect and swaggering deportment of our new Galen, that, could more serious disorders (as is certainly the case with the toothach,) be bullied out of a patient by mere terror of the doctor, the *tout ensemble* of Dr. Q. might have been pronounced a universal specific.

Having myself considerably passed the age at which a man, it is said, must be "either a fool or a physician," and enjoying, moreover, such a state of negative health as art may make worse, but cannot hope to amend, I had a mere bowing acquaintance with the new practitioner. Besides, his radical politics and sceptical opinions combined their influence with that of his unconciliating manners to keep at arm's length a peaceful individual, whose settled creed on both points defied change, and abhorred controversy.

When, therefore, this tremendous personage overtook me on the first of April, and, to my surprise, slackened his hitherto furious speed, to suit the sober paces of my pony, it may be believed I felt not the slightest inclination to make him the subject of a practical joke.

There was something, however, in the whole air of his figure, joined to the swelling of his features (heightened as they were by the addition of a red worsted cravat, to a ludicrous resemblance with those of an enraged turkey-cock,) and the portentous crimson of a nose, whose carnation half the vine-yards in Europe had lent their juices to deepen, which led me to conclude him the victim of a hoax, even before his excited feelings urged him to make a stranger its confidant.

His usual gruff salutation was abruptly followed by asking, whether I knew any thing of the Rev. Mr. X.? I wish I could have answered in the negative; for if there be a case in which "ignorance is bliss," it must be when it conceals from a benevolent mind the aberrations of a Christian pastor. The one in question—a rare exception, indeed, among a class unrivalled in the world—was, I believe, hardly responsible for errors which, however disgraceful, seemed to have their source in eccentricity bordering on derangement; though a strange

mixture of occasional shrewdness and plausibility made it doubtful whether rogue or fool predominated in his composition.

Further knowledge of him than rumoured acts of irregularity, and open ones of carelessness and negligence afforded, seemed as unattainable as undesirable; for he lived the life of a recluse, if not of an anchorite; and between dread of friendly admonition and suspicions arising from deep pecuniary embarrassment, admitted no visitors of any kind.

My brief answer, disclaiming all knowledge, save by report, of this recreant shepherd, emboldened the enraged physician to vent his anger without reserve. "Sir," said he, "the man must be either mad, or worse, to put (under cover of the cloth he disgraces) such an affront on one who has served his majesty! This morning early I received a very well-worded civil epistle, fitted to be addressed to a medical officer of thirty years' standing, requesting me to call, as soon as possible, on the Rev. Mr. X., who was apprehended to be—though himself unaware of it—in a very dangerous way. The letter, purporting to be dictated by the anxiety of a near relative, was signed 'John Maddox.'"

"When I got to the house, sir, through roads that took my horse [a giant, of course, like its master] nearly to the girths, I found nothing—though near ten o'clock in the day—but closed shutters and barred doors; and I began to think death had been before-hand with the doctor, so impossible was it to awaken any mortal within. At length, after nearly knocking the door to pieces, it was half-opened by a bare-footed dawdle of a maid; who, on seeing a stranger, shut it hastily in my face again. As, however, she forgot to bolt it, I used the freedom of my profession, and followed her upstairs to the bedroom of my patient. To my surprise, I found the sickman sitting up, dressed—if dress it could be called, which, God knows, was neither clerical nor Christian!—over the remains of a breakfast, whose slovenliness was too bad even for an old campaigner like myself.

"He looked to the last degree annoyed by my visit; and having heard, that among his other oddities he hated doctors, I resolved, if possible, to let the mention of his illness come from himself, and confine myself to safer topics of discourse.

"After some remarks on the weather and roads, during which he kept eyeing me as a mouse in a trap might do a cat ready to pounce upon it, I was obliged

to come to the point, and ventured to ask if he had lately heard of or seen Mr. John Maddox? At this unlucky question, he grew first pale and then red; and when I added, in explanation, that I was here at that gentleman's request, he started up in his chair, and asked me, with the face of a rabid tyger, 'How I durst force a passage into his house to exercise my dirty vocation?'

"Really, sir, this ineffable insolence to an army surgeon of my standing fairly struck me dumb! I could not answer for some moments, during which he completed the affront by personal reflections more contemptible still. He said, if the girl at the door had been any thing but a born-idiot, she might have read the bum-bailiff in every line of my countenance, in spite of my tawdry tassels, and the silver skewers at my heels!!! I didn't knock him down, sir, but I must, if I had not knocked over his tea equipage instead. There is no reasoning with a madman, or fighting with a parson; so prescribing phlebotomy and astrait waistcoat, I rushed down stairs, and mounted my horse. The fellow himself is below contempt, but if I get hold of that Mr. John Maddox!—He can't live far off for his note was scarce dry when I received it."

"Sir," said I, with all the urbanity I could possibly throw into my voice and manner, at the same time preparing myself and my pony for such a start as might place me beyond reach of the inevitable explosion,—“I believe the only Mr. John Maddox with whom Mr. X. has any connexion is a banker of Liverpool, his chief, and, I have heard, not very accommodating creditor. His signature to your letter must, I think, have been borrowed for the occasion; but it strikes me that the solution of the whole mystery will be found in its *date*,—this is the first of April!”

I touched my hat, gave spurs to my pony, and having ventured, when a few yards in advance, to look round, I saw the Patagonian doctor rise portentously in his stirrups, and waving the fatal letter in deadly defiance, gallop towards the abode of the very luckless wag whom in my heart I suspected of the hoax!

Fraser's Mag.

THE EMISSARY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.
Continued from p. 119.

A few explanations are necessary to make our tale clearer, and we shall then give a parting bow to our kind readers.

Every one but a downright dunce, who

has been well flogged at school for errors in his historical reminiscences, knows of the favourable eye with which Elizabeth looked upon the young and handsome Earl of Essex. Old as she was, and faded as were her charms at this period of her life, her vanity made her still lend a willing ear to the egregious compliments of her courtiers, and delight in the common-place euphuism of the day. Essex, from his fine person and well-stored mind, had attracted her attention; but rash and headstrong by nature, he seemed rather to take delight in mortifying her feelings than in seeking her favours. Several of his gallantries were well known at court, and gave no small degree of scandal to the queen. In a solitary ride he had been charmed by the fair form of Matilda Arlington, the daughter of a retired baronet, who—possessed of ample income and loving a quiet life—dwelt a few miles from Islington, apart from the troubles and turmoils of court. This damsel was betrothed to Sir Walter Arden, a poor but noble knight, whose necessities obliged him to be but little better than a mere hanger-on at court. This, however, formed no obstacle to his wishes: the old baronet was pleased with his manly and disinterested character, and vowed that as he had plenty wherewith to line his daughter's purse, money should form no obstacle to her happiness, provided the suitor were of honourable conduct and noble birth. Matilda's mother had died in giving birth to her only child, therefore nothing hindered Sir Walter's being received as Matilda's future husband. But a slight quarrel (lovers will snarl at each other now and then, like other folk) had taken place between them, and Essex came into the field just as the mortified lady had dismissed her lover with a frown. The earl introduced himself as a young student, one Alfred Welton, of poor birth and no distinction, and as this would necessarily form a bar in the baronet's eyes, it became a good excuse for his wishing to meet Matilda in secret. We have no time to detail the various schemes he used to induce her to fly with him. He had indeed "a tongue could wheedle like the devil." His artifices succeeded, as we have shewn. On their road an accident occurred to the earl's horse, which forced him to take refuge in the very hostel where the emissary was sitting.

Walter, during this period, had wandered about court an altered and gloomy man. Nor was the queen in a much more enviable mood. The continued absence of Essex annoyed and displeased her. She was not long in discovering the cause, and determined to avenge herself on the

being that dared to thwart her affections. She cast her eyes on Sir Walter Arden. He was summoned to her presence; the interview was long, and, on the sovereign's part, subtle and cautious.

"The good of the state," she argued, "required that one of the chief nobles of the land should not be allowed to waste his time in idle gallantries, which she moreover, as a chaste queen, despised and scorned. Example should be made of her who dared seduce Essex from his duty."

Sir Walter saw her drift, and understood her jealousy. At first he felt indignant at being employed on such an errand, but on consideration resolved to undertake the charge of securing "the person of the damsel in the name of the queen," lest another more callous than himself might fulfil the commands to the letter, and fully accomplish her majesty's wishes to "be rid of the minion." At all hazards he resolved to save the maiden, and restore her to her friends. By some secret means Elizabeth possessed a perfect knowledge of the particulars of the intended elopement. Full instructions were given him, but the name of the maiden was not mentioned, and Walter, careless of the matter, did not make the inquiry. Every means were put in his power—money and information afforded him, and he set forth on his commission. What his plans might have been had he not so luckily encountered the party, we cannot say—certain it is, that after having searched anxiously for them according to the instructions he had received, he returned, dispirited, to the 'Queen's Head,' hardly expecting to find them, and attentively listened for the sound of any horseman that might pass by. But the result of all this has been told, and we have now only to relate the sequel.

Walter and the maiden reached the baronet's home in safety. The astonished father's pardon to the offending child was granted on condition of Arden's re-acceptance as her suitor. This was readily conceded to. Her love for Essex had been more like a dream than reality, and the discovery of his perfidy had alarmed and disgusted her, while Walter's honest, manly conduct filled her heart with shame at her neglect of him and ardent wishes for his returning love.

The discomfited Essex was soon relieved by Gosport, who, in his terror at the clash of arms, had hastily run for assistance. The earl's fury passed beyond bounds: the innkeeper was abused and cuffed, and the hasty lord flinging himself across his horse, rode with all speed from the place, lest his person might be recognised by any of the half-dressed and

sleepy crowd that, roused from their beds, thronged to the inn to know the "matter of the disturbance."

A short time afterwards Essex's departure for Ireland took place—but his fate is recorded in the pages of history, and is familiar to the commonest student of our country's annals.

Vale ! kind reader, Vale !

DELTA.

Varieties.

COLONEL ASTON.—This gentleman, in 1799, while absent from his regiment, having been informed of a quarrel between a lieutenant and majors Picton and Allan, he declared, in a private letter, that he considered the two latter had acted towards the lieutenant with illiberality. This having come to the ears of the majors, they demanded a court-martial, which was refused, and the colonel himself was called upon for an explanation. He answered that he could not be called to account for his public conduct by the officers of his corps, but added that he should be ready to give satisfaction to any one who could allege any thing against him as a private gentleman. He was accordingly challenged by Major Picton, and a meeting followed, when the major's pistol flashed in the pan, and Colonel Aston fired in the air. The next day satisfaction was demanded of him, in offensive language, by Major Allan, with whom he accordingly went out, and having received his antagonist's fire without shewing signs of being hurt, the colonel, in an erect posture, and with the utmost composure, levelled his pistol, to shew he had the power to discharge it, and then laying it across his breast, said, "He was shot through the body ; he believed the wound was mortal ; and he therefore declined to fire, for it should not be said of him that the last act of his life was an act of revenge." He languished for a week, in excessive pain, which he bore without a murmur, and died deeply regretted by all who knew him.

THE OLIVE TREE.—To prepare the olive oil, the fruit is gathered when it is at its utmost maturity, in November, as it begins to redden ; being put under the mill as soon as gathered, care is taken that the mill-stones are set at such a distance that they may not crush the nut of the olive. The fleshy pulp covering the nut or stone, and containing the oil in its cells, is then put into bags made of rushes, and moderately pressed ; and thus is obtained a considerable quantity of a greenish coloured oil, which, from its superior excellence, is called virgin oil. The mass

remaining after the first pressure is broken to pieces, moistened with water, and returned to the press ; it then gives out a quantity of oil, mixed with water, which being left undisturbed, soon separates ; and, although inferior to the first, is still fit for the table. The process is again repeated, and an inferior kind is extracted, which is valuable to the soap-boiler and other manufacturers. "The Mount of Olives," near Jerusalem, was a favourite place with our blessed Lord while on earth ; repeated mention is made of His frequenting it ; and it was probably one of those retired and peaceful spots, which have ever been favourable to meditation. It is a curious fact, that after the lapse of upwards of 1800 years, and all the changes of destiny that have been experienced by the Holy Land, olive-trees should still be found growing wild on the same spot.

ORIGIN OF THE BRITONS.—The first inhabitants of Great Britain were a maritime people, a branch of those whom the Greeks called Kimmeriori, and the Latins Cimbri ; a name which the Cambrians, or, more properly, the Cymry, retain in their own tongue to this day. According to tradition, which there is no cause for impugning, they came from Asia, or the Summer Country, but by way of the Hazy, or German Ocean. The Kelts, a kindred people, came next, from the opposite coast of France ; and it is probable that the Phenicians, at an early age, did more than visit this island, otherwise there would not have remained so many vestiges of their language, their mythology, and their superstitions.

LORD BACON.—On one occasion Elizabeth made a violent attack upon the dedication of Hayward's Life of Henry IV. to the Earl of Essex, and imprisoned the author for the praise bestowed on him ; imagining that, as the book related to the deposition of Richard II., the object was to excite her subjects to faction and sedition. "There is treason in the work," said she, "Mr. Bacon, do you not see it ?" "Nay, may it please your majesty," was the answer ; "I see no treason, but very much felony ; every second sentence is a impudent theft from Tacitus." "But Hayward is not the author," replied Elizabeth, "he hath had other assistance. I'll have him racked to produce his writer,"—insinuating by this that it might be brought nearer to Essex. "Rack him not, your highness," said Bacon,—"torture not the man but the matter ; shut him up with no witness but pen, ink, and paper, and let him continue the story ; and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge if he be the author or no."—*Edin. Cal. Lib.*



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Illustrated Article.

SAWKEY, THE BUSH-RANGER.

In those deep southern latitudes where the waters of the Lachlan and the bright Macquarie flow beyond the track of the white traveller, forests, with foliage thick as night, stretch forth their mighty branches towards the heavens. The bark tree, by whose side the noblest oak of England is a dwarf, the everlasting gum, of various hue and bulk, the beefwood, or Australian oak, lofty, yet more humble than its neighbours, the tall acacia, the cedar, the box, all unite their shades, till scarce a ray of light beams on the sunless country where they flourish. Beneath, the graceful kangaroo is seen pacing through the wood, feared by the yelping curs which hover round him, and a prey to the artful hand of man alone. The grey opossum leaps from branch to branch, the squirrel sports his glossy fur, and the flying fox (the sailor's goblin) spreads his frightful wings abroad. Such, to use the language of the native, is the *bush* of New South Wales. But desert and dangerous as are these gloomy

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paths, they have other inhabitants than the roving herd, or the piercing eagle. Men, as wild as the animals which surround them, make their camps in these districts of solitude. The dusky skin, with its shining copper tint, the thickly matted hair flowing towards the shoulders, the bushy beard, the girdle of bark, the long spear, and weighty club, denote the wandering tribe who range from forest to mountain, from mountain to the well watered plain. There is yet one more class who dare to dwell in these lonely wilds. Who has not heard of the bold bush-ranger? What frugal settler at Sydney or in Van Diemen's Land has not trembled at the freebooter of the wood? Reckless and resolute, the *croppy** leaves his irksome task, or convict chain and fired by the love of lawless liberty "takes to the bush."

It was in the Autumn of the year 1828, when a party of these marauders assembled at their usual haunt in the forest not far from Hunter's River. The weather was tempestuous and rainy, and they were making an evening meal of

* The blacks call the bush-rangers 'croppies.'
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roasted kangaroo flesh by a cheering fire. There were about ten in company, eight whites, and two blacks, who, after having lived some time in the settlement, had suddenly betaken themselves to the notorious and dreaded banditti. The brandy was now served without stint, and the conversation became interesting. It was proposed that each should give a short history of his life. The suggestion, offered carelessly enough, was instantly acted upon. "For myself," said one, "I was a servant in England to many a rich London churl, and to tell you the truth, I was honest enough. But one day I got hired into the family of a country squire who went to the continent, and left me with a written character. Times soon altered with me, I was one day qualified for a trip to Botany, and, not liking my new master here, rather than be flogged and chained, you see, I have taken to the bush." "My story," exclaimed a second, "is very short. My distress and want of employ made me a vagrant; I was steady enough till they sent me to gaol because I had nothing to eat, and then I learnt those lessons of liberty which I will never give up but with my

life; and so, after many dangers and escapes, here you see me, 'in the bush.'"

The third detailed a life of robbery from the earliest occupation of taking a silk handkerchief, to that fearful zenith when the cold assassin enters the midnight chamber ready to bathe his hands in the blood of the plundered. A happy flaw in the indictment had saved the life of the forest champion, and he was here evidently regarded as the chief of the troop.

"And now, Sawkey," exclaimed the captain, addressing one of his black associates, "what brought you amongst us?"

"Murry† short story. I bleve," returned the native, "I go work massa like other black fellow. One day I tee murry nice girl, and she say 'crammer‡ massa;' so I crammer massa, don you tee? Bill and me bush black," and he pointed to his companion. "Massa had you well flogged first," cried the captain. "Bad dat—black fellow no nangrv§ go in bush before Urokabl¶ jump up." Sawkey told his tale with much ease and indifference, but it was plain that the captain viewed him and his brother black with dislike if not distrust, and much whispering took

† Very. ‡ Sical. § Astleop. ¶ The Sun.

place among the whites, during which the words, "despatch a dozen of such vermin," might be distinctly detected. However, it was suddenly proposed by the leader, that they should rob Timothy Jones on the following night, and the whole party being well tutored by liquor fell into the scheme immediately. The domestic narratives now ceased, each being desirous of contributing his advice towards the accomplishment of the mighty burglary in prospect, and in the midst of these discussions sleep overtook the bush-rangers.

Timothy Jones belonged to that class of society, in Australia, which is known by the name of "Emancipists *pure**;" he was very wealthy, very proud of his elevation, and not a little unpopular amongst the convicts from these circumstances. His end, like that of Job, was far more prosperous than the beginning, for he had cattle, sheep, and horses in abundance, and two fair daughters whom he reared, in spite of hereditary propensities, in the way that they should go.

It is well known, that at the time of our story, the ranks or castes of inhabitants in New South Wales were maintained by the most rigid and unbending ceremonies. The emigrant *pure*, or he whose fair fame had never been sullied by a conviction at any bar of justice, rarely deigned to grace the house of a pure emancipist with his presence; whilst the latter on his side, proscribed with more than papal anathema the polluting visitation of an emancipist "impure."[†] In vain might the reformed convict plead his possessions and his integrity before the cold exclusionist, he might boast of his fertile pastures and enriching soil, of grants in expectation, and services repaid by thanks and promises, but in vain. If he could have counted of gifts of territory beyond the once dreaded Blue Mountains, even till you reach the envied plains of Bathurst, his plea would have availed him nothing. Stung by mortification, he formed a caste of his own, and wreaked his vengeance upon that unhappy outcast, the "impure emancipist." On no consideration could the reformed thief of the colony gain access to the table of him who had reformed in England. The latter would recoil from his fellow-countrymen as though "a toad had tumbled in his path," and an address without an introduction, (as in our own country of old,) was but

the high road to insult. But, at length, money—money which can unlock the door of adamant, wrought a strange revolution in the circles. "The borrower is servant to the lender," and so it happened, that some of the emigrants pure had absolute occasion for slight loans from the wealthy emancipists, and the least return they could render was to taste the feasts of their kind creditors. Amongst this latter class was Timothy Jones. He was looking out for a good market for his various properties, for his daughters in common with other valuables. He aspired to greatness, and if he could not gain over any of the "sterlings"[‡] to his alliance, he might, at least, entrap one of the currency lads.[§] On the evening after the plot of the bush-rangers, which we have already related, Mr. Jones entertained a numerous host of his acquaintance, amongst whom some emigrants pure were noticed, with a sumptuous ball and supper. This table was spread, (as here,) with the choicest delicacies of the season, and many *morceaux* unknown to the home he came from graced the board. A portion of the stately *emu* raised the glories of his banquet, and the kangaroo steak gave a zest to the cheer which was provided. The dancing sped with eclat, and, more than once, good Timothy conceived hopes that his snares had not been laid without effect. The talk was about spoils, and crime, in all its shades of violence, and more than all, of bush-ranging.

The terror of the woods, like children's bugbears, were re-heard with interest, and females shuddered at the thought of seeing, as they went homewards, the dreadful forest men. Sometimes a jealous look was thrown around the company, lest (for such things had happened) an unclean emancipist should have gained a lawless admittance. But Mr. Jones had been too vigilant. No lad with wool-len frock and trowsers daubed with the king's broad arrow had quartered on his aristocracy. The sullen straddler of the gaol-gang, with his clinking chain, was for ever banished from elegance like this. The host himself had left his country for a fault not uncommon (as he was wont to say) in the highest life—the forgery of an acceptance. He had met with employment on his first landing at Sydney, and, of course, neither marched in the convict's file, nor bore the iron on his leg. He had assisted at the board of green cloth, which decided upon application for all tickets to the dinner which the emancipists were about to give to the governor him-

* This is—convicts from England who have obtained their freedom, and have never been convicted of any offence in the colony.

† That is—one who has been convicted in the colony, but who has subsequently reformed, so as to gain his liberty.

‡ Natives of the mother country.

§ Natives of the colony.

self, and, in a word, he was as much of an ultra as some of our exclusives (if such a class there be) at home.

But the time was now come when the joys of the evening were to close. The supper still lingered on the board, but the spirits of the dancers were wearied, and each one thought of home and the bush-rangers. The host, however, laughed at the fears of his friends; he even offered to accompany some of the most timid to their location,* and elate with wine and pleasure, actually set forth on his benevolent errand. The evening, however, was gusty and cheerless, and before Mr. Jones had travelled far, he was easily prevailed on to retreat towards his own fireside. But during the short interval of his absence, a very different scene was enacted in his own hospitable dwelling. An active band, far different in purpose from the lively group who had just gone forth, had been watching the movements in Mr. Jones's. They were numerous and well armed.—They noted the defenceless condition of the house which the master had just quitted. They saw that their plan could be accomplished to a miracle. The rich spoils of a mighty emancipist were within their grasp. The reader needs hardly be told, that these were the famous gang of the bush. It might also be said, that as the owner departed from his home at one door the bandits were in at another. There were two black servants on the premises; but what could they do against fourteen? The enemy was already in his camp, and the work of plunder had begun. Mrs. Jones, with her daughters, were reposing themselves after the fatigues of their entertainment. In the fulness of their satisfaction, they scarcely heeded the departure of their chief protector; the triumphs of a successful feast extinguished all other considerations, and least of all did they imagine the unceremonious *entree* of the most formidable rangers of Hunter's River. Terror and dismay, with their usual accompaniments of course prevailed: but the captain immediately motioned to his men, (the signal for ransacking the house,) and remained behind to soothe the alarms he had created. In vain were screams uttered, and appeals for mercy made to him, he continued to maintain an immovable *sang froid*, assuring the ladies that they were entirely safe in his hands, but that he could not venture to desert them, and, at the same time, menacing Sawkey, the black, who was lingering at the door of the apartment. The appearance of the cop-

per-coloured bush-ranger might have created still greater terror; for though he neither rattled his spear, nor brandished his waddie,† he was duly armed according to the custom of his country. But he was hid in the shadow, and whilst his leader continued to threaten him, the alarmed inmates of the room were too intent upon the Rolando who was addressing them, to heed the by-play which was going forward elsewhere. And thus the time was passing. The captain was calmly pacifying the women, the gang were robbing the house with impunity, and the disobedient Sawkey still lingered on the threshold of the saloon.

Mr. Jones, at length, yielding, as we have said, to the entreaties of his friends, returned to his dwelling. He was not deficient in spirit, though his habits and easy circumstances might have thrown a shade of suspicion upon his courage at such a juncture as the present. The sight, however, of his wife and daughters in the hands of a stranger whose calling was too evident, appalled the host for a moment. The black had shrunk behind, invisible as in his native forests. In an instant afterwards the master advanced, and rallying his strength to the utmost, grasped the leader as he stood carelessly surveying the elegance around him. The attack was sudden and rapid, and the bandit gave way, whilst Jones redoubled his hold, and strove to bring his enemy to the ground. Sawkey, at this moment, crept gently on hands and knees across the room till he came within reach of the combatants. But the captain, now recovered from his surprise, struggled strongly and with desperation. It was plain that the hardy bush-ranger must inevitably prevail against an antagonist whom luxury had made short-breathed and puny. The conflict was uneven. The emancipist was thrown down with violence, and the leader, enraged by the resistance he had met with, drew forth a keen-edged tomahawk, and reared his hand without remorse to do the last deep deed of crime. But a most skilful stroke descended at the same time on the head of the murderous assailant, and he dropped instantly as though life had been extinguished without a pang. "Pose I peak with you moment," was the exclamation of Sawkey as he dealt this cleaving blow. "Black fellow murry good fellow," continued he, assisting Mr. Jones to rise; but he had scarcely given this aid, when he was himself seized by a body of men who had come, upon intelligence, to rescue the family, who, it was considered,

* Place of settlement.

† Club.

had, beyond doubt, fallen into the hands of the gang. Some of the marauding party were already in custody, but the remainder had shown so daring a promise of defence, that they were allowed to depart without further parley.

On the next morning the prisoners were brought before the magistrate of the district. The captain, who had been with difficulty restored to his senses, (so great had been the blow of the waddie,) as well as the other bandits, were committed without hesitation; but the justice could not account for the singular conduct of Sawkey in levelling the captain of his own troop so uncereemoniously. The black was, accordingly, called upon for an explanation. "Nebber, nebber, nebber black fellow hurt corbon* massa," exclaimed Sawkey, and he proceeded to show that the governor had sent him and his companion into the woods to discover the haunts of the bush-rangers, and, if possible, to bring them to justice. Nay, they were commissioned even to "knock them on the head," if the purpose could not be effected without such a step.—Sawkey's companion had been the first to alarm the neighbourhood, and this circumstance gave great strength to the tale which had just been related; but when the sagacious black produced his letters credential, declaring his powers and the lengths he was permitted to run in furtherance of the grand object, the magistrate could not forbear his compliments and admiration. "Bad dat,† corbon massa," returned Sawkey; "what tink of dis, pose Sawkey crammer massa Jones, white fellows (and he pointed to the prisoners) kill poor Sawkey." And true enough was the black's relation, for the captain, who was afterwards executed with one of his comrades, confessed that it was his intention to have murdered the native and his companion as soon as they had returned from the scene of plunder.

Sawkey, whose intelligence had thus well served him to interpret the whispers in the wood, is still living. He is diligently looking out for a *gin*,‡ although this seems to be a difficult task, for as he says, "Black fellow tee tousand murry pretty girls."

Timothy Jones avows, that he shall never forget the moment when the faithful black let fall his waddie upon the skull of the ferocious bush-ranger.

Court Mag.

PENNY PRIVATE THEATRES.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR,—Arrived in town I was desirous of seeing, hearing, and understanding the real force of pleasure in whatever way it was presented to me, provided, it was consonant with good manners. In order to realise this, in the moderate sense of the word, my young friend rendered me all the assistance in his power, he being familiar with presentations and re-presentations. I joined him in one of our obambulations, to witness the performance of Macbeth, and a particular friend of my friend's friend was to sustain the principal character. Rather than be deprived of a front seat, we started off with 'time in advance,' and arrived at the theatre just one hour earlier than necessary.

Having kicked at the door for some time to the annoyance of corns and unshorn nails, we, at length, were answered by a youth whose countenance appeared *big with fate*, he demanded our business.

"Of course, to see Macbeth."

"You're too soon, gentlemen; but, perhaps, you'll walk into the coffee-room!"

"Oh, certainly!"

Our thespian-guide rubbed his eyes, smote his forehead, held a bottle with a small piece of candle in it, and conducted us under a gateway into the coffee-room, in which we had reckoned on a peep at the evening papers and a nice cup of the pungent mocha. But how soon our ardencies were cooled. The said coffee-room consisted of a few deal planks, a carpenter's bench in the centre; windows patched with paper gave *abundant ventilation*, and the roof kindly consenting to admit the governing stars with the genial nightfall, into our speculative calculations. A chest (query the 'Iron Chest' of Mortimer) stood against a fireplace without a stove, and chillingly cold, the first part of this drama entered into our patient longings.

After our having been entertained by the sundry knockings and bickerings in an adjoining workshop, we were requested to produce our tickets, and were led by the quondam bottle holder into the boxes, (it was at a box-maker's) contrived by the handicraftsman; and a pit of rough sawed fir and saw-dust.—The farthest end of the place was taken possession of by half-a-dozen patrons and patronesses of the legitimate drama. The band consisted of a boy with a cracked flute, and ——— *solus*. The prompter held a dog's-eared playbook and a passage bell, unhung for the occa-

* Great.

† Let us have none of that.

‡ Wife.

sion with its wire and crank. The curtain was baise and evidently consecrated to the Muses, for it was decidedly *holey*. Two flaring candles in the necks of two blacking bottles were stationed to the right and left. The performance was sometime delayed for the hero. When he came, the heroine, the Lady Macbeth of the evening, was obliged to make her exit, owing to her compliance with certain mistressly restrictions at home; and Macduff, the Malcolm of this scene, kindly condescended to read the part. As we could clearly learn the candles would be lost in the bottles ere any prophecy would be fulfilled, or *Birnam wood reach Dunsinane*, and 'Killing no Murder' would be completed ere we could make darkness visible, we abruptly rose from the boxes, having pressed their lids with their locks into repose, and quitted the mangled crew, who, be it said in their (dis) praise, acted nobly all the parts but those assigned to them. When we got into the street, I vowed I would never trust myself in what is called a private theatre; and parents and guardians would be well advised not to let their apprentices of either sex take a turn for the stage, or they may be turned off on one of a less doubtful description.

THESPIANA.

THE TWIN-SISTERS.

Personated by Mrs. Honey and Miss Vincent as Jane and Fanny, in the new farce of "Open House," at the Haymarket.

For the Olio.

Which to love most, I cannot tell;
I love them both so much—so well!
Like sister stars, like kindred gems,
Like twin-buds on delicious stems,—
Fanny and Jane unite to bless
In forms of honied loveliness!
Fanny has grace, and Jane has ease;
Each is good temper'd—each can tease;
Each sings, can dance; and each, alone,
I know not which is left or flown;
The voice, the step, the soft white hand,
The playful air, the courtsey bland.
'Tis she!—'tis Fanny!—Jane—'tis she,
That whisper's sweet as breath can be.
By Fanny's curls, by Jane's soft hair,
Their bosoms white and features fair;
By Jane's light tiptoe,—Fanny's hush,
The laughing mouth and mantling blush;
The quiv'ring tear that wets the eye,
And rolls before the anxious sigh—
Which to love most, I cannot tell;
I love them both so much and well.

J. R. P.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

For the Olio.

THE FLEUR DE LIS.

THE *fleur de lis*, in geography, denotes the north rhumb; its opposite is the south rhumb; and the equator represents a east and west rhumbs. This is an

ornament inserted in maps to denote the north, and it therefore regulates the situation of all the other points. The north part of the mariner's compass was marked by its immortal author, Flavio de Giovia, with this beautiful flower, in compliment to France. This happened in consequence of the Neapolitan monarch being a younger branch of the royal family, then (1802) upon the throne of that kingdom. The fleur de lis not only formed a part of the arms of the kings of France, but was employed in the decorative embellishments of the crown itself. The melancholy event which took place, Jan. 21, 1793, renders a line of our great bard on this subject strikingly appropriate:

"Cropped are the flower de luces in his arms."

Gray says,

"Great Edward with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn."

Since the union of the Britannic kingdoms, Jan. 1, 1802, the *fleur de lis* has given place to the shamrock, the badge of the Irish nation. In Oct. 22, 1707, Queen Anne granted to Sir Cloudesly Shovel, for his arms, a cheveron between two fleurs de lis and a crescent (the Turkish symbol, or rather that of the city of Byzantium, which bore this device from all antiquity, as appears from various medals) in base, to denote three victories that he had gained—two over the French and one over the Turks. Miller specifies thirty-four species of fleur de luce, among which the Persian is greatly esteemed for the sweetness and beauty of its variegated flowers, which are in perfection in February, or the beginning of March. P.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH ARTISTS.—SUFFOLK STREET.

Fourth Notice.

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Since you have heard, and with a knowing ear—
I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you make a pleasure of your pains,
I will no farther chide you.

OUR concluding notice must be discursive. Unfortunately for the artists who exhibit small pictures, they are apt to be under-rated, first, perhaps that because they are in low situations—and, secondly, they aspire in their diminutive size to overlook their larger brethren, one of which is—

No. 469. *Breaking Cover—Portraits of the Gentlemen of the Sedgfield Hunt.* J. Ferneley.—A capital subject for the

manor-hall mantelpiece, or sportsman's coterie room.

463. *Orlando and Adam*—464. *Jaques and the wounded stag*. R. T. Bone.—A gnarled, pretty pair of forest bits, well suited for the nooks of stag-hunters, partial to bones and deer reliques.

479. *The Benediction*. H. Room.—Sanctity, submission, beauty and attitude.

487. *Abraham's servant and Rebecca at the well*. R. Redgrave.

"He took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight, and said, 'Whose daughter art thou?'—tell me, I pray thee."

In unison with the eastern custom, the colours of the garments of Abraham's servant are florid, and Rebecca is attired in the lightness of a sunny clime.

498. *Jack Truelove's mistress reading the letter written by him, in person of a monkey, on transmigration of souls*. Vide Spectator. T. Clater.—This picture is fraught with mock interest. The monkey appears to listen and the mistress to be animated.

458. *Portrait of Mrs. Lucas and Infant*. P. R. Wildman.—The mother is more to our taste than the infant, who is blessed with such a pair of eyes as would pierce a heart of stone, if directed hereafter to any lady's chamber; and such a head-piece as would make a good frontispiece to a book on *hydrocephalus*.

444. *Lord Ruthven demanding the dismissal of Rizzio from the table of Mary, previous to his murder*. S. J. E. Jones.—The faces of the group are in dismay at the churl's demand, and reluctantly comply with it, according to the description given in Robertson's History, Mary's Letter to her Ambassador, &c.

446. *Changing quarters*. R. B. Davis. The party, like too many in this oppressive world, are necessitated to be on their route for better or worse, and passing through a romantic turn of scenic nature, give interest to the design.

447. *Minna*. H. Wyatt.—A delightful creature of flesh and blood; may we hope, of affectionate impulses also.

452. *Retirement*. Miss F. Corboux.—Who that is possessed of the finest sentiments of love would not be proud of retiring with thee?

453. *The Sofa*. R. T. Lonsdale.—All who are partial to Cowper's muse on the Sofa, must be enamoured of this furniture production.

130. *Dos a Dos*. C. Hancock.—Four chilly dogs turning themselves to the fire, and waiting for the boiling over of the brass pot.

137. *The new hat, or father's present*. W. Kidd.—The bandbox is opened on the father's arrival—the hat is tried on, and

a general smile of approval pervades each countenance,—perfectly natural in receiving or bestowing any new offering.

389. *The kennel, drawing hounds for feeding*. J. Ferneley.—A fine display of hounds. The keeper stands with his determined aspect and a whip, directed towards one of the canine group; and the others express their obedience to the mandate, and realise much truth to nature.

403. *A boy at his studies*. N. Hartnell.—The idle rogue is busied with blowing a feather, instead of pursuing the more weighty studies apportioned for his time, as the dogs-eared book most clearly evinces.

405. *Reynard on the look out*. G. Stevens.—A good head of a fox listening at his hole—the effect is rather stiff.

576. *Gloxinia Speciosa*. Mrs. Withers.—Very rich in colour and well finished.

706. *The Warden's Pew*. J. J. Jenkins.—A fine contrast is here displayed in the warden's pew, by the exhibition of a female in all the pride of dress and pomposity, and a most delicious girl with a flower in her hand, as artless and lovely as nature can mould.

742. *Kitmenny*. John Martin.—This is one of the best pictures in the room; the design, execution, and effect are in the artist's peculiar keeping—grandeur, simplicity, and truth,

In winding lake and placid firth,
Like peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

765. *Dead Snipes*. G. Sintzenich.—Very good and very saleable.

797. *Reading the Scriptures*. From a sketch by R. B. Haydon, Esq. J. E. Coombs.—A fine engraving, fit to hang in a study, or be the monitor to devotion in the parlour.

812. Bust of Sir Thomas Denman. E. A. Rivers. 827. Bust of S. Knowles, Esq. P. Macdowell. 833. Bust of Dr. Campbell, M.D. of New York. C. Smith. 838. Bust of Rev. Rowland Hill.* R. Harper. 851. Bust of Alderman Harmer. F. Mace, with several others, are deserving of mention. Many highly finished miniatures are also in the medium of our approval. By our review, indeed, of the rooms and their treasures therein, we find it difficult to omit so many that each department contains in our annual record. But our having already devoted much space and attention to a considerable variety, will prove our sincerity in awarding justice to the subjects. Not willingly given offence to those not enumerated, nor overrated those which are, we conclude our notices, by hoping the cause of the Fine Arts will flourish; and that no meritorious artists will be denied assistance.

* This evangelical patriarch died last week.

especially the numerous class of *females* who are exhibitors, whenever it may be required, to whom nearly a hundred specimens this season belong.

OLIO.†

THE VISITATION—A PAINTING.

By Sebastiano del Piombo.

THE MEETING OF MARY AND ELIZABETH.

This painting, exhibited in Old Bond-street, delineates an interview between the Virgin and her cousin in the house of Zacharius. There is great beauty in Mary's countenance, her attitude is graceful and her arms and hands are naturally drawn: The placid earnestness of Elizabeth; the figure of Zacharius, who appears dumb by his muffled lips, near Joseph, standing behind Mary; and the city of Judah, in the height of the canvas and distance, with a perfect regard to the drapery and scenery, display no inconsiderable knowledge and application of the art.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, AND PANTECHNICON.

The enterprising artist who has travelled several thousand miles to take a survey of the Falls of Niagara, and give us a correct representation of them, is especially deserving our gratitude. Of all the sublime works of nature, these Falls are decidedly in the first class: Their perpendicular height, taken by actual measurement from the bridge, erected from the west end of Goat Island, extending to the Terraphin rocks, is 800 feet from the shore. The river, or rather strait, runs from S.S.E. to N.N.W., and the rock of the great fall crosses it, not in a right line, but forming almost the figure of a semi-circle or horse-shoe. Above the fall, in the middle of the river, is an island, lying also S.S.E. and N.N.W., or parallel with the sides of the river. The lower end of the island is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall; on both sides of which runs all the water that comes from the Lakes of Canada, viz. Lake Superior, Lake Misohigan, Lake Huron and Lake Erie, which are rather small seas than lakes, and have, besides, many large rivers that empty their water into them, whereof the greatest part comes down this Niagara Fall. Before the water comes to this island, it runs but slowly, compared with its motion when it approaches the spot, where it grows the most rapid water

† We understand that it is the intention of the Society, early in October next, to re-open their Rooms with a fresh selection of the best works of Deceased and Living British Artists, when we trust no pains will be spared to render their exhibition useful, novel, and interesting.

in the world, running with a surprising swiftness before it comes to the Fall: it is quite white, and, in many places, is thrown high up into the air. When you are at the Fall, and look up the river, you may see that the river above the Fall is every where exceeding steep, almost as the side of a hill. When all this water comes to the very Fall, there it throws itself down perpendicular. When the water is come down to the bottom of the rock of the fall, it jumps back to a very great height in the air; in other places, it is as white as snow, and all in motion like a boiling furnace. The breadth of Fall, as it runs in a semi-circle, is about 700 feet; and of the island at its lower end, about 80 feet.

The artist has skilfully pencilled the difficult task of giving water its identity. Above, the dazzling white of the shivered liquid is thrown into contrast with the deep blue of the unspotted heavens, below, with the living green of the summer foliage, fresh and sparkling in the eternal shower of the rising and falling spray. The painting is divided into two parts; a large space of canvas is filled in each portion, and the idea of the reality is presented to the eye and imagination with much ability and proportionate effect. Those who have not yet seen the various attractions of music, sculpture, painting, Chinese curiosities; and, including a well diversified Bazaar, at the establishment of the Pantechnicon, may enjoy a delightful treat, in addition, by viewing the FALLS OF NIAGARA, without disconcerting the ear by the terrific embassies of sound.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

For the OLIO.

Eighty-nine years past through his mortal frame,
And all the period honour'd was his name;
His life was excellent, his bonities such,
The sick have lost a friend, the lame a crutch;
The rich a monitor, the blind a guide,
The good a counsel, to their cause allied:
His Village Dialogues—his varied Tracts,
Conveyed just satires and reproofing facts.
In pulpit preaching, his eccentric style
Made sinners converts, though the lively smile;
Yet his remarks, with strong convictions fraught,
The learn'd instructed and the sceptic taught.
To charities, his hand—his heart—his soul
Gave undiminish'd aid. By his control
And his example thousands were relieved,
Rejoicing in the blessings they received.
Peculiar, yet of plain and honest speech,—
'Twas eloquence within the poor man's reach.
If not a patriarch, or a prophet, he
Drew millions to the star Felicity!
And, in his setting, like the tranquil sun,
A glorified career o'er earth has run,
He left this sphere without a shadowy sigh,
And rose from death eternal in the sky. . . .

Music.**GERMAN MINSTRELS.**

The German Minstrels, Messrs. C. and F. Otto, F. Busse and Schneider, by their morning concerts, at Weeks's Concert Rooms, Haymarket, are producing 'concords of sweet sounds,' consisting of choice selected and original pieces of composition, in the most characteristic style of their national excellence. "*Truebis Zum Tode*," a quartet composed by F. Otto, is very delightful; and our friends will unite with us in the spirit of the words,—the translation of which we subjoin:—

CONSTANCY TILL DEATH.

By a brook a maiden,
The tears starting from her eyes,
Sighing as she watch'd the waters ripple.

"Short was the heyday of love!"
She said, and sigh'd
Broken is her heart,
Her eyes to heaven uplifted.

Amidst refreshing breezes,
She dreams of the return of her lover;
She has breathed away the last pang;
The poor heart stands still!

Rest in peace, young rose!
In earth's cool bosom;
Love gave thee pain here below,
In heaven thy constancy will be rewarded.

JEWISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Continued from page 141.

"I shrank and sprang away in fear. I rushed wildly through the palace, through the streets, through the highways. I felt myself moving with a vigour of limb, and savage swiftness, that astonished me. On the way I overtook a troop of Alexandrian merchants going towards the desert of the Pentapolis. I felt a strange instinct to rush among them—I was hungry and parched with thirst. I sprang among a group who had sat down beside one of the wells that border the sands. They all rose up at my sight with a hideous outcry. Some fled, some threw themselves down behind the shelter of the thickets, but some seized their swords and lances, and stood to defend themselves. I glowed with unaccountable rage! The sight of their defiance doubly inflamed me, the very gleam of their steel seemed to me the last insult, and I rushed forward to make them repent of their temerity. At the same instant I felt a sudden thrill of pain; a spear, thrown by a powerful hand, was quivering in my side. I bounded resistlessly on my assailant, and in another moment saw him lying in horrid mutilation at my feet. The rest instantly lost all courage at the sight, and, flinging down their weapons scattered in all directions, cry-

ing for help. But those dastards were not worth pursuit. The well was before me, I was burning with thirst and fatigue, and I stooped down to drink of its pure and smooth water. What was my astonishment when I saw a lion stooping in the mirror of the well! I distinctly saw the shaggy mane, the huge bloodshot eyes, the rough and rapidly moving lips, the pointed tusks, and all red with recent gore I shrank in strange perturbation. I returned to the well again, stooped to drink, and again saw the same furious monster stoop in its calm, blue mirror. A horrid thought crossed my mind. I had known the old doctrine of the Egyptians and Asiatics, which denounced punishment in the shape of brutes to the guilty dead. Had I shared this hideous punishment? I again gave a glance at the water. The sight was now conviction. I no longer wondered at the wild outcry of the caravan, at the hurried defence, at the strange flight, at the ferocious joy with which I tore down my enemy, and trampled and rent him till he had lost all semblance of man. The punishment had come upon me. My fated spirit had left its human body, and had entered into the shape of the savage inhabitant of the wilderness. The thought was one of indescribable horror. I bounded away with furious speed, I tore up the sands, I darted my fangs into my own flesh, and sought for some respite from hideous thought in the violence of bodily pain. I flew along the limitless plains of the desert, from night till morning, and from morning till night, in hope to exhaust bitter memory by fatigue; all was in vain. I lay down to die, but the vast strength of my frame was proof against fatigue.

"I rushed from hill to valley with the speed of the whirlwind, and still I was but the terror of the wilderness, all whose tenants flew before me. I sought the verge of the little villages, where the natives hide their heads from the scorching sun and the deadly dews. I sought them, to perish by their arrows and lances. I was often wounded; I often carried away with me their barbed iron in my flesh. I often writhed in the agony of poisoned wounds. Still I lived. My life was the solitary existence of the wild beast. I hunted down the antelope, the boar, and the goat, and gorged upon their blood. I then slept, until hunger, or the cry of the hunter, roused me once more, to commence the same career of flight, pursuit, watching, and wounds. The life was hideous. With the savage instincts of the wild beast, I retained the bitter recollections of my earlier nature,

and every hour was felt with the keenness of a punishment allotted by a Judge too powerful to be questioned, and too stern to be propitiated. How long I endured this state of evil, I had no means of knowing. I had lost the human faculty of measuring the flight of time. I howled in rage at the light of the moon as I roamed through the wilderness; I shrank from the broad blaze of the sun, which at once parched my blood and warned my prey of my approach; I felt the tempests of the furious season which drove all the feeble animals from the face of the land to hide in caves and woods. I felt the renewed fires of the season when the sun broke through his clouds once more, and the earth, refreshed with the rains, began to be withered like the weed in the furnace. But, for all other purposes, the moon and the sun rose alike to my mind, embodied as it was in the brute, and sharing the narrowness and obscurity of the animal intellect. Months and years passed unnoted. In the remnant of understanding that was left to me in vengeance, I laboured in vain to recount the periods of my savage suffering; but the periods of my human guilt were, by some strange visitation of wrath, always and instantly ready at my call. I there saw my whole career with a distinctness which seemed beyond all human memory. I lived over every hour, every thought, every passion, every pang. Then the instincts of my degraded state would seize me again; I was again the devourer, the insatiate drinker of blood, the terror of the African, the ravager of the sheepfold, the monarch of the forest. But my life of horror seemed at length to approach its limit; I felt the gradual approach of decay. My eyes, once keen as the lightning, could no longer discern the prey on the edge of the horizon; my massive strength grew weary; my limbs, the perfection of muscular strength and activity, became ponderous, and bore me no longer with the lightness that had given the swiftest gazelle to my grasp. I shrank within my cavern, and was to be roused only by the hunger, which I bore long after it had begun to gnaw me. One day I dragged out my tardy limbs, urged by famine, to seize upon the buffaloes of a tribe passing across the desert. I sprang upon the leader of the herd, and had already dragged it to the earth, when the chieftain of the tribe rushed forward with his lance, and uttering a loud outcry, I turned from the fallen buffalo to attack the hunter. But in that glance I saw an aspect which I remembered after the lapse of so many years of misery. The

countenance of the being who had crushed me out of human nature was before me. I felt the powerful pressure; a pang new to me, a sting of human feeling, pierced through my frame. I dared not rush upon this strange avenger—I cowered in the dust—I would have licked his feet. My fury, my appetite for carnage, my ruthless delight in rending and devouring the helpless creatures of the wilderness, had passed away. I doubly loathed my degradation, and if I could have uttered a human voice, I should at this moment have implored the being before me to plunge his spear into my brain, and extinguish all consciousness at once. As the thought arose, I looked on him once more; he was no longer the African; he wore the grandeur and fearful majesty of Azrael—I knew the Angel of Judgment. Again he laid his grasp upon my front. Again I felt it like the weight of a thunderbolt. I bounded in agony from the plain, fell at his feet, and the sky, the earth, and the avenger, disappeared from my eyes.

“ ‘ When life returned to me again, I found that I was rushing forward with vast speed, but it was no longer the bound and spring of my sinewy limbs; I felt, too, that I was no longer treading the sands that had so long burned under my feet. I was topped by winds; I was drenched with heavy moisture; I saw at intervals a strong glare of light bursting on me, and then suddenly obscured. My senses gradually cleared, and I became conscious that my being had undergone a new change. I glanced at my limbs, and saw them covered with plumage; but the talons were still there. I still felt the fierce eagerness for blood, the instinctive desire of destroying life, the eagerness of pursuit, the savage spirit of loneliness. Still I was the sullen beast of the forest; in every impulse of my spirit I rushed on. As far as my eye could gaze, and it now possessed a power of vision which seemed to give me the command of the earth, I saw clouds rolling in huge piles as white as snow, and wilder than the surges of an uproused sea. I saw the marble pinnacles of mountains piercing through the vapoury ocean like the points of lances; I saw the whole majesty of the kingdom of the air, with all its splendour of colouring, its gathering tempests, its boundless reservoirs of the rain, its fiery forges of the thunder. Still I rushed on, sustained by unconscious power, and filled with a fierce joy in my new strength. As I accidentally passed over a broad expanse of vapour, which lay calm and smooth under the meridian beams, I looked downwards. The speed

of my shadow as it swept across the cloud, first caught my eye. But I was in another moment struck with still keener astonishment at the shape which fell there. It bore the complete outline of an eagle; I saw the broad wings, the strong form, the beak and head formed for rapine; the destruction of prey was in every movement. The truth flashed on me. My spirit had transmigrated into the king of the feathered race. My first sensations were of the deepest melancholy. I was to be a prisoner once more in the form of an inferior nature. I was still to be exiled from the communion of man. I was, for years or ages, to be a fierce and blood-devouring creature, the dweller among mountains and precipices, pursued by man, a terror to all the beings of its nature, stern, solitary, hated, and miserable. Yet I had glimpses of consolation. Though retaining the ruthless impulses of my forest state, I felt that my lot was now softened, that my fate was cast in a mould of higher capabilities of enjoyment, that I was safer from the incessant fears of pursuit, from the famine, the thirst, the wounds, and the inclemency of the life of the wilderness. I felt a still higher alleviation of my destiny in the sense that the very enjoyments, few and lonely as they were, which were added to my existence, were proof that my captivity was not to be for ever. The recollections of my human career still mingled with the keen and brute impulses of my present being; but they were no longer the scorpion scourges that had once tortured me. I remembered with what eager longings I had often looked upon the clear heavens of Egypt, and envied every bird that I saw soaring in the sunshine. I remembered how often, in even the most successful hours of my ambition, I had wished to exchange existence with the ibis that I had seen sporting over the banks of the Nile, and then spreading his speckled wings, and floating onward to the Thebais, at a height inaccessible to the arrow. How often had I gazed at the eagles which I started at the head of my hunting train from the country of the Cataracts, and while I watched their flight into the highest region of the blue and lovely atmosphere, saw their plumage turned to gold and purple as they rose through the coloured light of the clouds, or poised themselves in the full radiance of the sunbeams! This delight was now fully within my possession, and I enjoyed it to the full. The mere faculty of motion is an indulgence; but to possess it without restraint, to have unlimited space before me for its exercise, and to traverse it

without an exertion; to be able to speed with a swiftness surpassing all human rapidity, to speed through a world, and to speed with the simple wave of a wing, was a new sense, a source of pleasure that alone might almost have soothed my calamity. The beauty of nature, the grandeur of the elemental changes, the contrasted majesty of the mountains with the living and crowded luxuriance of the plains below, were perpetually before my eye) and tardily as they impressed themselves on my spirit, and often as they were degraded and darkened by the necessities of my animal nature, they still made their impression. My better mind was beginning to revive. At length, one day as I lay on my poised pinions, basking in the sun, and wondering at the flood of radiance that from his orb illumined earth and heaven, I lamented with almost the keenness of human regret, that I was destitute of the organs to make known to man the magnificence of the powers of creation, thus seen nigh, cloudless, and serene. In this contemplation I had forgotten that a tempest had been gathering in the horizon. It had rapidly advanced towards me. It enveloped me before I had time to spread my pinions and escape from its overwhelming ruin. When I made the attempt, it was too late. I saw nothing before, below, or above me, but rolling volumes of vapour, which confused my vision and clogged my wings. Lightning began to shoot through the depths of the world of cloud. As I still struggled fiercely to extricate myself, I saw a shape standing in the heart of the storm. I knew the countenance. It was Azrael; still awful, but with its earlier indignation gone. My strength sank and withered before him. My powerful pinion flagged. I waited the blow. It was mercy. I saw him stretch forth the fatal hand again. The lightning burst round me. I was enveloped in a whirlwind of fire, felt one wild pang, and felt no more.

"I awoke in the midst of a chamber filled with a crowd of wild looking men and women, who, on seeing me open my eyes, could not suppress their wonder and joy. They danced about the chamber with all the gesticulations of barbarous delight. As I gazed round with some hope or fear of seeing the mighty angel who had smote me, my gesture was mistaken for a desire to breathe the open air. I was carried towards a large casement, from which a view of the country spread before me. I was instantly, and for the first time, now sensible that another change had come upon me.

Where were the vast volumes of clouds, on which I had floated in such supreme command! Where were the glittering pinnacles of the mountains, on which I had for so many years looked down from a height that made them dwindle into spear heads and arrow points! Where was that broad and golden splendour of the sun, on which I had for so many thousand days gazed, as if I drank new life from the lustre! I now saw before me only a deep and gloomy ravine, feathered with pines, and filled with a torrent that bounded from the marble summit of the precipice. The tops of the hills seemed to pierce the heavens, but they were a sheet of sullen frost; the sun was shut out, and but for a golden line that touched the ridge, I should have forgotten that he had an existence. I had left the region of lights and glories; I was now a wingless, powerless, earth-fixed thing, a helpless exile from the azure provinces of the sky. What I had become, I toiled in vain to discover. I was changed; I knew no more; my faculties still retained the impressions made on them by long habit; and I felt myself involuntarily attempting to spring forward, and launch again upon the bosom of the air. But I was at length to be fully acquainted with the truth.

"As the evening came on, I heard signals of horns and wild cries, the sounds of many voices roused me, and soon after, the women whom I had seen before, rushed into the chamber, bringing a variety of ornaments and robes, which they put on me. A mirror which one of them held to my face, when all was completed, shewed me that I had transmigrated into the form of a young female. I was now the daughter of a Circassian chieftain. The being whose form I now possessed had been memorable for her beauty, was accordingly looked upon as a treasure by her parents, and destined to be sold to the most extravagant purchaser. But envy exists even in the mountains of Circassia; and a dose of opium, administered by a rival beauty, had suddenly extinguished a bargain, which had been already far advanced, with an envoy from the royal haram of Persia. My parents were inconsolable, and they had torn their garments, and vowed revenge over me for three days. On this evening the horsemen of the whole tribe were to have assembled for an incursion upon the tribe of my successful rival, and to have avenged my death by general extermination. While all was in suspense, the light had come into the eyes of the dead beauty, the colour had dawned on her cheeks, her

lips had moved; and her parents, in exultation at the hope of renewing their bargain, had at once given a general feast to their kinsmen, loaded me with their family ornaments, and invited the Persian to renew his purchase, and carry me without delay beyond the chance of future doses of opium.

"The Persian came in full gallop, and approved of me for the possession of his long-bearded lord; my parents embraced me, wept over me, protested that I was the light of their eyes, and sold me without the slightest ceremony. That night I was packed up like a bale of Curdistan cloth, was flung on a horse, and carried far from the mountains of Circassia.

"At the Persian court I lived sumptuously, and in perpetual terror; I ate off dishes of gold, and slept on beds fringed with pearl, yet I envied the slave who swept the chamber. Every thing round me was distrust, discontent, and treachery. My Persian lord was devoted to me for a month; and at the end of that time, I learned from an old female slave, that I was to be poisoned, as my place was to be supplied by a new favourite, and it was contrary to the dignity of the court that I should be sold to a subject. My old friend further told me, that the poison was to be administered in a pomegranate that night at supper, and mentioned by what mark I was to know the fatal fruit. On that night there was a banquet in the haram, the Monarch was beyond all custom courteous, and he repeatedly invited me to drink perfumed liquors, as the highest token of his regard, from his own table. At length, in a sportive tone, he ordered a dish of pomegranates from his favourite garden to be divided among the fairest of the fair of the haram. My heart sank within me, as I heard the sentence of death. But I became only the more vigilant. The dish was brought. The fruits were flung by the Monarch to his delighted guests; till at last but two remained. One of them, I saw, was the marked one. To have refused it, would have argued detection of the treachery, and must have been followed by certain death. At the moment when his hand touched it, I exclaimed that a scorpion had stung me, and fell on the floor in agony! This produced a momentary confusion. The Monarch dropped the fruit from his hand, and turned to summon assistance. Quick as the love of life could urge me, I darted towards the table, and changed the places of the two pomegranates. The confusion soon subsided, and I received from the hand of the Soff the one which

was now next to his royal touch. I bowed to the ground in gratitude, and tasted the fruit, which I praised as the most exquisite of all productions of the earth. The Monarch, satisfied with his performance, now put the remaining one to his lips. I saw the royal epicure devour it to the last morsel, and observed the process without the least compunction; he enjoyed it prodigiously. In the consciousness that he would not enjoy it long, I packed up every jewel and coin I could gather in my chamber the moment I left the banquet, desiring the old slave to bring me the earliest intelligence of the catastrophe. My labours were scarcely completed, when an uproar in the palace told me that my pomegranate was effectual. The old slave came flying in immediately after, saying that all the physicians of the city had been ordered to come to the Soff's chamber; that he was in agony, and that there were "strong suspicions of his having been poisoned!" The old Nubian laughed excessively as she communicated her intelligence, and at the same time recommended my taking advantage of the tumult to escape. I lost no time, and we fled together.

"But as I passed the windows of the royal chamber, I could not resist the impulse to see how his supper succeeded with him. Climbing on my old companion's shoulders, I looked in. He was surrounded by a crowd of physicians of all ranks and races, Jews and infidels, all offering their nostrums; and all answered by the most furious threats, that unless they recovered him before the night was over, the dawn should see every one of them without his head. He then raved at his own blunder, which he appeared to have found out in all points, and cursed the hour when he ate pomegranates for supper, and was outwitted by a woman. He then rolled in agony. I left him yelling, and heard him, long after I had reached the boundaries of the haram garden. He died before he had time to cut off the physicians' heads. Before dawn he was with his forefathers.

"Through what changes of life I now ran, I remember but little more. All is confused before my eyes. I became the captive of a Bedouen, fed his camels, moved the jealousy of the daughter of a neighbouring robber, was carried off by his wild riders in consequence, and left to perish in the Hedjaz. From this horrible fate I was rescued, after days of wandering and famine, by a caravan which had lost its way, and by straying out of the right road, came to make prize of me. The conductor of the escort seized me as his property, fed me

until I was in due fulness for the slave market at Astrachan, and sold me to a travelling Indian dealer in Angora goats' hair and women. I was hurried to the borders of the Ganges, and consigned the court of a mighty sovereign, black as ebony, and with the strongest resemblance to an overgrown baboon. I was next the sultana of a Rajahpoot. I was then the water-carrier of a Turcoman horse-stealer; I was the slave of a Roman matron at Constantinople, who famished and flogged me to make me a convert, and when I at last owned the conversion, famished and flogged me to keep me to my duty. She died, and I was free from the scourge, the temple, and the dungeon. I have but one confession more to make. Can the ear of the holy son of Jehoshaphat, the wisest of the wise, listen to the compacts of the tempter?" The fair speaker paused; the Rabbi shrank at the words. But the dying penitent before him was no longer an object of either temptation or terror. He pressed his hands upon his bosom, bowed his head, and listened.

"The fainting beauty smiled, and taking from her locks a rich jewel, placed it on the hand of her hearer. 'My story is at an end,' said she. 'I had but one trial yet to undergo. The King of the Spirits of Evil urged me to deliver myself over to him. He promised me instant liberty, the breaking of my earthly chain, the elevation into the highest rank of earth, the enjoyment of riches beyond the treasures of kings. The temptation was powerful; the wealth which you now see round me, was brought by hands that might have controlled the elements, but I had learned to resist all that dazzled the eye. Ambition was not for my sex, yet I might at this hour have ranked at the head of the race of woman; a spell was within my power, by the simple uttering of which, I might have sat on a throne, the noblest throne at this hour upon earth. This, too, I resisted. But the more overwhelming temptation was at hand; the King of Evil stood before me in a garb of splendour inexpressible, and offered to make me the possessor of all the secrets of magic. He raised upon the earth visions of the most bewitching beauty; he filled these halls with shapes of the most dazzling brightness; he touched my eyes, and I saw the secrets of other worlds, the people of the stars, the grandeur of the mighty regions that spread above this cloudy dwelling and prison of man. The temptation was beyond all resistance, I was on the point of yielding, when I saw the Spirit of Evil sud-

deadly writhe as if an arrow had shot through him; his brightness instantly grew dim, his strength withered, and even while I gazed he sank into the earth. Where he had stood, I saw nothing but a foot-print, marked as if the soil had borne fire; but another form arose. I knew Azrael; his countenance had now lost all its terrors. He told me that my trials were come to their conclusion. That guilty as I was, my last allegiance to the tempter was broken; that the decree had gone forth for my release, and that this night I was to inhabit a form of clay no more.' The Rabbi listened in holy fear to the language of the wearied spirit, and for a while was absorbed in supplication. He then repeated the prayers for the dying hours of the daughters of Israel.

"'It was for this that I summoned you, son of Jehoshaphat,' said the sinking form. 'It was to soothe my last hour on earth with the sounds of holy things, and to fill my dying ear with the wisdom of our forefathers. So shall my chain be gently divided, and the hand of the angel of death lead me through the valley of darkness, without treading on the thorns of pain.' The Rabbi knelt, and prayed more fervently. But he was roused by the deep sigh of the sufferer. 'Now, pray for me no longer,' were her words; 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' The Rabbi prayed for the restoration of Zion. As his prayer arose, he heard it echoed by voices of sweetness that sank into his soul. He looked upon the couch; the sufferer was dead; but the struggle of death had not disturbed a feature. She lay still lovely, and he knew that the fetter of the spirit had been loosed for ever, and that the trial had been ended in mercy. He rose to call the attendants to watch by the dead, but the halls were empty. He then turned to the porch, and pondering on the ways of destiny, set his face in awe and sorrow towards his own home. He looked back once more, but where was the porch through which he had so lately passed? Where was the stately mansion itself? All before the eye was the dim and yellow expanse of weeds that covers the foot of Hebron. He looked around him—he saw but the heathy sides of the hill, with the city on its brow; he looked below him—he saw but the endless range of fertile plain that is lost in the desert; above him, all was the blue glory of midnight. The palace was air. Had he been in a trance? Had he seen a vision? Had a warning been given to him in a dream? Who knoweth? But is it not recorded in the book of the house of

Jehoshaphat; who shall tell? Go, thou who readest, and learn wisdom. Are not all things dust and air?"

Blackopod's Mag.

Varieties.

PUT AWAY DE BOKE.—A Frenchman, on searching for lodgings at the east end of the town, was recommended to a lodging-house. "But," said the person, "you must take care of the *poker*, for Mrs. Scatthern uses it nobly when irritated." When the Frenchman arrived, and was about making terms, Mrs. S. was reading a book. This reminded him of his friend's hint; and he said, "Put away de boke, madam!" meaning her to remove the poker, lest his ire should induce her to use it. She put the book on the shelf, and, thinking to oblige him with her conversation, found him more unintelligible than ever, and, grasping the poker, began to stir the fire. This was enough: the Frenchman rose and started, exclaiming, it was time to decamp when she would not *put away de boke*. X. Y. Z.

EATING POTATOES.—A servant girl on going to be hired, was asked by the lady, well known to the scribe of this little anecdote,—how many potatoes she could eat; "Because," said the lady, "I eat one—my husband eats one—and my daughter eats one and a half. How many can you eat?"—"A pailful, ma'am!" said the girl, and turning on her heels out of the parlour, slammed the street-door after her.

PYLADES.

CURIOUS FACT.—If we would preserve ice from melting, the most effectual means would be to wrap it in blankets, which would retard for a long time the approach of heat to it from any external source.—*Lardner on Heat*.

LEGITIMATE DRAMA.—I remember, many years back, in passing over Westminster bridge, to have seen, on the opposite side to which I was walking, that fine old soldier Philip Astley, whose name the theatre at the foot of the said bridge still retains. He saw me, and with his stentorian voice he hallooed across the way—"I say, Mr. Fawcett, who do you call legitimate actors?" I of course tried to pass on, and avoid him, but he made the bridge resound by continuing—"I say, do you call John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons legitimate actors? If you do, I can tell you I never engage them at my theatre; nor, what's more, I never will; now your proprietors have engaged my legitimate horses, and this I call d—d ungentee!"—*Fawcett's Fund Address*.

THREE REASONS FOR NOT-GOING TO THE PLAY.—"There is nothing in the world I am so fond of as a play, Tom," said an old lady to her nephew, "and but for three reasons, I should be a great frequenter of the theatres." "And what may those reasons be, my dear aunt?" Why, Tom, first I hate the trouble of going thither; next—I hate the trouble of staying there; and, lastly—I hate the trouble of coming home again."

SINGULAR CEREMONY.—On Palm Sunday, the usual annual ceremony was performed in the church at Caister, that is, of a person from Broughton, near Brigg, bringing a very large whip which is called a *god whip*, the stock of which is made of wood tapering towards the top, having a large thong of white leather, and being wrapped towards the top with the same. He comes towards the north porch about the conclusion of the first lesson, and cracks the whip as loud as possible for three times, the thong reaching within the porch; after which he wraps the thong round the stock, having four twigs of mountain ash placed within the same; he then ties the whole together with whipcord, and suspends a leathern bag to the top of the stock, with two shillings in it (originally twenty-four silver pennies): he then takes the whole on his shoulders, marches into the church, and stands till the commencement of the second lesson; he next goes to the reading desk, and kneeling down upon a cushion, holds the purse over the clergyman's head till the end of the lesson. He then retires into the choir, and after the service is concluded, he carries all to the Manor-house of Hundon, where they are left. How this ceremony originated is known but to few, but by the performance of it certain lands are held in the said parish of Broughton.

THE HOUSE OF THE TRIBE FAMILY.—It was a large, rickety, banging and slamming sort of house, famous for breezes, in which there was a perpetual contest between the wind without, and the children within, which should create the greatest noise. Not one of the Tribe family was ever known to shut a door without sundry reproaches and entreaties, although Mrs. Tribe was screaming out all day to Hetty, "Come back, you've left the door open.—Amy! here!"—"Well, mamma."—"Shut the door, James, you really have no mercy on us," &c. And Mr. Tribe never sat down to dinner without saying to his foot-boy, yclept, from courtesy, "our man," "Benjamin, really my legs are perished; no wonder I have the gout—there's that outer hall door open, as if we kept an inn or a post-office.

There's not a servant in my house ever shuts a door, Mrs. Cattell." All this admonition, which only made one feel the colder, was quite thrown away upon this large disorderly family, who might be said to live extempore, and, from the unfortunate circumstances of having a very good tempered, easy mother, one of the most grievous calamities that can befall so numerous a household, were always in confusion. The servants of course had imbibed largely the latitudinarian system: ringing the bell was hopeless under five or six repetitions; mending the fires equally hopeless: they were generally let so low, that nothing but the utmost skill could recover them; when, lo! in came a dusty house maid in curl-papers, and discharged a whole coal-scuttle upon them. Let those smile who live in tropical climates, but these are no small grievances in merry, but cold England. Yet nothing could spoil the tempers of the Miss Tribes: they laughed as loud when the fire was out as when it blazed; they made a regular joke of the bell never being answered, and seemed almost in a state of consternation when the servant happened to come at the first summons. One or other of the sisters were constantly on the search for the house keys, which were usually lost twice a day, and one or other of their friends usually engaged in pinning up the gathers and closing the gaps in their gowns behind; for as fast as one separation was concealed another came to view. With all this, their mirth was unabated.

RETROGRADE PROGRESSION.—Irish children are proverbial for their ingenious replies. The following is not a bad instance of their ready wit. On a cold, frosty morning, an unfortunate spalpeen was late in his attendance at school, when he was severely reproved by the master. "Faith, sir," said young Pat, "it was no fault of mine at all, at all. The road was so slippery, that every step I took farrered was two backward." "Oh, you big blackguard, how can that be? If you had walked that fashion, you never could have got here by any means." "No more I would, sir, and so I played the road a trick. I turned my back on the school, and made believe I was going home again!"

IGNORANCE.—Braham, the vocalist, a few years ago advised a member of the Jewish persuasion, with whom he was on intimate terms, to pay particular attention to the education of his son—a lad apparently of considerable promise. It would seem that the hopes of the parent who acted in conformity with this advice, were doomed to be blasted, for he lately

called upon Braham, and, showing him a letter, said,—"There, Mr. Braham, look at that. You know I have spent oceans of money—a whole fortune upon the poy. He's now two-and-twenty years old. There's a letter from him, and what do you think? So help me G—, if he doesn't spell SHUGAR without an h!"

MODERN REFINEMENT.—Verily, to eat of the modern Tree of Knowledge seems, as it were, to destroy the happiness of innocent, and to make us familiar with evil. Our very pleasures assume a more corrupt form. Men, women, and children, are driven from those recreations which, in earlier and less enlightened times, were allowed as the solace for labour—the moments to unknit the ravelled sleeve of care; and pastime is regarded as if it were guilt. And what are the consequences? Vice prevailing in its most odious shape—drunkenness, unmitigated by the puny efforts of Temperance Societies—the secret profanation of the Sabbath increased by puritanical attempts at enforcing outward observances—a dislike of all authority, growing with the growth of that meddling coercion which interferes with every pleasure of the poor and humble, but insists on their being educated, and improved, and industrious without relaxation, and moral, and religious, and miserable. A calm view of the subject is absolutely distressing; we feel the abstract truth—that superior information ought to lead to superior comfort; but when we look around us, over the surface of civilised Europe, we are tempted to exclaim with the poet,—

"No more:
Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise." *J.M. Gas.*

PRICES OF BUTCHER'S MEAT IN 1553.—In consequence of the exorbitant prices demanded by the butchers, an act was passed in this year (24, Henry VIII., cap. 8.) fixing the prices and directing the meat to be sold by weight. The utmost limits by that act were, beef and pork a halfpenny a pound, and mutton and veal three farthings. By a register published the same year, it appeared there were in London only eighty butchers, who killed nine oxen weekly, which, in forty-six weeks (none killed in Lent) amounted to 33,120 for the year.

NETLEY ABBEY was built in 1239 for the Cistercian Monks from Beaulieu, who dedicated the abbey to St. Mary and St. Edward. It was founded by Henry the Third.

HOW TO DETECT ADULTERATED COFFEE.—Put a spoonful of coffee in a glass of cold water; if the coffee is genuine, it will swim at the top, and the water re-

mained clear; if adulterated, the chicoree and succory will immediately separate from the coffee and thicken the water. A better remedy still is to buy it unground.

MIRRORS OF FUSIBLE ALLOY.—Berzelius has found that by the union of nineteen parts of lead and twenty-nine of tin, a fusible alloy is produced which affords on cooling in thin plates, very bright surfaces. A convex lens dipped several times into the melted alloy yielded from the surface dipped a concave mirror of great lustre. This, mounted upon plaster, was preserved for some time in the air untarnished. Dust destroys these mirrors, which will not bear wiping.

REMARKABLE TRADITION.—It is related of Lady Dillon, daughter of the Duchess of Tyrconnel, that on the death of her Lord she inhabited Laughlin Castle, in Ireland, a princely edifice, which, with the surrounding estate, was assigned her as her jointure, on condition of her residing in the castle. She fell in love with an Englishman, who could not be kept from retiring to his own country. She determined neither to lose her lover nor her jointure, and having ordered a banquet in the garden, fired the castle, and feasted by the light of the blazing pile; and after supper, while the towers were burning, she set off for England with her lover.

CROMWELL'S PEAR TREE.—There is a tradition in Sidney College, Cambridge, that an old pear-tree lately standing in the Fellows's garden had been planted by Oliver Cromwell, and it seems not unlikely that the original stock was coeval with the Protector, who was a member of Sidney. The tree consisted of five stems, which rose directly from the ground, and which had most probably shot up after the main trunk had been either accidentally destroyed or cut down. A section of this stem, eight feet from the ground, had 103 concentric rings, indicating as many years of growth for that part. If we add a few more for the growth of the portion still lower down, it brings us to a period within 70 years of the Restoration, and it is by no means improbable that the original trunk may have been at least 70 or 80 years old before it was mutilated.

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM LESSING.

The Wise Child.

How plain your little darling says "Mamma,"
But still she calls you Doctor, not "Papa."
One thing is clear—your conscientious rib
Has not yet taught the pretty dard to fib.

On the Statue of Cupid.

Nay, Chloe, gaze not on his form,
Nor think the friendly caution vain;
Those eyes the marble's self may warm,
And look him into life again. Q.Q.

The plot of the 'Eldin Sprite, or the Grim Grey Woman,' as performing at Covent-garden, will be found in No. 28 of this work, under the title of Will o' the Wisp;—and Lella's Lamp; or, the Green Light of Avarice, &c. &c. will also be found in No. 208.



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Illustrated Article.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A TALE.

Extracted from a Series of Papers found in an old Gentleman's Portfolio, after his death. FOR THE OLIO.

'Tis gude to be merry and wise,
'Tis gude to be honest and true,
'Tis gude to be off with the old love,
Before we are on with the new.

Old Song.

— And why should I sit down and coolly pen a narrative of events, such as those which have stained the character of my life? Fops and fools have indeed taken a delight in recording the nothings of their existence, obeying the solicitations of that self-love and vanity which has distinguished their lives; and others have had a nobler purpose in view, that of warning and improving their fellow-beings. But with neither of these classes can I properly enrol myself. With the first I would fain hope I have nought in common; and as regards the last, these papers are drawn up more from a kind of unnatural desire to meditate upon the sins of my past life, than from any hope

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of affording instruction to mankind.— When I am gone, indeed—when the hand that now somewhat unsteadily guides the pen through the mazes of my narrative, becomes cold and withered in the grave—when this care-worn body sinks into the dust, and while the sods of the valley are growing sweetly around my tomb,—then, perchance, my story may be told to eager listeners, and my crimes held up as beacons to warn the youthful voyager of life, to shun the quicksand, the shoal whereon my vessel struck. But 'till death numbs my faculties this shall never be. I cannot bend the head of shame amongst those who now love to call me friend. Oh! what will *they* think—what will *they* say, when hereafter they find the character of him whom they esteem so good—so philanthropic, smeared with the accursed stains of blood? Will they not abhor the very mention of his name, and spit upon his grave in virtuous indignation and recoil. Let me not think of it. I have resolved—yea, vowed, and *will* fulfil my task.

I was born in Devonshire, about the year 17—. My mother died two years after giving birth to me, her first and only child, leaving me the beloved and in-

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dulged idol of a bereaved and disconsolate father. He had amassed considerable wealth by the farming interest, which was then (like every other business) in a far better condition than it is at present, and feeling averse to continue the toils of business after his melancholy loss, he bought an estate and retired to live on the profits he had honestly acquired by trade. His first cares were for me. The best of worldly educations was given, and no expence spared to render me an ornament to my friends and society in general. But I was a spoiled child; everything I wished for or desired that lay within my parent's grasp was never denied. He left no means untried to gratify the inclinations of his darling boy. Yet I was not naturally vicious in this full sense of the word. As I grew up, I had no desire to run into any riotous excesses, or, becoming the prey of knaves, to waste what money I might possess in luxuries and dissipation. Strange to say, I was rather penurious than otherwise, and I fled with disgust the society of those who gloried in the motto (*toast*, perhaps, would be the better word) of "Vivent les femmes et le vin." Still I can lay no claim to any but mere

moral principles I possessed for my preservation from the more glaring evils that distort so many of the human race. The religious part of my education had been most painfully neglected. My father was a man of strict and unimpeachable integrity, and of noble and honourable feeling; but all his trials had as yet failed in bringing him prostrate at that throne where "mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other." Little had been said to me on the subject, and that little so slightly attended to, that it is no marvel my vessel should ride unsteady in the gale, when the pilot, that alone could "weather the storm," was unsought for and despised. One horrid evil raged within my breast—it was the demon of *passion*. The person who thwarted my will, or endeavoured to prevent the accomplishment of my desire, I could have crushed as a venomous reptile that crossed my path. Immoderate fury swelled within my heart at the very idea of any one daring to place himself in opposition to me! This was my curse—my bane; this led, or rather was the chief incentive to the scene which I am shortly to relate. But to proceed.—Within half

a mile of our residence dwelt another family, the chief of whom was (like my father) a widower. He had three children, a son and two daughters. We had been always intimate with them; a feeling of friendly sympathy existed between my father and Mr. D., and a similar bond of union connected myself and Alfred.—But his friendship was not the only charm that lured me to his home. As time rolled on, I discovered that a more than *brotherly* affection for his eldest sister Emma was forming within my breast. I walked with her, rode with her, and each day that passed seemed to add a treble amount to my love. Alfred was of a strange and gloomy disposition. His mother had died when he was about ten years old, and, of course, he possessed a strong recollection of her. I had none of mine. He remembered all her acts of kindness and maternal anxieties for his welfare, and never entirely recovered the shock her death had given him. But, although our characters were in many things essentially different, yet, we loved each other as brothers, and our pursuits, and employments, were nearly of the same kind. Thus things passed away until I had arrived at the age of nineteen, and my friend (who was two years my senior), had just emerged from that period of life, so anxiously awaited by many a youth, his twenty-first birthday. By this time I had won from Emma a confession that she loved me. Our parents smiled upon our hopes, and promises of eternal affection passed between us. But it was now resolved that myself and Alfred should pay a visit to the continent, and improve ourselves by a personal intercourse with the people of that nation so esteemed as the very pink of politeness and graceful accomplishments. It required many and many a struggle, ere my father could agree to part with me; but at length, urged by my solicitations, (for I ardently wished to see a little more of life), and the persuasions of his friend, he consented to the separation. A respectable middle-aged clergyman was selected as our guide and companion, to warn us from those scenes of pollution with which Paris so fatally abounds, and to show us those places where we might gain at once both instruction and pleasure. But Emma—my beloved Emma—how could I for a dreary twelve-month leave her who had bestowed upon me the first affections of her heart! Yet the effort must be made. I was not to be for ever so bound to her as to weep at parting for a season. I must be weaned from such unmanliness. We met, for the last time, in a place that had

been the scene of happier interviews. O how mournfully she hung her head upon my shoulder, and wept at the thought of my leaving her. I strove to console her, but my endeavours were unavailing. A gloomy presentiment of some future evil seemed to have filled her breast. She refused to be comforted—she would not cease to mourn. The continent, she was sure, was in an unsettled state—riot had lately taken place, and although the concessions of the King had caused the lull of a deceitful calm, yet she feared the quietude was but for a season; the roar of popular vengeance like “the noise of many waters,” would again burst forth with overwhelming force, and the lightning flash of fury and fiery portents of revenge blaze out with ten thousand times greater rage o’er the face of unsettled France. But it was decided—we parted. With a heavy heart my father bade me adieu. His “deep toned voice faltered” as he sadly gave his parting advice, and as I gazed intently on his face, I saw the “big round tear” stand in his manly eye, and struggle to be free. I looked at him, and for the moment half-hesitated, but it was but for a moment. Alas! I little thought I should never hear those tones again. We soon reached the sea-port town, and having entered the vessel that was to bear us from our native land, the yielding waves, aided by a prosperous gale, quickly bore us to the shores of that country whither we bent our way. In a few days we reached Paris; the countries we passed through ere we gained that city I almost forgot—nothing particular occurred to cause me to recollect them with any degree of interest; indeed, if I remember right, both Alfred and myself found them “dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable.” Having arrived at our destined abode in the capital, we soon commenced an active search after amusement. Our worthy guide was one of those kind, easy souls, who let the world run its own course, without so much as lifting their little finger against the stream of events, as long as there appears no imminent danger of their being themselves overwhelmed by it. Although he was in orders, he possessed no living, but had been regularly employed up to this time as a tutor in genteel families. He suffered us too much to take our own course, and as he never heard of our out-running our “ways and means,” or getting rid of our allowance (which was carefully remitted to him and by him paid over to us) in downright dissipation, he slept securely. After the first week or so, he seldom accompanied us in our rambles, so that we very soon

formed acquaintances for ourselves.—I have before mentioned, that I was never inclined to any openly vicious courses; it was the same with Alfred, so that the connexions we formed were in all instances respectable and of sound character: so passed a few weeks. It had been arranged, when we started, that we should not remain in Paris, but visit Italy and the surrounding states. Fascinated, however, by the manners and general pursuits of the companions we had chosen, and deeply interested in the politics of the place, Alfred and myself determined to write home, and request permission to remain where we were a short time longer. With some remonstrances, the permission was obtained, and for another month we pursued the same track. About this time, however, began to be heard the distant sound of commotions,—a catastrophe seemed at hand, and the revolutionary seeds that had so long been planted were now beginning to raise their pernicious heads and burst forth in full bloom. Letters reach us from home, begging us to return, ere it might be rendered utterly impossible. But these admonitions were disregarded. Our companion now grew indignant at our tardiness. Alarmed for his own safety, he peremptorily ordered us to embark; but we resolutely refused. Words grew high between us. We scorned his counsel, and would have none of his advice. Enraged at this treatment, he hastily left us, and forthwith departed to seek for safety in the land of his fathers. I am almost at a loss to account for my conduct on this occasion. Surely I was infatuated—but the cowardly fool thwarted me—assumed a mastery over my actions, which I fancied he had no right to, and I was not one to be insulted with impunity. With Alfred the case was different; he was not wont to be so headstrong in his resolutions; but on this occasion a motive urged him to remain, which no danger or fear could ever overcome. It was briefly this: he had formed an acquaintance with a family of the name of Bertrand; Adeline was an only daughter; she was young,—ay, and beautiful! Her gentle form flits before mine eyes, in “fancy’s sketch,” even now, and like an angel of light, illumines the dark and dreary prison-house of this care-worn heart. Alfred loved her, and was beloved in return. It was some time ere he acquainted me with the subject, and I upbraided him when he did so, for keeping it so strict a secret from his friend: would I had died ere a word of the confession had passed his lips! I begged to be introduced to the lady, who had fascinated so grave a politician. He hesitated: I laughed at him,

and asked if he was already jealous? He smiled, and at length settled, that at a party about to be given at Adeline’s house, I should be present. The day soon arrived, and I went. Yes, I saw her, admired—loved her too! Her conversation, how elegant, how polished! What a rich fund of superior intelligence, and yet what an absence of pedantry! What a grace! What an air in all her actions! How lady-like, and accomplished. Then her dancing! how charmingly she glided through the mystic mazes of terpsichore. Here was no affectation—it was all nature—pure, simple, unadorned. I became enchanted; I could have staid by her side for ever! when she left me, I felt alone, confused, and absent, my eye wandered after her, and I thought of none but Adeline. In that one, little hour, my love for Emma vanished. I had forgotten her; and, perhaps! O what a fierce dash of joy came across me at the thought! Perhaps she had forgotten me. I had not heard from her lately, and—it must be so! But I noticed Alfred’s eye upon me—I felt that I was watched, and seizing an opportunity of pleading illness, I hastily left the house, and rushed home. I entered my room, and the first thing I saw lying on my dressing-table was, a letter from Emma! I seized it—I dared not break the seal—half mad, I tore it in several pieces. I paced up and down the apartment—the vision of Adeline still floated before my eyes—I could think of nothing else. I threw myself on my bed, but could not sleep—I suffered the tortures of a maniac—I arose and repaced the room, and endeavoured to argue with myself.—“What madness is this,” exclaimed I; “can I become such a slave as to deceive a trusting friend? Can I turn so base—so vile, as to break my faithful Emma’s heart?” A portion of the torn letter met my glance—I lifted it—it reproached me for not writing, in the most simple, touching, language. Emma asked, if I had forgotten her. I dropped upon a chair, I burst into tears. But the form of Adeline once more blazed before me in all its beauty, and with a feeling of contempt and scorn I spurned the fragment from me. I cannot tell—I have no words to describe all that passed within my soul that night—the effect may be briefly stated—I left my room in the morning a calm, deliberate, villain!

Alfred half doubted me. He questioned me at breakfast, “What I thought of his choice?” and accompanied it with a glance so keen that I quaked beneath it; but I answered him as indifferently as I could, and he seemed for the moment reassured. I now laid my plans (such

as they were—for villain though I had resolved to be, I had but a tithe of the wit a thorough-paced betrayer hath), and anxiously awaited some favourable opportunity for carrying them into effect. I had not to wait long. A week had scarcely elapsed, and the morning of that day dawned whereon the Bastile was taken. All was confusion and alarm in the city, and on the first outbreking of popular violence I hastened to the home of Adeline. I was beforehand with Alfred. The house had already been threatened by some desperadoes, and I saw her surrounded by her aged parents and relations, half distracted with fear and agony. I offered her aid, but she refused to leave them; all my efforts were in vain. At length I conjured up the "lying lip and deceitful tongue," and told her that I had been sent by Alfred to convey her and her friends to a place of safety in the suburbs of the city; but that any attempt to conduct the whole at once could only bring certain destruction on us all. This moved her, and she gave a reluctant consent. The preparations I had made beforehand were these. I had bargained with a man for a small cottage just out of Paris, where I intended to place her, whilst I went in pretended search for Alfred and her relations; then returning to inform her they were not as yet to be found, inveigled her if possible still further from her home. My after conduct was to be regulated by circumstances. Boy-like, rash and headstrong, I looked not at the future, but imagined, that once possessed of her person the difficulties to be overcome were slight and transient. But to proceed, two horses were in waiting for us, according to my orders. I quickly placed her on one, and, mounting the other myself, we proceeded through the bye streets cautiously, and as speedily as possible. Being a well-known republican myself we avoided a great many dangers which might otherwise have detained us, and we at last safely cleared the city, and arrived within half a mile of the place of our destination; but here Adeline's strength failed her. She begged me to stop for one moment, and give her rest. Dismounting, I lifted her from her horse, and placing her on the stump of an old tree, I endeavoured to console and revive her. Whilst doing so I heard a voice calling to me, in thundering accents, to stop! I looked round, and saw a horseman within a few yards of us. His steed was covered with foam, and it was evident that he had been pursuing us with all the speed he could muster. I looked again. Gracious Heavens! it

was Alfred. I hastily attempted to urge Adeline to depart, but she too knew his voice. He had discovered our path then, and I was to be foiled and ruined! Never without one's effort. He leaped from his horse; he was spattered with dust, and his eye glared fiercely upon me as he approached. Adeline rushed to his arms. Sternly removing her, he exclaimed,

"So, traitor, my doubts and fears have ripened into certainties. Deceit and treachery lurk within that heart which once I thought glowed with as pure a friendship as ever distinguished youth or man. Coward, despicable coward, to worm yourself around my heart, in order that you might the better rob me of a jewel thou knewest thou hadst no rightful claim to. Were it not for the scorn with which I look upon thee, as a thing destitute of all principle, all manly rectitude, methinks, I could pity thee! pity thee for thy lost honour—pity thee for the shame to which thy foul treachery hast brought thee—pity thee for thy sullied name, thy tainted virtue. Come, Adeline, return with me, love! The traitor has deceived thee."

Covered with shame, and mad with fury, I knew not what I did. "Never," I exclaimed; "she shall never leave my side. ALL have I risked to gain her, and Adeline shall be mine, even at the hazard of life itself. You have chosen to term me, coward, sir," continued I, drawing my sword. "Now, then, make your boasting good. Win her, and wear her, is my motto; and I will either quit this place with Adeline, or repose here a stiffened corpse!"

"Wretch," cried he, "you tempt me beyond myself. Is Emma's form so soon forgotten? Where are thy vows, thy pledges, thy oaths, to that unhappy girl? Faugh! the 'offence is rank,' indeed, and cries for vengeance. Here it is. I have two accounts to settle, my sister's and my own; and thou shalt pay right dearly for thy baseness. Adeline, my love! unhold me. Nay, then, ———." He unclasped her arms, which were thrown around him, and she sunk stupefied on her former seat. He drew his weapon. "Now, sir, I repeat the words—coward, indeed, thou art: so mean a one, moreover, that I almost loath to lift my sword against so pitiful a slave."

I rushed upon him. The combat was tedious. We were both well skilled in the management of our weapons; indeed we had learned fencing together, as it was then considered an indispensable accomplishment. We fought like figers. All friendship, all future considerations,

were forgotten, and hate reigned triumphant in either breast. At length he pierced me in the sword-arm. I grew faint, and was near falling, when, by some accident, his weapon broke at the hilt. With a yell of triumph I mastered my weakness, and drove mine through his very heart! He fell! O misery! O woe! he fell. And that horrid look—that bitter cry, are with me even now. Those visionary eyeballs strain upon me through the seclusion of my study, even while I pen this narrative. No darkness can hide them—they will pierce the depths of the blackest obscurity. That cry, that death shriek, hark! it waills around me now. Sound, sound, ye trumpets of the warrior. Let all the different kinds of martial music combine their notes, and strike, as for the charge. Alas! ye sound in vain for me—I hear that dying exclamation still. The noblest music that ever breathed from human skill, the finest melody, the sweetest song, all carry to my ears the wail of death!

I am once more able to resume my pen. The recollection of that dreadful scene forced upon me a fit of illness, from which, even now, I am imperfectly recovered; but I must finish my task. Let me proceed, then, ere this hand is numb-ed entirely, and this beating heart silent, and at rest.

At the moment that Alfred fell, Adeline seemed to recover her faculties, but it was only for an instant. She gazed wildly around her, and, as if comprehending the whole horror of her situation, fell, with a shriek, upon the body. I attempted to raise her, but she was cold and senseless; and, on looking around me, I saw several men approaching. I mounted my horse, and, casting one last look at my victims, fled. I found, in a short time, that I had taken a circuitous route into Paris. What sickening sights met my eye there. The mob, the blind insensate mob, was raging in all its horrid fury. Insensibly almost I joined them in their work of havoc, and made one of the party that stormed the Bastille, until at length I fell to the ground, exhausted by fatigue and bruises. When I recovered I found myself in a small shed, carefully watched by a peasant woman, who had known myself and Alfred during our residence in the city. She attended to my hurts, and my body soon recovered its wonted strength. In a few days Paris was quiet; but I dared not stir much abroad. I took a mean lodging, for my finances were now getting extremely low; and, moreover, I feared to mix with my

former acquaintances (supposing they could be found), not doubting that I had been betrayed by Adeline, on her recovery from her trance. Yet, strange to say, I never heard of her again. I learned that the body of Alfred had been discovered, but that none suspected how he had met his fate.

It still remains, however, to be solved what became of the unhappy girl he loved. The only conjecture I can form on the subject is, that she must have died upon his body, and that the parties I had seen approaching had taken her fair corpse away in the anticipation that life had not quite left its frail tenement, and that by restoring it, if possible, they might, after the tumults were over, obtain a reward for their discovery and care. If, however, they did not succeed in re-animating her gentle frame, they would not be over particular as to the manner in which they disposed of it. But all this is mere conjecture, and my surmises may be without foundation. I proceed. This confinement and agitation preyed upon my mind, and as might be expected I was seized with a severe fit of illness, that violently shook my frame, and I arose from the bed of disease an altered man both in body and spirit. I determined to return to England. But how could I look upon Mr. D., and know myself to be the murderer of his son. With what sort of feelings could I face my father, and how could I—how dare I approach the gentle Emma? But all this should be done, an expiation for my guilt must be made. I would confess my crime—what did I say? Confess!—be pointed at, and execrated by all as a wretch fit only for the hangman's fingers? Even so it should be done—I must away—I could not rest where I was—Besides my money was almost gone. I had not enough to support myself in idleness, and, indeed, scarcely sufficient to bear me home. As to writing that was absurd, there was no certainty in a letter reaching its destination, I had written once, but received no answer—doubtless my packet had miscarried. Circumstances delayed me some further time. I witnessed the attack upon Versailles, and that hastened my departure, ere it was too late. I shall not harass my feelings by describing all the difficulties I underwent before I could possibly procure a passage—suffice it, after many and great vicissitudes, I reached the shores of England once again, thin and worn-out by toils and illness, and with scarcely a sou in my pocket. With my last mite I procured a

conveyance to my father's house. Alas! the returning prodigal found no parent to kill for him the fatted calf—no, his spirit was at rest, and the "place that knew him once, knew him again no more for ever," for my poor unhappy father had left this world for another. Emma, too—she had been dangerously ill. Her anxious parent watched over, wept and prayed for her; and on the first symptoms of returning health, left that part of the country for ever. No one knew whither they had taken their flight. I found my house in possession of the steward. My father had, till the last moment of existence, clung to a faint ray of hope, that I might perchance yet be alive, although, when they received by a strange and circuitous conveyance the news of Alfred's death (which was supposed to have been occasioned by the mob) all things conspired in his mind against the probability of my escape. He settled his estate upon the steward (as he had no near relations that were not wealthy), in case I did not return within twelve months. He had now been buried two. The old man knew me directly; joy at my return beamed in his eyes; but, on seeing me so ill and care-worn, the recollection of what had happened during my absence flashed across his mind, and the poor fellow burst into tears.

"Ah, Mr. Richard," said he, "it's a bad thing for young men to leave their native land—and you had everything a reasonable youth should wish for."

In a hoarse voice I enquired after Emma. He told me what I have just related, and from him I learned that my father, ever since our departure from England, had laboured under a deep depression of spirits; but that when the clergyman who accompanied us, returned, announcing our determination to remain, his grief burst out in a far greater degree. At length, when the fatal tumults began, the news of Alfred's death, and my continued absence, brought on fears and anxieties, cares and regrets, that soon gave birth to an illness, which was not long in consigning him to the grave. What shall I add more? I took possession of the estate, and endeavoured, by a courteous demeanour to those about me, to hide from the world the worm that was gnawing at my heart-strings.

Years have now passed on—years of bitter—deep-felt, penitence. I have mingled with my neighbours; ay, and made friends too. My passions are no more! That haughty, fiend-like temper expired when Alfred rolled breathless at my feet. I could kneel to the poorest Christian now and ask his blessing; yet the curse

of guilt still cleaves to me. In the deepest solitude I am not alone, visions of days gone by burst upon me in all their horrid reality, and amidst the duties of hospitality, when many flock about me and expect the warm grasp of friendship, I shudder at the thought of what their feelings would be, did they read the horrid secret of my guilt engraved upon my brow, and know that the hand they oft have pressed in amity was once wet with a fellow-creature's blood. Heaven, can'st thou pardon me for this? wilt thou wash me from this murderous stain, and cleanse me from this foul pollution? O for release from these phantoms, that still disturb my rest. Time rolls on, and they are with me, even yet. Will the grave never open, that is to receive my form? Will its dark and cold recesses give me rest, or am I doomed—Away, ye horrid fancies! unfeigned repentance never sues in vain. Then let me wait mine hour in peace—it will—it must come soon.

So I have accomplished my task—the scenes of my early life have been retraced—the sin, whose curse I feel, has been once more committed in my mind. My father—Emma—Adeline—Alfred—have repassed in succession before me, and I have stamped a memorial of them on paper. It is well!

I went this afternoon to the place where Emma and myself last parted; the whole scene occurred so vividly to my imagination, that I fancied her before me. Once more I felt her tears wet upon my cheek. Again, I heard that soft, gentle, voice, half choked with sobs, uttering farewell. Yes, it all came fresh upon my soul, and the murderer obtained comfort as he knelt upon the spot and wept.

DELTA.

THE POLYANTHUS.

For the Olio.

The Polyanthus, in a crinkled bower,
Unfolds its velvet valves and golden eye;
Secures a native settlement; acquires
Strength by its colonies of little groups;
Smiles in the shadow of the glancing sun;
Gives rest and food to merry bees; invites
The mute-lipped butterfly—the mealy moth—
The coat-mailed beetle; trusts and grows
without

One murmur; picturing constancy and love,
Like as should mortals in a social band,
Living contentedly in season'd earth,
Dews crystalized and health's respiring air.
J.R.F.

EPICRAM—THE DOCTOR AND UNDERTAKER.

"This Influenza is not fatal, friend!"

"Bolus to Bury said, with smile forgiving:

"Nay!" he replied; "though all must grave-ward tend—

I find it very fatal to my living." J.R.F.

Fine Arts.

ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

As horticultural tendance brings the bud
Of hope germ; views the blossom with an eye
Of love, in guardian ecstasy, and aids
Th' exotic flower to splendid beauty—Here,
In this small spot, so cultured by pure taste,
Genius arrays her tenderlings, and gives
Hope, Love, and Faith the blessing of desert.

The second exhibition of associates in this fashionable resort of the town presents to our attention a collection of pictures, such as will hereafter be culled by the fond choice of the purchaser, and adorn the selected space allotted: indeed, we find ourselves surrounded by gems of various hues—delineations of various character—productions of various merit—proofs of various genius and satisfaction in almost all. Here we find no occasion to wander after children to our liking—we are associated by links of harmony, and our vision is, as it were, studded with stars. Our poetic inspiration is toned with ardent feeling—we are, in a word, “quite at home;” and chat with our charming friendships as sentimentally as fine spirits that gloam in the summer sunbeams, amid the sheaves of nature wrought to perfection, and feeling happiness in the communion.

No. 257. *The last Man.* J. Martin.—The sickly glare of the sun, the gloom pervading the scene, the skeletons of the nations, the silence, desolation and awe, are materials for the last man's contemplation. The effect is as sublime as the composition is harmonious. The beauty of the sky and finish of the rocks add much to the value of this wonderful picture.

264. *Invocation.* J. M. Moore.—A lovely female veiled in white before the altar. Her page is waiting near the door, and devoutly duteous to attend her departure from the book and shrine she is piously invoking.

228. *Cutting an old acquaintance.* C. Hancock.—A starved dog, loosened from his tether, is growled at in no measured terms by a skin-stretched, bandy-legged pug, duly collared and in pugnacious quarters. The satire conveys a hint to contrasted bipeds, and tells a moral of mankind.

40. *The Rev. T. Hooper.* T. Heaphy.—A well-fed rector, and probably learned, if we may trust to the delineation.

79. *Lady playing with her squirrel.* Miss F. Corbaux.—A highly finished and interesting lady, who, by the chain attached to the pet squirrel, appears as if she were inclined to hold a lover in

equally strong fetters, and, we doubt not, would as cordially toy with him, when tied in nuptial honours.

11. *Brighton, Worthing in the distance.* A. Martin.—Crowded with all kinds of vehicles, all classes of visitors, and characteristic of the spot.

12. *Watermill, Denbighshire.* Miss H. Gouldsmith.—An old, secluded, and water-supplying mill, lonely in solitude, and existing in the society of its own liquid plash. The man departing, gives evidence of human life here.

268. *The doctor puzzled, or the school fever.* H. P. Riviere.—An idle urchin stands between a comely widow and the doctor, with, “shew me your tongue,” which is healthy in appearance. The doctor taps his chin with his cane, and looks unutterable things. A kitten peeps from beneath the chair, and stretches its paws after the tail of a kite, intimating its owner would soon be better, if permitted to fly it, instead of going to school.

263. *Azim kneeling for the last time at Zelica's grave.* C. Runciman.—An aged man in the costume of his sunny clime, is lingering at the rustic grave of his beloved: his countenance is expressive of that undiminished constancy inspired by affection and feeding the sluices of hope by renewed memories; but, as corporeal energies waste, and time changes the state even of the best feelings—here Azim is offering his last, solemn, and sweetly painful duties to complete the pledge, and wind the amulet of truth round the reliques of mortality.

26. *Recognition.* T. Heaphy.—“Love me, love my cow,” may intimate this good effort.

267. *My poor bird is dead.* S. Eglington.—The youth holds the birdcage as though he were disconsolate; and, after having set his mind on its welfare, is taught that first lesson of trial, bereavement, which, by degrees, prepares the young to receive the more serious family losses occasioned by death.

291. *Hebe*—292. *The planet Mars*—and 278. *Venus, as the evening star, cherishing her dove*—by Miss E. E. Kendrick, are three miniature productions in this lady's best style, and remarkably finished specimens of the art. They are protected between *Nourmahal* and *Artadne*, two of Lynch's lovely females.

Of C. S. Shepherd's ten pictures (two more than are allowed by the rules) 32. *Stone-mason's yard (sketch)* is, perhaps, the most original: This sketch possesses all the roughness and material usually found in the cold and hard-hearted place. We hope hereafter to speak, however, of the nine.

80. *The Smuggler's Cave.* C. H. Weigall. Three stout fellows; one of them at the mouth of the cave with a lantern; the others, with caution in their looks, and kegs and temporary enjoyment; well contrasted and characteristic of the trinity in managing contraband liquors.

Of nine pictures exhibited by Mr. J. M. Burbank, we like 43. *Cat watching a butterfly*—44. *Wounded heron*—245. *Study of wild duck (query drake)*—and 232. *The quarrel between Sir Piercie Shafton and Halbert Glendinning.* 255. *A cat's head,* is also perfectly natural, and a gem among the feline race.—Others, skreened from public gaze and their wall-ed associates, must be deferred till a future opportunity, which we shall anxiously embrace, to aid our two year's old Associate.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. [The Twenty-ninth]

This exhibition opened, with more than 400 pictures, to the public on Monday last. But whether the "Influenza" have laid claim to some of our best painters in this art, and kept them away, or not, we cannot but remark their absence—so few exhibitors, comparatively, and yet so many pictures. The fact is this, the painter is abroad. If we may judge by numbers, the locomotive and steam machinery must have been at work. Thus, Copley Fielding has an apparatus of *forty-seven* pencil power, glazed, gilt, and framed. G. M. Robson of *forty*. D. Cox of *thirty-six*. H. Gastineau of *thirty-five*. Their contemporaries variously less, in proportion to their diminution of interest. Here are, however, a sprinkling of good pieces—a few dashes of the indifferent, and a modicum of the bad. Some of the worst, we are sorry to say, are by the most ostentatious names. In these sickly times it requires no small resolution to proceed, from No. 1, *Mount Parnassus*, W. Walker, to 425, *Near Barmouth, North Wales*, H. Gastineau.

PAINTINGS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Nearly two hundred specimens in the ancient art of painting are exhibiting at Exeter-Hall, consisting of the Venetian, Florentine, Roman and Dutch schools. The names of Caravaggio, Cnyp, Wouvermans, Salvator Rosa, the Teniers, "Love," by Domenichino, Vandyke, Kneller, Rubens, Romney, and Mouche-ron, present fine studies for young artists and enable patrons to enrich their individual galleries.

SHAKSPEAREAN SCULPTURE.

The group of "Sir John Falstaff"—

"Mrs. Doll"—and "Bardolph." The lovers of the 'Bard of Avon,' will, no doubt, be induced to pay a visit to 209, Regent-street, to see Sir John, the poor Knight of Windsor! in real size and dimension, without the aid of *stuffing*. That pink of decayed gentility, "Miss Doll!" and the redoubtable "Bardolph." Other pieces are in the apartment worthy a perusal and repay the time spent in the visit.

SIGNOR CAPPELLI.

CATS—DOGS—CONJURATION.

A seasonable variety of natural and artificial attractions are developed by the Signor at the Cosmorama, in that prince of streets, cyleped *Regent*. Cats are rendered learned without *gutter-als*.—Dogs play at cards and dominos, without masks; perform music without the assistance of the "young gentlemen of the royal academy;" roast coffee, without succory, grind rice without injuring the Hon. Spring Rice; and shew other canine sagacities. A hen, satirises the monkey that has seen the world, by assuming the head and face of exquisite effrontery; and, together with slight of hand, which ought not to be slighted, in juvenile amusements, give the Signor and his family considerable importance.

MICROCOSM.

MR. CARPENTER, Regent-street, is exhibiting an achromatic Solar Microscope by hydro oxygen gas. The light is of the most brilliant description; and the power so high that the 16th part of a drop of water, filled with innumerable living creatures, occupies a circular space of ten feet in diameter, and is magnified 555,000 times. Whether the transverse sections be of the climatis, or a piece of cane shewing their sap vessels and porous qualities;—the wing of the libellula, or the gnat;—the skeleton worm, or the tomtit's feather—the sheath, or wing of the beetle—the monocus oculatus, or the water monster,—they are variously illustrated to great perfection. Here are compound microscopes, also, on a very large scale,—producing additional beauty and effect to the bee and beetle race. The Patent Telescopic Kaleidoscope, giving passengers a ludicrous and the spectators a grotesque idea of the ups and downs in this life. Cosmoramas of Moscow—the Rhine—Berlin—Landscape and picturesque sceneries—with the Phantascopia in shadowy illusions,—calculated to improve the mind and generate pleasing retrospections.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LOVE OF NATURE, AS APPLIED TO LONDONERS.

FOR THE OLIO.

I do verily believe (and my belief is founded in long and correct observation) that Londoners have no real love of nature; that all their prattle about poets, poetry, the natural beauties of every rural scene—the luxuriance of every bower—the ripple of every spring—the bank of every river—the rich panoply of every corn-field—the almost universal glory of every day—is only prattle. I believe that they scarcely take a superficial glance at any thing out of the pale of brick walls, showy windows, broad pavements, gas-light, fog, and in-door lighted warehouses. With those who can afford a country residence, it is exposed to a dusty road, and the few flowers permitted to rise into notice before the window in a little cramped parterre, are covered as in a mill in the summer and bleakly expatriated as in a fallow field in the winter. The beautiful residences round the metropolis will, on inquiry, be found to belong to citizens, but then, to those who drew their first breath in the country, and not within the precincts of Paul's chain, or Botolph Lane. If Londoners venture half a mile from the Monument, and drag their liberties off-spring in carts, or their arms, or go single handed, or double sided, they snuff the air, raise half a dozen exclamations to the skies, half a dozen wonders at the green trees, half a dozen yawns lest it should give thunder, give half a dozen restless fears lest their clothes should be spoilt, rest half an hour on a crowded bench in the New Road, ride quarter of the way home in the Omnibus, and get to bed at a quarter past eleven, wearied to death, with swollen feet, head-ache, and asseveration not to go into the country again for a long while. A butter-cup is pretty—a cowslip lovely—a ragged robin charming—a blind nettle exquisite—but these favoured expressions apply only to a mere common acknowledgement of the view of them. Their essence, their divine purity, their unshorn instinct, their unexampled constancy, their unknown ancestry of veneration and association in historic, botanic, and seminal affections, are never contemplated by the Londoner. An artificial flower for an evening party, artificially scented, a bouquet on the slab and a vase sprinkled with muslin colours and velvet reliefs are far more honoured, receive far greater attentions and call forth a thousand fold more criticism and praise. Af-

fect it as they please, but prove it if they can, Londoners do not love the country, nor do they heartily value the beauties of external nature. In a week's residence with a range of vallies, trains of hills, mills, pastures, woodlands, glens, orchards, gardens, brooks, skies in sunsets, in orient risings, in midnight staritude, shadows in waving varieties, in silence, in sound, in sweetness, in melody. Nature in constant evolving beatitude of splendour, romantic in one hour, placid in another; grandly deformed on this day, grandly in union on the next; brightening and mellowing, blending and beautifying, rendering all the energies of the eternal creator effective and admirable. But Londoners are not intended for philosophers. The patterns, shapes, cuts, coverings of garments, are of more consequence to them—to admire and be admired in their person—to lisp the follies of the age over—to set off as exquisite that which ill becomes the settee—to make more of art, by the science of what is denominated 'small talk,' a never failing 'great gun' in conversation, and to reverse the order of nature. Taking most pleasure when most crowded. Seated at theatres beyond midnight, misdirecting the inclinations of time. When out of the spell, the vision, the vortex, they are vapid. The country appears to them in the horrors of dullness. Is not the fault arising from a want and habit of reflection? Which are the most conducive to real comfort?—to raise the mental standard to a proper love of the Deity and his works, by a proper knowledge of self-identity in the scale of being; or, to range in the whirlpool of civic attractions, without stopping to take breath even to inquire after the author of nature, for whose glorious works, I verily believe, Londoners have no pure and lingering love.

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A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

A GHOST STORY.

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless."

SHAKESPEARE.

It was shortly after the capture of the island of Guadaloupe from the French, in the year 180—, that my *tour* of duty placed me in command of a subaltern's guard of Fort Matilda, where a division of the prisoners of war was then confined. I remember the *guard mounting* of that morning. Never was there collected a more motley group than that which, under my command, marched on the parade

ground. The officer, an Irishman; the serjeant, from the York Rangers, of the same nation; half-a-dozen borderers from the 35th; as many Germans from the 5th battalion of the 60th, and several Africans from my own corps, the —th West India regiment, figured in the Guard Report.

The day passed over in the intellectual manner usual with *Subs* on duty, namely, in writing out and tearing to pieces the Guard Report,—leaning over the parapet of the draw-bridge,—yawning over *Dundas*,—and arranging and re-arranging the papers in my writing-desk. Evening came. The guard was turned out at “gun-fire.” I heard the drums of the different regiments, encamped or huddled at small distances round the town, beat the tattoo. My regimental coat and wings (for I was a Light Bob) were exchanged for the more comfortable blue surtout. The white beaver, the heavy costume of the day, gave place to a light and easy foraging cap; and my net hammock, from the Spanish main, was slung sufficiently low to allow my toe to reach the ground, that I might give it the sea-saw motion so agreeable to a West Indian.—“Who goes there?” shouts the sentinel at the gate. —“Rounds.” —“What rounds?” —“Grand rounds.” —“Guard turn out.” —Clash sound the horse’s hoofs of the field officer on duty, as he retires from his examination of my post, and all is still again.

At eleven o’clock I rouse myself, tie my bandana tight round my throat, and visit the sentinels: nothing more to do till morning. I light my cigar, take a farewell glass of my swizzle, (cold rum and water, very weak, and which a West Indian only can mix,) and, reclining in my hammock, compose myself for a nap. In vain; the annoying buzz of the musquittoes, and the close atmosphere of the guard-room, precluded the possibility of sleep. I arose and opened the *jalousie* to admit the sea breeze, whose sudden and low moaning was just beginning to be heard. How lovely was the scene that met my view! The moon had only just risen over the smoke-cloud that constantly hangs on the summit of Mount Soufriere; which lighted by her radiance, seemed like a palm tree of the brightest amber, gradually reddening to a flame colour, at the point where it emerged from the crater of that ever-smoking furnace. The mountain itself rose dark, and giant-like, in deep shade; its outline clearly defined against the cloudless transparent brilliancy of a tropical sky. Here and there a straggling moonbeam found its way to the bottom of some of the

numerous ravines on the mountain’s side, and sparkled with brilliant light reflected in the streams below. In the plain at the foot of the hill, stood the town of Basseterre; the low flat roofs of its houses, covered with the dew, glittered bright in the moon-light, which, as usual in that climate, was so clear as to render even the gay colouring of the verandahs and galleries plainly distinguishable; while, in the fore-ground, the ramparts and glacis of Fort Matilda frowned in black and solemn grandeur. The night breeze blew cool and sweet; a thousand lizards chirped shrilly beneath the window; while the melancholy tones of the sentinels, as they sung forth, with prolonged and varying cadence, the customary warning of “All’s Well,” harmonized sweetly with the monotonous booming of the sea, that broke upon the shore below the fortress.

Leaving the window open, I resumed my place in the hammock; and, while viewing the prospect before me, and inhaling the fragrance of my cigar, sweet and pleasing ideas of country and of home rose gradually within my mind. The landscape slowly faded from my view; the thoughts of kindred, of friends, and of the green banks of the Shannon, continued to mingle undefinedly with lofty palm trees, smoking mountains, cigars, swizzle, sentries, grand rounds, rum, and prisoners of war;—in a word, I was fast asleep; and so might have continued until morning, had I not been awakened by an unusual commotion in the men’s guard-room, separated from mine by a thin wooden partition only. The confusion of tongues at Babel was order and regularity compared with the uproar I now heard. The Irish serjeant’s brogue, as he alternately swore and blarneyed, rose clear and sonorous over the guttural grumbling of the Germans, the rumbling burr of the Northumbrians, and the jabbering, monkey-like squeak of my own negroes; while at intervals I thought I could distinguish the low moanings of one in pain. To snatch my sabre from the table, and run into the adjoining room, was the thought and work but of a minute; and if the confusion of noises only was astounding, the scene that met my eyes, on crossing the threshold, was perfectly alarming. A huge wood fire, that incongruous but invariable apurtenance of a West Indian guard-room, threw its fitful beams on the rough and marked features of the whole assembled guard, who were congregated round a black soldier of my own regiment, nay of my own company, who lay on the hearth, agitated almost convulsively.

His face, as the fire-light gleamed on it, was deadly pale. Yes, my friend, a black man can look pale; and nothing can be more horrible than the colour at which at such a time the negro assumes. The blood forsakes the countenance; the lips become of a dull, yellow white; a circle of bluish tinge surrounds the eyes; the red veins in which, being swoln and filled with blood, seem of the hue of fire; while the ivory whiteness of the teeth imparts to the whole face a character almost demoniacal.

I elbowed my way with difficulty through the circle, for authority seemed lost; I shouted, stamped, swore, and at last was heard. "What is the meaning of all this confusion?"

"That black spalpeen has run away from his post, and never stopped to look behind him," says the serjeant. "Where was he stationed?" "In the archway by the prisoners' quarters." "Turn out the relief then, and post another sentinel." Grumble went the Germans; the Northumbrians rumbled out their dissatisfaction; "the negroes awoke, but no one moved. All the Irish blood in my veins rushed to my head, and I was in 'a *tundhering* big passion," as the serjeant afterwards defined it. I again, and again demanded the cause of all this uproar. No answer. I, at length, by dint of shaking, kicking, roaring, and thumping, drew an answer from Blackie himself; who gasped out, while his mouth opened and shut like a dying dog-fish, "Oh, Massa Coptin!—(all the officers are captains with the West Indian soldiers,) oh, Massa Coptin, me savee—sartin me safe—sure me go da *kicks ra-doo*—me die—me go da Guinea—me see da Jumbee!" I was but a new-comer in the colonies, and did not understand him. I demanded an explanation from the serjeant. "Sure, and plase yer honour, he says he saw the '*White Gentleman*,' that is the devil, your honour." "The superstitious scoundrel! the prisoners have been endeavouring to terrify him," exclaimed I; "turn out the relief this instant; take off his accoutrements; make a prisoner of him, and follow me to his post."

This was soon arranged; the serjeant and three men were selected; the word was given,—"*With ball-cartridge, prime and load;*" and off we marched towards the massive archway, dividing the lower from the upper compartment of the fortress, where the sentry had been posted, and where the French prisoners were locked up during the night-time. We reached the spot. It was at the entrance of a long covered way, or bomb-proof

casemate, arched overhead, that we halted; on each side of which was the row of doors leading to the prisoners' quarters, and over each door, just at the spring of the arch, was a corresponding row of windows. The wind blew fresh and cool in our faces as we looked up the passage, whose extremity was lost in darkness; but the moon threw her beams from behind us as we stood, enlightening a few paces within the avenue, and marking on the walls and ground a distinct, "cut shadow," forming a perceptible division between the clear, bright moonlight without, and the thick, gloomy darkness within the archway. I tried each door—all was fast; the sound of heavy sleepers from within, shewed, that whatever had disturbed Blackee, had not alarmed the prisoners.

I passed through the archway. A lofty traverse, and its accompanying shallow ditch, divided it from, but did not prevent access to, a battery beyond. I passed round its end, and stood in the open space. Why I was alarmed, I know not, for I had often been there before; but true it is, a feeling of solemn awe crept over me, on finding myself within the precincts of a bastion, in whose ramparts were deposited the remains of such officers, whether English or French, as in former times had died within the fort. The low ridges of earth covering the British dead, were invisible among the rank and luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation; but the wooden crosses, at the head of the resting-places of the Frenchmen, were clearly distinguishable, although the huge building from which I had just emerged threw its gloomy shadow over the limited space; solemnizing, but not darkening the spot, where those, who had once fought fiercely in the "battle plain," now slept side by side, the calm, long sleep of death. I threw a hurried and inquiring glance round its boundary. No living object met my view. Slowly and pensively I returned to the soldiers I had left beyond the arch; all there continued still, and remained so for upwards of half an hour; at the end of which time, weary of inactivity, I placed one of the men on the duty which his fellow had abandoned, and proposed returning to the guard-house with the others.

Scarcely had I turned my back for this purpose, when a shriek of terror burst from the newly placed sentinel; who, after for about a second presenting his musket down the archway, flung it violently from him, and fled precipitately, as also did the serjeant and his comrades. My eyes followed the direction of the levelled musket, and I do not fear being

accused of cowardice when I say, I followed the example set me, and also ran away; for never did a more fear-inspiring object meet the human vision, than that on which my terror-stricken gaze was now riveted. The moon, as it shone brightly into the avenue, shewed me, near the summit of the arch, and almost on a level with my head, floating towards me, a human form, self-sustained in air, the arms of which were stretched out, as if to enfold me within their grasp. It was clad in a short tunic, of transparent white, which shewed more pure in contrast with the pitchy darkness behind it; the head was not quite severed from the body, but hung upon the breast, attached to the neck by a slight portion of the skin on one side. The legs were tossed to and fro in such a manner as clearly shewed that the bones had been broken in many places; and from the severed neck a stream of crimson blood gushed over the white raiment even to its feet. Covering my eyes with my hand I fled towards the guard-room, and had nearly reached it, when the sound of distant laughter from the vessels moored below the fort struck on my ear, as if a ray of sunlight had pierced through the thickest darkness. The consequences of my conduct flashed at once upon my mind. I halted—my breast heaved—my knees trembled—and a profuse perspiration rushed from every pore.

Mustering every energy that fear had left me, I slowly retraced my steps. The feelings of the condemned criminal, as he paces between his cell and the fatal gibbet, would be a state of bliss compared with what I suffered, as I endeavoured to muster in my mind every motive that could stimulate me to exertion.

At length I stood trembling and breathless on the spot I had quitted. Slowly I raised my eyes, and shuddering, closed them in terror, though nothing met my view within the dreary void before me.

The heavy-toned bell of the fort tolled the hour of one. Reassured, I gazed more earnestly towards the summit of the arch, and beheld, while the deep note of the bell yet sounded in my ear, the same frightful object emerging, as it were, from the solid masonry of the roof. It now hovered over my head in a horizontal position, which, as it floated nearer and lower, was changed for an upright one; the breast dilated and swelled, as when one draws a heavy suspiration; no sound accompanied the motion. Despair gave me courage. At my feet lay the loaded musket of the sentinel; I seized, and, cocking it, viewed the object of my

dread more earnestly. The suspirations were continued, and I now saw that the head was but one unshapen battered mass of red raw flesh.

Assuming as military a tone as terror would permit, I shouted, "Who goes there?" No answer.

Again and again I shouted the soldier's challenge, though each time fainter and fainter. I now fancied I could almost touch it. Bringing the gun to my shoulder, I took aim,—'twas within a foot of the musket muzzle,—I fired. The loud echo was repeated a hundred-fold, reverberating hollowly from the arch before me, and more sharply from the graveyard beyond. Thick smoke filled and obscured the passage. I could not have missed,—my courage was as the nerve of despair. Slowly the breeze dissipated the dense smoke; and there, fluttering wildly, like an eagle over its prey, and certainly now not more than two feet from my head, was this "thing of fear and dread." I sprang upwards, and clasped it in my arms. I felt a slight resistance. Something snapped loudly; and a cloth, cold, dank, and damp, as the covering of the dead, enveloped my head and shoulders!!! 'Twas no "unreal shade;"—I felt 'twas substance. Terror vanished, and I became on the sudden strangely valiant. Sounds of human life were around and about me; the prisoners were alarmed, and talked loudly in their quarters. Lights moved towards me from the guard-house, with the sounds of measured footsteps. It was the serjeant and the entire guard. They moved in line, steadily, and with ported arms, ready for the charge; and low at my feet lay the object of this warlike preparation. And what was it?—*A shirt of white linen!* which had been pinned by the sleeves to a drying line, reaching from a window of the casemate to the opposite one; to the collar was pinned a *nightcap* and a pair of *red garters*, (the seeming stream of blood); and to the bottom was attached a pair of stockings, (the jointless legs of my Ghost!) The line being rather slack, it had been wafted backwards and forwards in the breeze that blew down the passage, causing it to advance and recede; and as it bellied with the wind, it seemed to dilate and to diminish in form, causing the before so evident suspiration, and giving it the appearance of supernatural animation.

Need I say that the Court-Martial passed a lenient sentence on the poor black delinquent who had quitted his post? Need I enumerate the jests and jibes that poor I endured from my brother officers? And need I describe how sheepish I look-

ed when, as I was *bowring* two *belle* Guadeloupeans round the Place de Mars, one Sunday evening after garrison parade, I heard my serjeant say, in no dulcet strains, to a comrade, as he touched his cap in passing: "There! that's the Irish officer who caught the Ghost!"

Tait's Edin. Mag.

THE SUNDIAL,

*With Extracts of the Scatter-wit Club,
and Club of Ugly Faces.*

For the Olio.

A COMPLETE and Humorous Account of all the remarkable Clubs and Societies in the Cities of London and Westminster, &c. &c. Printed for J. Wren, at the Bible and Crown, in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, 1756.

This work opens with an "Epistle Dedicatory" to that luciferous and sublime lunatic, the Emperor of the Moon, Governor of the Tides, Corrector of Female Constitutions, Cornuted Metropolitan of all revolving Cities, and Principal Director of those Churches' most sublime, subject to Mutation. Lofty sir, &c. &c. But, as the preface more fully unwinds the author's real intents, we cannot refrain from quoting it nearly entire. And we premise, it contains hints to those who visit "Club-houses," and those who report their sayings and doings.

"As sheriffs wear their chains, and lord mayors their formalities, to draw respect from the public, and the better to protect their worships from vulgar insolence, so a book that is but big enough for the costly dress of a calf's skin doublet, ought never to appear without dedication and preface, for fear the world should laugh at it for receding from the fashion. Besides, most authors are of opinion, that such frontispieces are the ornaments of a book, that often recommend it to the modish reader, as a tempting dress does the hidden premises of a homespun dowdy to a beau's embraces. Therefore, I presently resolved, like other gentlemen of my rank and faculty to tiffle up my offspring with as much gaiety, as if it was designed only for the company of such persons who admire books as they do women, for the newness of their faces. I dare not tell you in the preface what a luscious entertainment I have provided you in the book, for fear a bill of fare should happen to pall your appetites. I use as a proem, as some people do long graces before meat, only to suspend your eating for a little time, after a decent manner, that you may fall to with greater eagerness, when your humble servant, at

the end of the preface, instead of *amen*, has given you licence to proceed." We would willingly advance with our club friend's jocularly; but long meals are, perhaps, more injurious than long graces. We pass over two dishes prefatory and taste a morceau of the dessert. The author is of opinion, that "tagging of verses and writing of books are become as sharp trades, in this keen age, as making of knives and scissors; and, if the former, as well as the latter, are not well ground to a smart edge, they may lie upon a bookseller's stall till they are bought up by the bandbox-maker; yet, if they happen to be so sharp as to scratch a courier on the forehead, cut an alderman for the simples, or to scarify a knave, that is but rich and powerful, there is presently a worse roaring with them than there is with a foolish child, that has hooked his fingers into a clasp knife, and the poor author, who had whetted his wits to get a penny, threatened with nothing less than that reverend machine, which used heretofore to be the property of saints, till invaded by the sinners."

From betwixt thirty and forty clubs, we take a pinch out of the boxes of the "Scatter-wit Club."

"A few years since a parcel of young gentlemen, who were pretenders to wit, and great adorers of the muses, formed themselves into a society, which they kept at the Rose-tavern, Covent-garden, chiefly because it happened to be so near a neighbour to Apollo's session-house, where our celebrated wits are forced to take their trials, and abide by a herd of critics, who assume to themselves the power of d—g or saving any stage author, &c. When the Scatter-wit Society were met over the flask, and the wine had inspired them with a strange conceit of their own pregnant genius, then a pipe of tobacco would scarce be filled, a glass of wine drank, 'or the drawer snuff the candles, but a pun or a distich was *hammered* out upon the occasion. One, perhaps, having furnished himself with a notable collection of Swan's old conundrums, which he had mustered up at beaux coffee-houses, and gaming ordinaries. A second, by the witty conversation of *Dan Gammut Flat*, had acquired such an admirable knack of turning upon a syllable, that a man should not *cant* but he would *inuendo* the *a* into a *u* vowel, to make the company laugh. A third, perhaps, had picked up so many scraps out of the 'Diverting Post,' and the 'Plain-Dealer's Miscellany,' that he would have some doggrel or other to apply to all purposes, and could not speak a sentence but he must tag it, like

the end of an act, with super-excellent couplets. A fifth, having made himself such an absolute master of old celebrated 'Hudibras,' that he could no more forbear tickling the ears of the society with the silver hairs he had picked out of Butler's beard, than a country pedagogue can decline a Latin sentence without giving the authority of a rule in grammar. Thus every one had his peculiar talent, either in fashionable banter, punning wit, ready repartee, or dull petition; and now and then, perhaps, when their thoughts were elevated to a poetical pitch, then the drawer was called in haste to bring pen, ink, and paper, that they might unburden their brains of some seraphic ditty upon my Lady Sackbottle, for enriching her nose with carbuncles, by drinking cold tea. 'A piece of lyric bombast, in praise of juniper ale.'—'A comical dialogue between *Whig and Whigler*; or a quaint prodigy of a poem, &c."

Several poetic specimens of these gentlemen are interspersed. Droll enough though they be, we cannot give them insertion, because they are written with the drawer's dirty pen, and under the strength of the flask. We, however, refer to another club, not less consequential, "The Club of Ugly Faces."

"A certain usurer, named Hatchet, from whose singular aspect is derived that common saying, so oft applied to any homely person, viz. that 'He is a hatched-faced fellow;' being a man who always logged about with him, at least, two pounds of nose, beset as thick with magnificent rubies as the gills of a turkey-cock going to battle in the height of his jealousy, insomuch that most of his phiz lay screened beneath the umbrage of that prolific member, whose stupendous magnitude was so very astonishing, that a butcher's arch boy, with a tray of beef upon his shoulder, meeting with his nose-ship in Newgate-street, made a full stop just before him, crying, 'Pray, sir, put by your snout a little that my buttock of beef and your fiery nose may pass by without jostling.'—'A good boy,' replied Hatchet, and, to humour the jest, put his trunk by accordingly.—'Thank you, master!' says the lad, 'for your civility; but well may steaks be sixpence a pound, since you wear as many on your nose as a butcher can well cut off the rump, or aich-bone, of a good bullock.' In dadgeon of many like jokes, he had chosen in his neighbourhood three or four scare-crow visages, that were scarce to be paralleled in any parish but his own; and these of an evening, when his cloak and tallies were laid by, he met, and called their assembly the 'Club of Ugly

Faces.' To answer the tallyman's super-abounding snout, a second has a chin as long as a grave patriarchal beard, and shaped like a shoeing-horn. A third, disguised with a mouth like a gallon-pot, when both sides are squeezed nearly close together. The fourth, with a nose like the pummel of an andiron, and as full of warts as the beak of a cropper pigeon. A fifth, with eyes like a tumbler, one bigger than the other. A sixth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if, like Eolus, he had stopped his breath for a time to better brave the hurricane. A seventh, with as many wens and warts upon his forehead as there are knots and prickles upon an old thornback. An eighth, with a pair of skinny jaws, that wrapped over in folds like the top of an old boot, or the hide of a rhinoceros. A ninth, with a tusk strutting beyond his lips as the offspring of a man tiger. A tenth, with a hare lip, that had drawn his mouth into as many corners as a minced pie. The eleventh, with a huge landerale head, as big as the ball under St. Paul's cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump, which stood so elevated on his lofty shoulders, made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the Monument. A twelfth, with a countenance, as if his parents, when he was young, had clapped his chin upon an anvil, and gave him a knock upon the crown with a smith's sledge, that had shortened his phiz, and stuck his features out of their proper places."

With twelve such *exquisites*, our readers may imagine what an entertaining club, and how many good things issued forth from their interesting features when brought into play. In this idea we must abruptly break the thread of their discourse, which is rather coarse, and leave the reflection to convey its salutary effects.

Varieties.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—Every mind manufactures for itself its own sublimity and beauty. The sublime is sympathy with power, as the beautiful with kindness. Burke, and many after him, have made discourses on the sources of sublimity, talking of terror as one of them. In that which is terrible there may be sublimity, but it is not sublime to him who fears until he has ceased to fear; for fear is antipathy to power, and sublimity is sympathy with power. Under the influence of fear, the mind gathers itself up shrinkingly, like a frightened snail; it retreats into its innermost possible fastnesses, and has no sympathy

with that which is around it ; but, when the danger is over, or out of the way, there is a creeping out of the shell, an expansion of the eye, to gaze on the glory of the retreating storm—then it is sublime. Who has not seen a little, bustling bantam-cock, worried by some yelping cur, runscreaming, fluttering, shrieking, and trembling about from side to side of a village street, till at length the worried dog retreats, or is driven from its malicious pastime, then the little cock sets up a loud cock-a-doodle-doo, which is a manifestation of the sentiment and sensation of sublimity. The fear is gone, and with it goes the antipathy to power, which is naturally succeeded by a sympathy with power. *New Men.*

THE LATE LORD EXMOUTH.—An example of his noble feeling was shown on the 26th of Jan., 1796, when, by his great personal exertions, he preserved the crew and passengers of the Dutton transport, which, crowded with troops and their families, proceeding on the expedition to the West Indies, was driven on the rocks under the citadel at Plymouth. The account of this act of benevolence is given in his own words, when Captain Edward Pellew, in a private letter to a friend. "Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the Dutton ? Susan (Lady Exmouth,) and I were driving to a dinner party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe ; and learning it was a wreck, I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable, without somebody to direct them ; for the last officer was pulled on shore as I reached the surf. I urged their return—which was refused ; upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board, established order, and did not leave her until every soul was saved, but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe, and so did he, and the ship went all to pieces ; but I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mast, (which had fallen towards the shore) ; and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his Majesty's intention to dub me a baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant, only three weeks' old, than I ever felt in my life ; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling was a scene I cannot describe ; nor need you, and consequently you will never let this be visible. It is added by the writer of the memoir, "This injunction has been scrupulously observed, until now that the seal of secrecy is removed by his death." *United Ser. Jour.*

WORDS OF THE WISE.—"The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one Shepherd."

The sinner's conscience may be asleep for a while, like a fierce wild beast gathering vigour ; that being awakened by the hand of God at the approach of sickness or death, it may more implacably rend, devour, and torment for ever.

If Christians will not love one another till they all come to the same mind, they may even lay aside that duty till they come to heaven ; but they who lay it aside on that account, do not look as if they were going thither.

The death of the body does no more interrupt the life of the soul, than the breaking of the chrysal glass destroys the sunbeam that shined so brightly in it.

There is nothing besides life, that is diminished by addition.

To want *prudence* is, in some measure, to want *virtue*.

DAVID HUME AND HIS MOTHER.—Hume, the historian, received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions ; but, as he approached manhood, they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, alarmed at first, came at length to look with less and less pain upon this declension, and filial love and reverence seem to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism ; for Hume now applied himself with unwearied, and, unhappily, with successful efforts, to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad into foreign countries ; and as he was returning, an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was in a deep decline, and could not long survive ; she said she found herself without any support in her distress ; that he had taken away all that source of comfort upon which, in cases of affliction, she used to rely, and, that she now found her mind sinking into despair ; she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion ; and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter, containing such consolations as philosophy can afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night ; but before he arrived, his mother expired. No permanent impression seems, however, to have been made on his mind by this most trying event ; and whatever remorse he might have felt at the moment, he soon relapsed into his wonted obduracy of heart.



See page 182.

Illustrated Article.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE; OR, THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.*

IN a rugged chain of mountains, there stood long ago a little solitary hut, which was inhabited by a miner and his family. Berthold had a wife and seven children to support, and he often found it difficult to provide them even with the necessities of life; yet, notwithstanding their poverty, they might have been happy, had not the eldest of their children, a particularly beautiful girl, been blind ever since her sixth year. Berthold had manfully resigned himself to this misfortune, but his wife, Gertrude, could seldom look at the beautiful blind Sabina without tears. Her grief was still increased by the delight of all strangers, who, in visiting the mountain passes, chanced to see Sabina, as they assured her that, were it not for the blindness of the child, her daughter might hope to form an excellent alliance. Berthold sometimes shook his head, and thought that the contrary was very likely,

but Gertrude found little comfort in his words. Sabina grew up in tranquil piety and content. So peaceable were her feelings, that she seldom longed to see the external world; only that when she felt the warm rays of the sun, and scented the perfumed air, she sometimes wished to see the blooming earth and clear blue sky. Indeed, she frequently fancied that all the beauty of life would suddenly spread before her, but she said, "At such times there appears to me a beautiful angel, who looks at me very kindly, and tells me that I ought not to repine, because it is for my own good that I am unable to look on a delusive world." In this manner Sabina attained her sixteenth year, when her father became ill, and could no longer procure the usual subsistence for his family. Sabina had learned to play the cithern, and often sat beneath the lofty fir trees which shaded her hut, and played and sang so touchingly, that travellers who were in the vicinity often bestowed rich gifts on the poor blind girl. In this manner she supported her parents and younger brothers and sisters, all of whom she tenderly loved.

* Lady's Mag.

In the mean time the summer passed, and the cold damp autumn rendered the mountains every day more solitary.

On a rough stormy evening, the family were all sitting together in the hut by the fire. Gertrude was diligently employed at her spinning-wheel, and opposite to her sat reposing, on the black leathern cushion of an easy chair, the sick man, looking mournfully at the chimney-fire, which spread a faint reddish gleam through the small apartment. Sabina was playing on her cithern, to amuse her sick father; whilst the storm whistled through the firs, and shook the frail windows of the hut, against which the rain beat heavily. Presently they heard a knocking; and the question of "Who is there?" was answered by a hoarse, rough voice, beseeching admittance.

Gertrude opened the door, and a little misshapen man, of mean appearance, entered the hut. However disagreeable was the impression which he made, he was hospitably invited to take a seat by the fire, to dry his wet clothes, and to share the scanty supper.

In the course of conversation, it appeared that the stranger had been collect-

ing herbs in the mountains, and had remained too long at his occupation, so that darkness and the storm had prevented him from reaching his dwelling, which, he said, was far off. He opened a leathern wallet, which he had laid down beside him to dry, and produced an immense number of herbs, which he carefully arranged.

"These are all precious herbs," said he, "but what rejoices me the most is, that I have found in your mountains a plant which I have been seeking in vain my whole life."

"And what is that?" asked Berthold.

"I have it not amongst these," replied the stranger, "and it must not be gathered; but at the midnight hour on the eve of St. John must it be uprooted from the earth without injuring the root. It then possesses a wonderful quality; for example,—it cures blindness, deafness, and many other maladies. I can hardly contain my joy at having found this wonderful herb."

"Ah!" said Gertrude, "a delightful thing; you could then cure my poor little Sabina: see, is it not a pity that so pretty a girl should be blind; you could likewise restore my husband's health."

The little stranger looked at Berthold attentively, and then cast a still more inquiring look on Sabina, whilst his face was distorted by an ugly grin. "I can cure you both by this plant," said he. "But no more of that to-day; to-morrow we will speak more of it." At these words he stretched himself on the bench near the fire and fell asleep.

When Gertrude awoke the next morning, she immediately looked at the bench before the fire, but the little ugly man had disappeared. She awakened Berthold and her children, and told them, with many expressions of grief, that an impostor had been amusing himself at their expense, and had deceived them with false hopes. Berthold said the stranger did not please him in the beginning, and that he was very glad that he had taken his departure.

The long winter passed in a most melancholy manner for the poor inhabitants of the mountains. At length the spring returned, and Sabina again sat with her cithern before her door, and received the gifts of travellers, by which means the sick miner was more comfortably provided for.

It was at the commencement of summer that the miner's family were seated in the twilight before their own door, when the moon rose above the tops of the waving pines, and the mountain scenery appeared in a mysterious light. Suddenly Gertrude perceived a small figure descending the mountain, and, half in terror, half joyful, she exclaimed, "Look, is not that the little herb gatherer who comes yonder?"

Hardly were these words uttered, when the dwarfish misshapen being stood before them.

"Well, here I am again," he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, with a disagreeable laugh; "an honest man keeps his word: I come here to cure my sick friends; to-morrow is St. John's day, and to-morrow morning you shall be well and restored to sight, if you can make up your minds to fulfil the conditions I shall require."

"If you require money," said Gertrude, sadly, "we are badly off, for we are very poor, and have hardly enough to support our lives."

"I do not require money," replied the herb gatherer; "I have more of it than I want, and can give you some of my overplus if you will fulfil my wishes. I will restore Sabina to sight," he continued, "if you will promise to give her to me afterwards for a wife."

Berthold shook his head slowly, and Gertrude almost sunk with dismay. "I

can only cure you both on this condition," the little man further continued; "and besides you shall then be for ever relieved from cares and necessity. But you have not logs to think about it—you must make up your minds quickly."

The parents could find no answer, but Sabina exclaimed, "Be it so; I will become your wife, if you will assist my dear father. And if you will also restore me to sight you may depend on my gratitude for life."

Old Berthold became cold as ice at these words, and Gertrude was in the act of snatching her daughter's hand away from the stranger who held it; but Sabina repeated her assurance, and the bond was concluded.

"Well, said the herbalist, "this day year I will come to fetch my bride; I cannot come sooner, but then be prepared to fulfil your promise: you shall not repent it. But now go to your hut, and wait till I come, for the cure must be effected before the rise of the sun."

He then left them and disappeared in the mountains. As soon as the family were alone in the hut, Gertrude indulged in grievous complaints that Sabina should marry so ugly a man. "I should not have thought," she continued, lamentably, "that I had brought up my child for such an ugly monster, and if you could but see, Sabina, you would certainly not have engaged yourself to him."

"His ugliness," said Berthold, "is the least of all: that we may be accustomed to, if he is a good man; but the worst is, that we know nothing about him: but Sabina has given her word, and must keep it."

Gertrude knew how important every promise was in the eyes of her husband; she therefore did not reply, but firmly resolved, in secret, to endeavour to prevent this union; "for," thought she, "if Sabina could once see, a very different husband might soon be found for so beautiful a girl, and we will soon get rid of this disagreeable lover. Sabina did not say a word to all this. Quietly resigned to her fate, whatever it might be, she sat in silent prayer in a corner of the hut, hardly hearing the conversation of her parents and sisters.

At last the dawn approached, when the herb gatherer entered the hut, holding a phial in his hand. He immediately approached the blind girl, moistened his finger with a few red drops from the bottle, and rubbed Sabina's closed eyelids, whilst he murmured some inaudible words. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I see, I see!" and sunk in the arms of her mother, who stood beside her. The ex-

traordinary little man then approached Berthold, touched him on the chest and forehead, and said, "You are healed! Sabina, this day year you will become my wife! As you value your happiness, be faithful, and observe your vow!" Sabina rose from her mother's arms, and shuddered at the sight of her betrothed. She, however, quickly collected herself, gave him her hand, and said, "Be it so: I owe you much, and here solemnly promise to be your faithful wife."

"But who are you, and where will you take my daughter?" asked Berthold.

"You will be informed of that next year," replied the little man, as he unceremoniously turned his back and left the hut.

Sabina turned her eyes gratefully to heaven, from which the clear light of morning gleamed forth. Soon the sun rose in its magnificence, and as its rays shot through the green boughs of the fir trees, and played on the floor of the dark hut, Sabina's eyes rested on the scene with trembling delight. She then alternately pressed her parents and her sisters to her heart, as though she could not sufficiently look on their beloved countenances. Berthold also soon felt that he had recovered his health. With renewed activity he returned to his work, and the little family would again have been happy and cheerful, but for the uneasiness produced by the thoughts of Sabina's approaching marriage. Many of the youthful mountaineers sought her hand, but all were refused, for Berthold considered his daughter's engagement sacred, and none of them were sufficiently important to please Gertrude, who continued to nourish the hope that, among the high-born travellers who always so much admired Sabina's beauty, and her delightful music, one would now be found who would wished to marry her. The conduct of Sabina showed indifference towards all her admirers, for the gratitude she felt for her benefactor expelled every wish for another from her heart. Summer, autumn, and winter glided away; the trees began to blossom, and Sabina often looked through the window of her little hut to see if the yearly swallow had returned. The first rays of the sun had quickly dissolved the frost; the wild mountain streams, swollen by the descending waters of the melting snow, had left its channel, and rendered the mountain passes very dangerous. The family were confined by the overflowing of waters, and nothing but the elevated situation of their dwelling secured them from the ravages of the water. One evening, as they were sitting together, Gertrude and her daughters occupied with spinning, whilst Berthold amused them with relating many

incidents of his youth, Sabina, who sat next the window, thought he had the tramp of a horse. Soon some one knock at the door, and, on its being opened, a handsome young man in a travelling dress walked in. "Excuse me, good people," said he, "for disturbing your peace, to beg a shelter for myself and my horse; the night is approaching, and the mountain passes are now too dangerous to enable me to proceed with safety; my clothes too, as you see, are soaked with wet, for in traversing one of the ravines I was obliged to alight from my horse and lead it through the water. It was fortunate for me that the light of your little lamp shone from the mountain top, and conducted me to your dwelling, where I hope you will allow me to rest till the morrow." Berthold hospitably extended his hand to the stranger, and gave direction for his entertainment. Whilst Gertrude was busy preparing for the rich young man (for such he appeared to be) a tolerable bed and supper, the latter sat by a sparkling fire and talked to Berthold and his children. They learnt from him that he had travelled a long distance to take possession of a mountain possession which had been left him by an uncle. This place, he said, was situate near Berthold's hut, and he meant to pass the summer there. Whilst he spoke, his eyes were almost constantly fixed on Sabina, and when she took her cithern from the wall at his request, and accompanied it with her voice, he was so delighted that, in spite of his fatigue, it was late before he retired to the little room which had been prepared for him. The next morning he felt ill and faint; the chill of the waters had thrown him into a fever, which confined him to his bed. The kind-hearted mountaineers took the greatest care of him. Sabina especially was his constant attendant, and amused him by her songs and conversation. After a few days, Amalfred felt himself so far recovered that he could leave his bed, but he appeared to have no thoughts of departing; and no one appeared less inclined to remind him of it than Sabina, who felt every day more happiness in his society. He exclusively occupied himself with her; and, as he had travelled and seen much, he had always so many new things to tell her, that the few days he had spent in the hut appeared to Sabina to have passed as quickly as a few hours. Here parents and sisters were likewise pleased with him; and all were sorry to hear him one morning announce that he was about to leave them. Sabina was very melancholy at parting, and Amalfred promised to return in a few weeks. With him all cheerfulness appeared to have deserted the little hut. Sabina sat silent and melancholy at her spinning-wheel, and did not care to touch her cithern. Gertrude, on the contrary, was much rejoiced:

she could hardly await the return of the young stranger, for she had well perceived the deep impression Sabina had made on him, and already in her heart considered him as her son-in-law. She sometimes spoke to her husband of her hopes, but was always reproved by him for her folly. "Sabina is engaged," he said, "and with my consent will never break her word. I might have wished for a different husband for her, but her faith is pledged, and heaven will not bless her if she forsakes her benefactor."

Many weeks passed without news of Amalfred, and Gertrude's hopes began to fade, whilst Sabina passed her time in anxiously looking down upon the mountain path, by which the stranger had disappeared from her sight. He one day unexpectedly appeared: Sabina received him with delight—Amalfred threw himself at her feet, and spoke of his love. "I have not forgotten you, Sabina, but I would not appear before I could lead you as a bride to the altar, and to this end have had many difficulties to overcome, now they are all removed: if you will be mine, we will be united to-morrow in a chapel in the mountains hard by, by the hands of a priest."—Sabina confessed how truly she loved him, and how she had mourned his long absence; "but alas!" said she, "I no longer have the power to dispose of myself." She now with horror related to Amalfred that she had a year before, out of gratitude, betrothed herself to an unknown man, of hideous appearance. Gertrude came to them, and was overjoyed when she saw Amalfred, and heard that her hopes were now to be fulfilled. Amalfred and Gertrude tried to pacify Sabina by the idea that she was not bound to fulfil her promise. "I should never have consented," said the mother, "to your marrying a man of whom we knew nothing, but that he is dreadfully ugly; he has certainly cured your blindness, and restored your father's health, but that did not cost him any thing, and Amalfred is quite rich enough to pay him for this service." After a slight struggle, Sabina's good resolution failed her, and she consented to the marriage.

Berthold had been for some days working in a distant mine. Gertrude was rejoiced at his absence, for she well knew that he would have opposed her resolution. "To-morrow, then," said Amalfred, "to-morrow, beloved, await me; to-day I must depart—adieu! till we meet again." When he had retired, Sabina felt exceedingly depressed, and in vain she sought to tranquillise her troubled mind; she passed the night in heavy dreams, in which her first bridegroom appeared to her in fearful form. She awakened with a piercing scream, and wept when she

thought of her ingratitude to her benefactor. With the renewed light of morning, her mind resumed a greater share of tranquillity, and she thought of Amalfred completely dispersed the gloomy images of the night. On arising, she found Gertrude full of care for a suitable bridal dress, for she thought it impossible her child should wear her own miserable habiliments on such a day. Whilst both were anxiously consulting on what could be done, a boy presented himself, who brought Sabina a parcel; she opened it hastily, and with astonishment unfolded a dress of the richest silk. She knew that it was sent by Amalfred; but when she looked about for the boy, to ask him a few questions, he had disappeared. Gertrude now quickly wove a wreath of wild flowers, and soon Sabina stood in full bridal array, awaiting the coming of the bridegroom. One hour passed after another, without any tidings of Amalfred. The day was closing rapidly. At the sight of the setting sun, Sabina again felt herself oppressed by melancholy presentiments; she reflected with horror, too, that her first bridegroom would likewise soon appear, and perhaps before Amalfred. Her mother was also uneasy, but still tried to encourage the anxious Sabina. The moon had already penetrated the green fir, and shone clear in the small room, but Amalfred came not. At last the sound of horsemen was heard, and a few minutes after Sabina was in the arms of her Amalfred. He was dressed in black velvet, and a high white plume floated from his dark hat.

"You arrive late, Amalfred," said Gertrude, "we have waited for you the whole day, and now the night approaches." "I thought," replied Amalfred, "that I had told you I should not come till night; but now delay no more; come, the horses wait without!"

They left the hut, at the door of which, richly caparisoned and held by splendidly dressed pages, stood three horses. Amalfred, Sabina, and Gertrude mounted them and rode off, followed by the servants. They passed a road cut through a dark forest, the silence scarcely broken by either of the travellers. Sabina felt overcome by its gloomy solitariness, which was only interrupted by the snorting and tramp of their steeds. At length the night breeze blew coldly over the mountains, chasing dark clouds across the moon, the fir-trees rustled, and the hoarse birds of night screamed from their tops, and from time to time wheeled wildly round the travellers. Sabina rode as closely to Amalfred as possible, as though she sought from him protection from the horror which seemed about to overpower her.

The way appeared to her very long, and she bitterly regretted the past. Amalfred tried to encourage her, and when she turned the angle of a mountain, the path began gradually to descend till they found themselves in a valley of steep rocks. At a short distance a faint light met their eyes, which they approached. "That is the lamp in the chapel where the priest awaits us," said Amalfred; "in a few moments we shall be there." They descended from their horses at the chapel door, and entered. A gloomy burning lamp, which hung from the ceiling, scarcely allowed them to discriminate the priest, who stood before the altar in the back ground of the chapel. Sabina, resting on Amalfred's arm, approached him with her eyes bent on the ground: by her side walked her mother in silence. When they stood beside the altar, Sabina ventured to cast a glance at the priest, but a feeling of horror pervaded her whole frame. To judge by his rigid countenance, sunken eyes, and immovable form, one would rather have taken him for a statue than a living being. The trembling Sabina pressed close to Amalfred, when she perceived in his hand a sparkling ring, which he placed on her finger with these words, "Take it, sweet bride, it is the pledge of eternal fidelity. As you observe your own vows, so shall mine be kept!" At that instant was heard the hollow sound of a tolling bell. The affrighted Sabina looked up; her eye sought Amalfred, but he was gone! and in his place stood the little distorted form of the herb gatherer, who, with a distorted countenance, broke into a loud and scornful laugh, and seized Sabina's hand. She shrunk back with a piercing shriek. The bell again tolled, and she fell to the earth in a swoon. Gertrude also lay senseless on the ground.

When Gertrude came again to herself, she was lying in her own hut, and her husband and children stood around her. It was early in the morning. Berthold had returned home, and had found his wife senseless on the road at the base of the mountain. He bore her home, and she at length gave signs of life; she related all that had passed on the preceding night, but had hardly finished her story before she was seized with delirium, and with heart-rending anxiety called for Sabina, and invoked a thousand curses on the head of the mysterious herb-gatherer. Berthold and the children were likewise in a state of inexpressible anguish. "This is the consequence of perjury and faithlessness," said the former; "but come, children, let us seek

Sabina!" some remained with their distracted mother, while the others accompanied their distracted father in search of Sabina, in the mountain chapel described by Gertrude. On the third day of their inquiry they arrived at the huts of some charcoal burners in a little valley. Before the door of one of them sat an old woman, near a stone crucifix, at her spinning wheel. Berthold approached her, and inquired for Sabina, whom he at the same time described, and related the fate which had befallen her. The old woman shook her head significantly. "I know nothing of your child," she said, "but I fear that she has fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit of the Mountains, who, as they say, is sometimes permitted to leave his dark abyss, when he carries on his mysteries on earth. At these times there are strange doings in the mountains, and at this moment people speak of his re-appearance. I never saw him myself; for yonder cross, with the image of our blessed Saviour, protects our little valley from all evil spirits. It is likewise said the Spirit of the Mountain has no power over any but those who allow themselves to be deluded by him to commit some evil action. Those who do what is just and proper, and do not allow themselves to be misled, he cannot injure. I do not know whether it is true," added she, "but he is said to appear under many forms, and to deceive in many ways. Some are said to have seen palaces and cities, which all disappear as if by enchantment; and it is with prospects of wealth and worldly enjoyments that he generally deludes his victims."

After this recital the unhappy Berthold determined to return to his home; and on his way soon arrived at a path which, winding between wild bushes and gray bare rocks, led to a ravine, in the black depths of which was heard the rushing of a wild mountain stream. On the trunk of a decayed tree sat a man, bending over the edge of the abyss, and gazing fixedly within it. The travellers approached him, but started back in affright on recognising the dark herb gatherer. "Come up!" said he, on seeing them; "fear nothing, for you are innocent, and this place is dangerous for the guilty alone! Under yon heap of dried leaves you will find what you seek!" Berthold and his children stood motionless with horror, and when the former at last collected himself, he looked wildly round to wreak his vengeance on the destroying sprite, but he was no where to be seen nor could any one observe how he had disappeared. The children perceived on one side the heap of dried leaves; they

removed them, and found beneath the body of their beloved Sabina. She was uninjured, and beautiful as during her lifetime, and clad in her bridal dress; but the pallid hue of death was on her brow. The weeping parent took her in his arms and bore her to her home. He dug a grave at the foot of the mountain, placed the corpse within it, and covered it with green turf.

The spot is still marked, and the maidens of that mountain district are often reminded by it, of the sad fate of those who break their plighted vows.

AN ARTICLE WITHOUT DESIGN OF SUBJECT.

For the Olio.

My polished shoes were waiting at the door to receive my feet, and the clock warned me of the lapse of time. I wished to embrace the opportunity of improving it, but the wind blew hollowly round my dwelling, the trees struggled for quietness, and the rain; like an intermittent fever, clouded the sunbeam of hope, and returned with increasing power. I called for patience in my heart's chamber, but she was not there. I sought for some interesting occupation in a book; I opened it, turned over the leaves, but could not confine myself to the contents. The occasional gleam of sunshine unsettled me. Every turn I made to the window convinced me, by the clouds, that more rain was gathering in the sky, and the sudden entrance and exit of the instinctive flies, but too ominously indicated that I could not stir out either to keep my engagement, or give better action to my liver and biliary secretion. Thus, tied to my study, without being studious, and confined by the elements, without elementary feelings, the non-exercise of any very useful purpose most certainly prevailed with my nature; yet, as I was habituated to do something, I felt the desire to be employed. I was not sufficiently in love to be poetical; not in a key for algebra—not disposed to write an essay on paper currency—not cachetical enough to be very humorous—in short, *non compos mentis* for any decided executive right. The rain continued, and, at length, it was tolerably sure that I must stay at home. Besides, it seemed more clear to me, when I began the above description, that I must produce something betwixt the first and last page; and, moreover, the cacothetes encouraged me in this presentiment, as I voyaged along the white space, leaving the readable forms of letters and words in black and palpable sentences, which might not be washed

from the sand by the waves, like "Keats' Epitaph." And also, like nine-tenths of writers, I rambled on, not as some of our extemporaneous preachers, by making a great noise and good report of their proceedings; but, like our "Bedford-gaol Allegorist," with pen in hand, filled in the type, and occupied the paper (an effort much practised by novelists, romance scribes, and fid-fad anecdotal and reminiscient octavo makers), all-sufficient to raise spirits of contradiction from the abodes of other worlds. If I should be reviled for this remark, and upbraided for writing from my own resources, instead of digesting those which are volumed in calf, and sheep, and silk, I cannot help observing, that the little I add to the heaps already piled, would be only as a grain of sand in the ocean of literature, or a leaf in the forests of the republic of information. Besides, if readers be so numerous, it follows, or rather anticipates, that writers must be found equally so, to supply the mental appetite, which is not less fastidious, nor less devouring, than the corporeal one. Witness the fruits of the press, for ever and for ever issuing forth the supply to the ten thousand inquirers for "what is stirring;"—"Is there any thing new?"—"Has nothing fresh arrived in the river of enquiry?"—"Will there not be a bankruptcy of thought?"—"Cannot one new idea be discovered?"—"Is the ratiocinative principle of numbers finite?"—"Are there no fluxions left in the Thames?"—In order to solve such queries, to appease such cormorants, to amuse, if not instruct, such inquisitive beings, not by contradicting the axiom, that "there is nothing new under the sun," but reviving thoughts, which time scattered; remodeling sentiments, perhaps shaded by care, or forgotten by actual circumstances, pressing more heavily on present necessities; and by calling up some of the recollections of the past, which, when divested of the bitterness that ran along with them, are sweet, and preponderate over other qualities, because the danger is over, and the flavour left behind. The rain has subsided—the day is not far spent—the singing birds are brushing the white drops from their wings—the sun is at the door—"I must arise and go hence."

A RAMBLER.

ANCIENT ROMAN PUNISHMENT.

VESTAL OF NUNS.

For the Olio.

NEAR the "Field of Execution," a place was appointed for the punishment

of the "*Vestal Nuns*" who had been defiled. A vault was made under the earth, with a hole left open above, by which one might go down: in this place was a little couch, with a burning lamp, and a little food, to which the votareesses were conducted through the market-place in a litter, so closed up with thick leather, that their mourning might not be heard to the moving of pity. They being thus led to the place of execution, were let down by a ladder into a hollow cave, and the hole presently stopped. And the reason why they suffered such a kind of death was, because the priests thought it not fit they should be burnt with fire, which kept the *sacred fire* with greater sanctity: and, it was thought unlawful to punish them by laying violent hands on them, who in former times had served in vestal functions.

PYLADES.

SUMMER AND WINTER EVENINGS.

SUMMER EVENING.

How bright, and yet how calm, this eve!

Above, below, all seems to me
So lovely, that we might believe

'Twas nature's jubilee,—

For earth and sky, this glorious even,
Seem glowing with the hues of heaven.

How beautiful that vivid sky,
Lit by the parting sun's last rays!
We gaze, till it appears more nigh—
And fancy, as we gaze,
That deep-blue sky a boundless sea,
Covered with vessels gloriously.

Yes! each dark cloud a barque appears,
Each whiter one the foam—
There one to distant countries steers,
While these sail quick towards home; :
And all look most intensely bright,
Glowing in heaven's own glorious light.

Turn now towards earth, and even there
All, all is beauty and repose—
The perfume-breathing evening air
Is wafted o'er the rose;
While a thousand bright and glowing flowers
Are cooled with dew in these evening hours.

And hush'd the skylark's merry song,
And silent all the humming bees :
The soft west wind, that sighs among
Those gently waving trees,
Seems to lament each parting ray,
Until the next return of day.

WINTER EVENING.

The bright and glowing summer's past ;
'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
The day was darkened,—now at last
The sun appears again—
Just for a moment glads our sight,
And seen midst clouds seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards—once again
Behold the wintry sun has set ;
None of those summer barques remain :
A nobler image yet
Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind,
And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
Has been, since first his course began,
Through storms and clouds, seem to our glance
A fitting type of man ;
For thus the Christian's narrow way
With clouds is darken'd day by day.

Thus, as the sun in winter's gloom
Sinks more than ever bright,
The Christian's hopes his way illumine,
And glid his path with light :
As the sun sets, the Christian dies,—
Both on a brighter, happier day to rise.
Fraser's Mag.

Fine Arts.

EXTRA OFFICIAL.

MR. MATHEWS' GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

Oh! what a goodly company,
Portrait and Portrait—tragic, comic, farcic,
Droll, pantomimic and grotesque:—
Silence forbids them utterance. But their eyes
Are dwelt in patient converse.

ON Monday, while Mr. Mathews was employed in preparing a rich amusement for his friends at the Adelphi, with the fourth volume of his "*Comic Annual*," we enjoyed the greatest treat imaginable in his "*Gallery of Theatrical Pictures*," presented for the public at the "*Queen's Bazaar*,"—now exhibited for the first time, and forming a nearly complete "*Dramatic Record*," from the year 1659, down to the present time. The motto which Mr. Mathews has chosen from Hamlet is most appropriate—"Look here upon this picture, and on this." Betwixt three and four hundred specimens of persons of both sexes, intimately, or partially connected with the drama, are arranged in the perfection of histrionic capacity, and speak from the canvas to our imagination. The disciples of past schools are brought from their different periods to our's. They specially contain the essence of feature, action and costume. They give an interest, a variety unrivalled in any exhibition, in this, or any other country. It would be an act of supererogation to offer criticism on works which have been repeatedly criticised—for, as the characters were personated with ability, and the artists also eminent who embodied them, the best we can say after all is to repeat the quotation, "Look here upon this picture, and on this." Yet, as there is a fashion which dieth with the times; and those persons who adopted them on and off the stage, die with them; as the sun changeth the aspects of the seasons, and one star differeth with another star in glory, so, by the divine arts of drawing and colouring, faces are conveyed, costumes preserved, and the later generations form correct ideas of their predecessors. These may be called chronological historiettes in the scale of knowledge, and are eminently instructive in their application. Another consideration of great value, is the result of immense labour bestowed by Mr. Mathews in the

collecting this inimitable series, and the identity he has given each dramatic worth by a comprehensive necrological obituary, or biography, in his Catalogue Raisonné, which will become as familiar as household words, or be the veriest thumbed favorite work ever published. For instance, No. 15,—Scene from the School of Scandal—with Portraits of King, as Sir Peter Teazel; Smith, as Chas. Surface; Palmer, as Joseph Surface; and Mrs. Abington as Lady Teazle.

"Lady Teazle, by all that's d—le."—Act V.

Thomas King, actor and dramatist, born 1730; made his first appearance at Drury Lane, 1748, as Alworth, in the New Way to Pay Old Debts. Retired 1802, after having been fifty-three years on the stage. Died 1805, aged 76, was buried in St. Paul's Covent Garden.

"He's Comedy's Monarch, well skilled in the art To foster our senses and seize on the heart; The chaste wit of Shakspeare, his point and his whim,

Suit the talents of no individual but him.

In Touchstone he's perfect—Malvolio great; To thought he gives strength, and to sentiment weight.

William Smith, made his first appearance, 1753, as Theodosius, in the Force of Love. Retired, 1788; but ten years afterwards, played Charles Surface, for King's Benefit at Drury Lane, 1798. Died 1819, aged 89.

"Smith the gentle, the airy and the smart," &c.

John Palmer, born 1742, made his first appearance at the Hay Market Theatre, 1762, as (the original) Sir Harry Scamper, in the Orators. Died suddenly on the stage at Liverpool, in 1798, &c.

Mrs. Abington.—Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal acted in its glory. It is impossible it should be now acted, though it continues to be announced in the bills. . . . No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts, as this manager's comedy when I saw it, &c. &c.

No. 22.—Scene from the Suspicious Husband, Garrick as Ranger, and Mrs. Pritchard as Clarinda. Hayman.

Rang. Clarinda.

Gla. Ha! ha! your servant, Cousin Ranger, ha! ha!

Rang. Oh, your humble servant, Madam.

Act IV.

Painted for the author of the piece, Dr. Hoadley, and remained in his hands till his death.

No. 307.—This is an exquisite Portrait. The detail of the cane, the little cocked hat under the left arm, the white coat with black buttons and edging of the same hue,

unite in producing such a finish, as is rarely seen in a comedian's composition.

No. 75.—Mrs. Hartley. A. Rauffman. How full of grace and reposing beauty!

Two exceedingly fine pieces are over the fire-places, opposite each other. Hanging committees might here learn a lesson how to dispose of pictures, void of favoritism.

No. 76.—Miss O'Neil, as the Tragic Muse. Joseph, R. A. The largest canvas in the gallery,—a fine commanding figure sandalled and arrayed in scarlet vestures. She holds her hand on the lyre, and supports a dignified deportment becomingly tragic. Wedded from the stage.

"Melpomene weeps her early loss."

No. 77.—Beside her stands *The Young Roscius*, W. H. W. Betty, Opie, R. A.—A vigorous performance. The youth holds a spear in his right, and his left hand is raised. The flesh from his kness to his sandals is perfectly natural, and the countenance expressive of inspiration.

No. 119.—Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy, is richly coloured, and sweetly developed. Always a favourite picture.

No. 51.—Mrs. Robinson. After Sir Joshua Reynolds. This Perdita is a very beautiful creature,—in a Spanish hat and feathers; care parted from her heaving sobs; hair curled and peculiarly dressed, clear complexion, white arms, folded hands and—what shall we say!—a divinity!

No. 12.—Eleanor Gwynne. Sir Peter Lely. Oh! the soft flesh! the living bosom! Oh! the bright look! the dark locks! The arch orange girl, but thoughtful mistress. The best prologue and epilogue speaker in either theatre!

No. 17.—Scene from *Venice Preserved*. Garrick as Jaffier, and Mrs. Cibber as Belvidera. Zoffany. What a scene is here. The dagger is raised. Belvidera is kneeling. How fine the attitude, and frenzied the features. This picture is highly finished in every part—the costume is characteristic, and the colours and touches are varied agreeably with the nature of the actor and actress.

No. 35.—Scene from the *Clandestine Marriage*. King as Lord Ogleby, Mrs. Baddely as Miss Fanny Sterling, and Baddely as Canton. Zoffany. Another very superlative exhibition of rich lace, beautiful scenery, and very complete illustration in the art of pictorial effect.

No. 64.—Thos. Knight as Roger, in the Ghost. Zoffany. In a smock frock, with a prong and lanthorn—ready for any mischief. The picture is well painted, and the style in character.]

No. 66.—*Mr. Chas. Mathews as Sir Fretful Plagiary, in the Critic.* Dewilde, &c. Natural, forcible, and expressive, Mr. Dewilde has indeed delineated the original, who enables us to say,
To be continued.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MR. O'KEEFFE.

The following anecdotes, extracted from the *New Monthly*, will, we trust, be found interesting to many of our readers:—

A DESPERATE HUMORIST.—Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called “the facetious Tom Ecclin.” One day, walking over Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her adorer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-street to Capel-street. He got before her, and again facing her, said, that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. “Well, then,” said he, “cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will.” With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swam in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor’s Walk. The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, common-councilmen, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Sankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over brilliant in ideas, who generally took the wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Sankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed,

when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman, and said, “Alderman Sankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge, and swim to the Bachelor’s Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you *do so*?” “Sir,” said the alderman gravely, “I never jumped off Essex Bridge.” “Oh! didn’t you? I heard you did.” And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice, “But, Alderman, what the d—l *could* possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor’s Walk?” This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the Alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester’s print over the mantel-piece. He took it down, and showed it to the citizen, who read under it, “The facetious Tom Ecclin.” “Ah, true! it was *Tom* that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Sankey, it was not *you* that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor’s Walk!”

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN “YOUTH.”—In my juvenile days some one gave me a note to Digges the actor, that he might put me in to see the play. I was brought through the dark lobbies, and up and down many stairs and windings, to his dressing-room, where I found him preparing himself for his part that night of Young Norval. There were six large wax-candles burning before him, and two dressers in attendance. I was struck with awe, almost to veneration. After suffering me for a sufficient time to stare at him with astonishment, he said, “Take the child to the slips;” and I was led through the carpenter’s gallery, the cloudings and thunder boxes, and placed in a good seat, where I saw the play with great delight. A few evenings afterwards, I was resolved to see another play. Being acquainted with a youth, who was one of the band, and apprentice to Mountain, my grand object was to get to sit by him in the orchestra, and see the opera. Intent on this, I thrust my hat into my pocket, and rushed in from the street at the stage-door, where old Taafé kept the hatch-door, with spikes on it. “What the plague is the boy at?” he cried, as I dashed past him up the stairs. I then ran down again, got under the stage, and hid in the sedan-chair kept there for “High Life below Stairs.” My purpose was to sit snug till the going-up of the curtain, and then to join my young friend in the or-

chestra. One of the scene-men, however, discovered me, and turned me out of the house, just before the curtain went up. This was a sad disappointment; but many a night afterwards did I sit in the orchestra to see a play, through the kindness of the band, who were told of the above adventure, and some of whom lived long enough to move an elbow to Darby's serenade of "Good-morrow to your night-cap!" and Dermott's "Sleep on, sleep on!" in my own "Poor Soldier." I had also the satisfaction of procuring for more than two or three of them engagements among the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, through my influence with Mr. Thomas Harris.

A TERRIFIC JOKE.—I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre, in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their waggery, contrived to slip out, one by one, leaving me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and at my elbow stood a complete full-grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room), by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

AN IMMOVEABLE PERSON.—Mossop was so correct and particular, that in the parts he studied from (one of which I saw and read,) he had marked in the margin even the expression of the face, the raising and lowering of an eyebrow, and the projection of an under-lip. In his acting he had a certain distinct spot upon the stage for almost every speech. One night, "Venice Preserved" being the play, Knight, who was the Reinhold, being rather imperfect, requested the prompter to take care and watch him. "I will," said the prompter, "when you are at my side; but when you are O. P. I cannot be bawling to you across the stage."—"Never mind that," replied Knight, "that's my business." All went on well until the scene of the meeting of the conspirators, when Mossop (the Pierre,) according to settled business, had to cross over to the prompter's side. Accordingly he would have advanced exactly to the spot—but there stuck Reinhold! Mossop, in an undertone, desired him to get out of his way. "I cannot, sir," he replied, still keeping his ear as close as possible to the prompter and his book. This rather heightened the fury of the

embarrassed Pierre. After a few ineffectual attempts to drive Knight from his post, Mossop went on, and never was the reproof against the conspirators particularly Reinhold, spoken by Mossop with more spirit and bitterness than upon that night.

MOSSOP AND THE PROPERTY-MAN.—There was in Crow-street Theatre a comedian of the name of Walker, who had a very large nose, which helped out the laugh much. One night, when Rowe's tragedy of "Jane Shore" was under performance, Mossop, standing at the side as Lord Hastings, ready to go on, saw near him a new property-man, with a large loaf under his arm. The following dialogue took place between them, much to the amusement of the standers-by:—"What have you got there?"—"My property, sir, for the last act."—"What act? what property?"—"Why sir, it is for Mr. Walker, who does the baker."—"Baker! and what's that loaf for?"—"Why, sir, you ought to know best; but is it not for the baker to throw after Jane Shore as she is walking starving about the streets?"—"Go along, sir," said Mossop, sternly, "you and it; and I wish Mr. Walker would keep to his musical comedies, and not show himself, that is to say, his nose, at all while tragedy is going on; and, for the future, do you take your list of properties from the prompter himself, and not from laughing jokers.

DAWSON THE PLAYER.—In the play scene of Hamlet, George Dawson in his young days, had to perform "one Lucianus, nephew to the Duke," and, at his entrance, was so much frightened, that he stood still and silent. Mossop, sitting on the ground at Ophelia's feet, addressed him, as usual, with "Come murderer, leave your damnable faces, and begin." This frightened the boy still more, as, at the moment, he forgot these words were really in Mossop's part, and thought they were addressed to his own very self. The elder Dawson, his father, was the Polonius of the night; and, standing on the lower step of the throne, watched the whole affair with gentleman-usher-like propriety. George, with the little bottle in his hand, and drawing close to the lower curl of the player-king, asleep in his chair, repeated,—“Hands black—no—thoughts black—and time agreeing, and no creature seeing—the mixture vile of—of—of.” Here he happened to cast a look towards the angry face of his father, who bit his lips, and shook his wand at him, in wrath and reproach. Unable to recollect another word of the speech, he

hastily cried out — "Into your ear it goes!" and, dashing down the bottle, ran away, to the horror of his father, the anger of Mossop, and the amusement of everybody else. Though young George could make but little of a printer's devil, or a mock assassin, he became afterwards quite a favourite comedian, and an excellent harlequin. In the latter, he, one night, had nearly tragedized the pantomime. Pantaloon, clown, and other fools, being in full chace after him, he had to make his escape by leaping through the scene. The carpenters, as in duty and custom bound, ought to have received him behind the scenes, by holding a carpet ready. Unmindful of this, they were taking their mug of ale; no carpet was there, and, as it fell out, poor Harlequin George fell down on the boards—a descent of some eight or nine feet. Happily no bones were broken; but through this act of negligence he was severely hurt, and kept out of employment many months.

MOSSOP AND THE CALL-BOY.—In most affairs of life where duty of station is expected, the descending to pleasantry with ignorant subordinates is a hazardous practice. One night, in the green-room, while Mossop stood talking to some of the other performers, with his back to the fire, and himself dressed in full puff as Cardinal Wolsey, with rich crimson satin robe, lace apron, and Cardinal's hat, the call-boy, in the course of his duty, came to the door, and after first looking at the paper he had in his hand for the names he had to call, said aloud, as was proper, "Mr. Mossop!" — "Gone up the chimney," was the thoughtless answer of the great actor and manager. "Glad of it, sir," was the pert reply of the call-boy, who went his way immediately. Mossop, with whom it was at that time a point of strong expediency to maintain his dignity and keep on the stilts, was suddenly struck with confusion at his imprudence. He turned away from the half-averted looks of the vexed performers, and inwardly censured himself for thus absurdly lowering his own importance.

WOODWARD AS HARLEQUIN.—Woodward, besides being so fine a comedian, was excellent in Harlequin. In one of the pantomimes he had a scene in which he acted as if eating different kinds of fruit. Soft music was played; he came on—sat at a table (on which there was placed nothing), and made pretence of taking up the stalk of a bunch of currants. Then, holding high his hand with the points of finger and thumb compressed, he seemed to shake the stalk, and to strip off the currants with his mouth. In

like manner he would appear to hold up a cherry by the stalk, and, after eating it, to spurt the stone from his lips. Eating a gooseberry, paring an apple, sucking an orange or peach, all were simulated in the same marvellous fashion. In short, the audience perfectly knew what fruit he seemed to be eating by the highly ingenious deception of his acting. Woodward's chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented. Hence he was called the "Attitude Harlequin." There was always another Harlequin for the jumping through walls and windows, and such matters of routine. One night, by some blunder, the two Harlequins met each other full in the centre of the stage, which set the audience in a clamour of laughter. Smock Alley, the rival theatre, availed itself of this mistake in a comedy where one of the characters was made to say to another,—"Ha! we meet here like two Harlequins in Crow-street stage!" This reminds me of another odd trifle. A stupid kind of actor, being in a room where by accident the light was extinguished, came out with the would-be brilliancy of—"Hey! we are now *all of a colour*, like Harlequin's jacket!"

MOSSOP AND THE FIDDLER.—Arrigoni, the fine performer on the violin, and the leader of the band at Smock-alley theatre, seldom retired into the music-room while the play was going on, but remained to see it. Mossop was playing Zanga, one night, when Arrigoni, who was sitting alone in the orchestra, happened accidentally to take up the bow of his fiddle which was lying before him. This occurred in one of Zanga's finest scenes, a soliloquy, I think. On going off the stage he sent for Arrigoni to the green-room, and gave him a most severe reproof. "I happened, sir, to cast my eye upon you when you were fingering your fiddle-bow, and it put me out so much that—" "Sir," said Arrigoni, "I only rubbed a little rosin on my bow to prepare it for my violin-concerto between the play and the farce." "Your fiddle-concertos, sir," replied Mossop, "are not to *disconcert* my tragedy; and I desire in future that you will keep your hands quiet, or else make yourself an absentee from the orchestra while my scene is going on."

HANDY REJOINDER.—At a dinner party a lady asked another, who was remarkable for great length of arms, to reach her something, adding, "But you must stretch a *long arm*." "I have it *at hand*," was the answer.

LADIES' ANCLES.

For the Olio.

Now 'tis leg-fair for fairy feet,
 Ladies' small ancles will not meet,
 Nature has turned their points so thin,
 They will not graze the softest skin.

WHETHER it be a young, or an elderly gentleman, who is the privileged optician, there is something more than commonly interesting in catching a glance at a lady's ancle. This arises from a love of the sex that wears it, and an admiration of the lovely and beautiful. Those who have excelled in painting, poetry, and sculpture, have been distinguished particularly from their brethren, by describing a pretty ancle in their female proteges. This is not a theory, or new fangled phantasy, but derived without contradiction from heathen and christian models of antiquity, in a classic respect; and from the very living proofs of nature in the feminine walks of life. Whether we follow, or meet, a pair of ancles, if they be well turned, we are predisposed immediately in their owner's favour. Legs, and feet to boot, are usually well disposed; though many will have it, and we confess it with some truth, that pretty ancles indicate keen tongues; and contra, that giped heels, with protuberant ossification, are symptomatic of good temper and easy disposition. Rules are allowed to exceptions, as there are exceptions to rules; still we admire a fine ancle. The ladies themselves, and to whom should we apply better for abstract information? are the best judges. They all know that the value of an unique pair of ancles is an inheritance of more acquisition than a dowry. For this very reason, so few, in proportion to the great body of feminine pedestrians, make their appearance in wet, or dirty weather. This is the most advantageous for our selection. We know that the ladies of this qualification are abroad; and here we have our feast of eyes, and follow the bewitching owner of a pair of ancles, like magnets attracted, enraptured and unwearied over any distances, till the slender siren disappears. What an ancle! The hose is clean for the occasion, white as snow, or suited to the hues of the dress, perhaps the genteel black silk neatly sandalled with flat robed ribbands; any colours but the barbarously vulgar speckled, stupid, or sluttish; these boyish stockings which repel our admiration and make us turn to other juster perceptions. No real lady disgraces her ancles by these make shifts, odious, party-coloured questionables.

That ancles should be admired with advantage, agreeably with the nicest observances of taste—the shoes should comport with small feet and lead the instep, smoothing up to the muscular beauty of the *tibia* and the thin heels, sloping to a finely tendoned pair of calves, which though only recognized in very bad crossings, or dippings in the agile dance, or tomboy joyancy, are yet nevertheless, to be possessed by the fortunate recipients. Many causes, however, incline us to say that the ladies are not to blame for that which they cannot avoid, or possess. We feel every respect due to all the virtuous sex who are deficient in the requisites:—misfortunes, accidents, sedentary occupations, are deterrents and offer us sufficient excuse to pass over supposed defect in proportion, when supplied in other respects by accomplishments, either mental or natural graces. These never fail, in our sober moments, to produce feelings of the most valued description, and make us better in our tone of intellectual love. But, still we cannot so far lose our first impressions as not to notice very pretty ancles whenever they glide in our life's-way; and the ladies, to whom our gallantries are especially devoted, cannot find fault with us, if amid the varied and numerous claims of which they so properly boast, we are enamoured, by giving our preference to that portion of them who allure us into their susceptibilities by their ancles.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

For the Olio.

Hark! 'tis the warning tap of drum,
 That bids me to the war ranks come;
 To me it is the parting knell,
 Which bids me say—a long farewell!

Wife of my bosom, we must part,
 And while I hold thee to my heart,
 Oh! thou can'st judge my bosom's swell,—
 Wife of my bosom, fare thee well!

Chief of my hopes, my first-born joy,
 List to thy father's words, my boy!
 Let my precepts thy young heart swell,—
 Chief of my fond hopes, fare thee well!

Child of my pride, my own dear girl,
 May innocence her flag unfurl;
 And in thy breast may virtue dwell,—
 Dear child of my pride, fare thee well!

Friends of my soul, who oft hath taught
 The hours, as moments, to seem short,—
 Remember him, who now must tell,
 Friends of my soul, a long farewell!

Land of my birth, from thee I go,
 To save thee from the coming foe,
 Fame bids me do my duty well,—
 Land of my kindred, fare thee well!

H. S.

MILITARY EXECUTION OF TWO HAYTIAN CAPTAINS.

Mr. S. told us, that the two unfortunates in question were, one of them, a Guernsey man, and the other a man of colour, a native of St. Vincent's, whom the President had promoted to the command of two Haytian ships that had been employed in carrying coffee to England; but on their last return voyage, they had introduced a quantity of base Birmingham coin into the Republic; which fact having been proved on their trial, they had been convicted of treason against the state, condemned, and were under sentence of death; and the government being purely military, they were to be shot to-morrow morning. A boat was immediately sent on board, and the messenger returned with a prayer-book; and we were prepared to visit the miserable men.

Mr. Bang insisted on joining us, ever first where misery was to be relieved; and we proceeded towards the prison. Following the sailor, who was the mate of one of the ships, presently we arrived before the door of the place where the unfortunate men were confined. We were speedily admitted; but the house where they were confined had none of the common appurtenances of a prison. There were neither long galleries, nor strong iron-bound and clamped doors, to pass through; nor jailors with rusty keys jingling; nor fetters clanking; for we had not made two steps past the black grenadiers who guarded the door, when a serjeant shewed us into a long ill-lighted room, about thirty feet by twelve—in truth, it was more like a gallery than a room—with the windows into the street open, and no precaution taken, apparently at least, to prevent the escape of the condemned. In truth, if they had broken forth, I imagine the kind-hearted President would not have made any serious enquiry as to the *how*.

There was a small rickety old card table, covered with a tattered green cloth, standing in the middle of the floor, which was composed of dirty unpolished pitch pine planks, and on this table glimmered two brown wax candles, in old-fashioned brass candlesticks. Between us and the table, forming a sort of a line across the floor, stood four black soldiers, with their muskets at their shoulders, while beyond them sat, in old-fashioned arm-chairs, three figures, whose appearance I never can forget.

The man fronting us rose on our entrance. He was an uncommon handsome elderly personage; his age I should guess to have been about fifty. He was dressed

in white trousers and shirt, and wore no coat, his head was very bald, and very dark whiskers and eyebrows, above which towered a most splendid forehead, white, massive, and spreading. His eyes were deep-set and sparkling, but he was pale, very pale, and his fine features were sharp and pinched. He sat with his hands clasped together, and resting on the table, his fingers twitching to and fro convulsively, while his under jaw had dropped a little, and from the constant motion of his head, and the heaving of his chest, it was clear that he was breathing quick and painfully.

The man on his right hand was altogether a more vulgar-looking personage. He was a man of colour, his caste being indicated by his short curly black hair, while his African descent was vouched for by his obtuse feature, but he was composed and steady in his bearing. He was dressed in white trousers and waistcoat, and a blue surlout; and on our entrance he also rose, and remained standing. But the figure on the elder prisoner's left hand, riveted my attention more than either of the other two. She was a respectable-looking little thin woman, but dressed with great neatness, in a plain black silk gown. Her sharp features were high and well-formed; her eyes and mouth were not particularly noticeable, but her hair was most beautiful—her long shining auburn hair—although she must have been forty at the youngest, and her skin was like the driven snow. When we entered, she was seated on the left hand of the elder prisoner, and was lying back on her chair, with her arms crossed on her bosom, her eyes wide open, and staring upwards towards the roof, with the tears coursing each other down over her cheeks, while her lower jaw had fallen down as if she had been dead—her breathing was scarcely perceptible—her bosom remaining still as the frozen sea, for the space of a minute, when she would draw a long breath, with a low moaning noise, and then succeeded a convulsive crowing gasp, like a child in the hooping cough, and all would be still again.

At length Captain N— addressed the elder prisoner. "You have sent for us Mr. * * *; what can we do for you—in accordance with our duty as English officers?"

The poor man looked at us with a vacant stare—but his fellow-sufferer instantly spoke. "Gentlemen, this is very kind—very kind. I sent my mate to borrow a prayer-book from you, for our consolation now must flow from above—man cannot comfort us." The female, who

was the elder prisoner's wife, suddenly leant forward, and peered instantly into Mr. Bang's face—"Prayer-book," said she—"prayer-book—why, I have a prayer-book—I will go for my prayer-book," and she rose quickly from her seat.—"*Restez*," quoth the black sergeant—the word recalled her senses—she laid her head on her hands, on the table, and sobbed out, as if her heart was bursting—"Oh, God! oh, God! is it come to this—is it come to this?" the frail table trembling beneath her, with her heart-crushing emotion. His wife's misery now seemed to recall the elder prisoner to himself. He made a strong effort, and in a great degree recovered his composure.

"Captain N——," said he—"I believe you know our story. That we have been justly condemned I admit, but it is a fearful thing to die, Captain, in a strange country, and by the hands of these barbarians, and to leave my own dear——." Here his voice altogether failed him—presently he resumed. "The Government have sealed up my papers and packages, and I have neither Bible nor prayer-book—will you spare us the use of one, or both, for this night, sir?" The captain said, he had brought a prayer-book, and did all he could to comfort the poor fellows. But alas, their grief "knew not consolation's name."

Captain N—— read prayers, which were listened to by both the miserable men with the greatest devotion, while all the while the poor woman never moved a muscle, every faculty appearing to be frozen up by grief and misery. At length the elder prisoner again spoke. "I know I have no claim on you, gentlemen; but I am an Englishman—at least, I hope, I may call myself an Englishman, and my wife there is an English woman—when I am gone—oh, gentlemen, what is to become of *her*?—If I were but sure that she would be cared for, and enabled to return to her friends, the bitterness of death would be past." Here the poor woman threw herself round her husband's neck and gave a shrill sharp cry, and relaxing her hold, fell down across his knees, with her head hanging back, and her face towards the roof, in a dead faint. For a minute or two, the poor man's sole concern seemed to be the condition of his wife. "I will undertake that your wife shall be sent safe to England, my good man," said Mr. Bang. The felon looked at him—drew one hand across his eyes, which were misty with tears, held down his head, and again looked up—at length, he found his tongue. "That God who rewardeth good deeds here, that God

whom I have offended, before whom I must answer for my sins by daybreak tomorrow, will reward you—I can only thank you." He seized Mr. Bang's hand, and kissed it. With heavy hearts we left the miserable group, and I may mention here, that Mr. Bang was as good as his word, and paid the poor woman's passage home, and so far as I know, she is now restored to her family.

We slept that night at Mr. S——'s, and as morning dawned we mounted our horses, which our worthy host had kindly desired to be ready, in order to enable us to take our exercise in the cool of the morning. As we rode past the *Place d'Armes*, or open space in front of the President's palace, we heard sounds of military music, and asked the first chance passenger what was going on. "*Exécution militaire*, or rather," said the man, "the two sea captains, who introduced the base money, are to be shot this morning—there, against the rampart." Of the fact we were aware, but we did not dream that we had ridden so near the whereabouts. "Ay, indeed," said Mr. Bang. He looked towards the Captain. "My dear N——, I have no wish to witness so horrible a sight, but still, what say you, shall we pull up, or ride on?" The truth was, that Captain N—— and myself were both of us desirous of seeing the execution—from what impelling motives, let learned blockheads, who have never gloated over a hanging, determine; and quickly it was determined that we should wait and witness it.

First advanced a whole regiment of the President's guards, and then a battalion of infantry of the line, close to which followed a whole bevy of priests clad in white, which contrasted conspicuously with their brown and black faces. After them, marched two firing parties of twelve men each, drafted indiscriminately, as it would appear, from the whole garrison; for the grenadier cap was there intermingled with the glazed shako of the battalion company, and the light morion of the dismounted dragoon. Then came the prisoners. The elder culprit, respectfully clothed in white shirt, waistcoat, and trousers, and blue coat, with an Indian silk yellow handkerchief bound round his head. His lips were compressed together with an unnatural firmness, and his features were sharpened like those of a corpse. His complexion was ashy blue. His eyes were half shut, but every every now and then he opened them wide, and gave a startling rapid glance about him, and occasionally he staggered a little in his gait. As he approached the place of execution his eyelids fell, his

under-jaw dropped, his arms hung dangling by his side like empty sleeves; still he walked steadily on, mechanically keeping time, like an automaton, to the measured tread of the soldiery. His fellow-sufferer followed him. His eye was bright, his complexion healthy, his step firm, and he immediately recognized us in the throng, made a bow to Captain N——, and held out his hand to Mr. Bang, who was nearest to him, and shook it cordially. The procession moved on. The troops formed into three sides of a square, the remaining one being the earthen mound, that constituted the rampart of the place. A halt was called. The two firing parties advanced to the sound of muffled drums, and having arrived at the crest of the *glacis*, right over the counterscarp, they halted on what, in a more regular fortification, would have been termed the covered way. The prisoners, perfectly unfettered, advanced between them, stepped down with a firm step into the ditch, led each by a grenadier. In the centre of the ditch they turned and kneeled, neither of their eyes being bound. A priest advanced, and seemed to pray with the brown man fervently; another offered spiritual consolation to the Englishman, who seemed now to have rallied his torpid faculties, but he waved him away impatiently, and taking a book from his bosom, seemed to repeat a prayer from it with great fervour. At this very instant of time, Mr. Bang caught his eye. He dropped the book on the ground, placed one hand on his heart, while he pointed upwards towards heaven with the other, calling out in a loud clear voice, "Remember!" Aaron bowed. A mounted officer now rode quickly up to the brink of the ditch, and called out "*Depechez*."

The priests left the miserable men, and all was still as death for a minute. A low solitary tap of the drum—the firing parties came to the *recover*, and presently taking the time from the sword of the staff-officer who had spoken, came down to the present, and fired a rattling, straggling volley. The brown man sprung up into the air three or four feet, and fell dead; he had been shot through the heart; but the white man was only wounded, and had fallen, writhing, and struggling, and shrieking, to the ground. I heard him distinctly call out, as the reserve of six men stepped into the ditch, "*Dans la tete, dans la tete*." One of the grenadiers advanced, and putting the musket close to his face, fired. The ball splashed into his skull, through his left eye, setting fire to his hair and clothes, and the handkerchief bound round his head, and

making the brains and blood flash up all over his face, and the person of the soldier who had given him the *coup de grace*.

A strong murmuring noise, like the rushing of many waters, growled amongst the ranks and the surrounding spectators, while a short sharp exclamation of horror every now and then gushed out shrill and clear, and fearfully distinct above the appalling monotony.

The miserable man instantly stretched out his legs and arms straight and rigidly, a strong shiver pervaded his whole frame, his jaw fell, his muscles relaxed, and he and his brother in calamity became portion of the bloody clay on which they were stretched.

Blackwood's Mag.

Varieties.

THE LATE REV. ROWLAND HILL.—*For the Olio*.—A baptist minister called on Mr. Hill to put down his name to a "chapel building case," for the propagation of the principles of christian baptism. Mr. Hill expressed a little surprise that he, who did not profess an accordance with the opinions set forth in the declaration, should be solicited for a contribution. "If," said he, "I were to send a case from our connexion to you dippers, your hands would be raised against us pædo-baptists in not supporting our claims." "Why sir," said the minister, "as to that, your liberality is not confined to sectarianism." "Right!" said Mr. Hill, with his accustomed shrewdness,—"but I see only five and ten shillings each to the case.—What should I give?" "As you please, sir," was the reply.—"Then," added Mr. Hill, "I put down a guinea, that's two 'Rowlands for one Oliver.' Christians have but one straightforward way to heaven; though there be many uses of the means to get into it.

J. JAY.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Christianity teaches us to put the most favourable construction on every thing; to submit to evils which we cannot remedy; to repel their force by the shield of contrast; to select the undeserved mercies which we enjoyed from the deserved ills which we suffer, and thus "in every thing to give thanks."

A holy life has a voice. In more convincing tones, it echoes the instructions of the lips, which have already been as a fountain of wisdom. Its eloquence never ceases. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction, or a perpetual reproof.



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Illustrated Article.

CASTLE OF ALTENBURGH ; OR, THE VINE-DRESSER'S DAUGHTER.

For the Olio.

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point ;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth,
Out of one side her happy minion ;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

K. John.

THE canker tooth of time, which eats away centuries and their works, crumbles the "gorgeous palaces, and leaves scarcely a wreck behind," had slowly consumed the beauteous portions of the castle of Rudesbourne ; the ruins of which, with the crypts of three gothic arches, a few square feet of marble flooring, and a cluster of velvet cypress trees, only remained in the shelving strata, that, from its utmost height of mountainous pinnacle, stood in the clouds, and gradually, with side-armed rocks, descended into the bosom of the blue-eyed Rhine, almost hidden in the luxuriant fancies of uncontrolled weeds and young scions stretching their limbs, like the progenies

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of Hercules in the golden rays of the sun, the silver moonbeams and nightly wanderings of the stars—the upper fragments of monuments disparted and slackened beneath the blossoms of native loveliness. The heraldic orders, the emblazed coats and ancestral inscriptions, were too far gone into oblivion to be restored ; yet, in the intersection of an almost untrodden path, a cross leant in sacred silence, and outlived the stronger texture of surrounding objects.

A long family feud had existed between the representative barons of the houses of Altenburgh and Coblitzzen. Each successor had met and fought in each generation, without effecting a reconciliation. At this time, when the scrolls of their genealogy were nearly obliterated by the blood which had been shed in the many rencontres to recover the supposed right on either side of the hereditary line, a new plea was urged by these young heroes in contending for the loveliest maiden of the whole dominions, Elbrida—the only daughter of a vine dresser that lived half-way between the ruins of Rudesbourne (in the clefts of which Dorft Coblitzzen held his temporary sway) and

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the castle of Altenburgh, the contested residence of Albert.

These heroes possessed manly courage, intrepidity in the field, athletic persons, and well-formed proportions. They wore the exterior of their ancestors in helmet plumes and cumbrous armorial trappings. But though each boasted of agreeable personation, Dorft Coblitz, when he pleased, could give his dark features a terrific expression. This indicated a fine contrast when brought into view in the presence of the fairer nature and milder expression of Albert Altenburgh.

Aware of the strife likely to ensue between Dorft and Albert in respect of his dear and amiable daughter, Elthrida, her aged father, whose years increased his infirmities, but who had saved a little purse by the success of his management in his earlier days, took care to lay the hand of restriction on Elthrida, and cultivate her confidence and esteem for him, which added consolation to his reflections. Albert had frequently loitered about the vine-dresser's little wooden habitation, and hung many a time over the gate that divided his simple gardens. He had made overtures of love to Elthrida, and

declared the strongest affection for her. The father, too, had more than once seen her steal her hand away from Albert's lips, and appearing on the threshold, cut down the interview into a short parting. When Albert sued her consent to cement his happiness, the reply of Elthrida was, "Ask my father!" and then she would hang her sweet face aside, and add—"but I cannot marry and leave him. I am but young, wait till my next birth-day, and——"

"Then some happier rival will step in and replace your affection," Albert would reply.

"Nay, not replace it, Albert," Elthrida would rejoin.

In one of those inauspicious moments, when the smooth stream of affection is gliding along the valves of human hope towards the wider current of halcyon lands, an incident occurred which raised the heart's emotions into wild exertion for the completion of its innate purpose that would bring Albert and his deadly foe, Dorft Coblitz, into contact. It appears Dorft had watched, with constant vigilance, the motions of Albert and Elthrida, and by stratagem, succeeded in

many instances in thwarting the designs anticipated by the lovers. Under colour, he had intercepted the vine-dresser, and advised him "to beware of a serpent that crossed his path, to blunt the sting that glittered in his daughter's face, and in the person of Albert, to keep her on the guard."

"Albert is that serpent," said Dorft, as he pressed the vine-dresser's hand—"he crosses your path; his tongue is the sting; he will betray Elthrida."

The weak and doubting old man listened to Dorft with tremulous interest. Dorft, no novice in tracing character, continued—

"If, however, you will make *me* your friend, I will add happiness to your store, and become the sincere protector of your daughter."

"Store I have little; Elthrida is my only comfort," said the vine-dresser; "I must consult her. Come when the sun is down; come when the moon is up; come when the evening's grown; come when I fill my cup."

To this Dorft agreed. Elthrida, however, who had been on tiptoe, concealed near the spot in which the interview had taken place, apprised Albert of it as he was returning from the chase, and gave him the key-verse;—to

"Come, when the sun is down,
Come, when the moon is up,
Come, when the evening's grown,
When her sire fills his cup."

Dorft, high in the satisfaction of having poured poison into the ear of Elthrida's father, lost no time in seeking his own secret place of abode. Under the "Ruins of Rudesbourne," which required but little excavation, two large apartments, paved and preserved from injury, were possessed of by Dorft, in the extremity of his being necessitated to take refuge from the iron grasp of his pursuers. For, though not arrived to the prime of life, his years were not passed without deeds of crime. In one of these confines two stone coffins were placed. As Dorft lived partly by plunder, he and one of his confidential vassals slept in them. Thus, eluding the search of those he plundered, his retreat was a safe one; and hence it was called Coffin Cave. He gave instructions to his men to aid him at night in the plan of effecting Elthrida's abduction.

The noon had nearly faded into the western glory of the gilded waters. The boatmen pulled into the strandy nooks their day-earned treasures, hailed their wives who came down the banks to meet them, and embraced their laughing and prattling children as they held forth their

hands for tokens of their love. Night birds were growing lively in the grey mist that slumbering, thickened over moist places, and the stars rose in brighter directions studding the space, from which the winds, from the higher interstices of motion, fanned every vaporous substance. A clearer evening had never been awakened into hemispheric beauty; the very shadows produced scenes of no common interest.

The castle of Altenburgh reflected gigantic forms far from its turreted limbs, the moat glittered with starlight, and embedded in its black liquid imitative gems of much richness. Albert was thoughtful—he loved Elthrida. He made preparation, and with singleness of hand rode down the passes from his feudal throne. His plumes were large and white—his costume in band and belt. A cuirass shone before and behind him, and his horse was finely girt in bridled gait and costly caparison. His favourite hound had stole from the watch and ward, and scented its way quietly after him.

The vine-dresser had been musing intently on the liberal advice, tended with a substantial token (which he had concealed from Elthrida), given him by Dorft, and considered the flattering unction, which he might gain in future by the aid of his patron, would promote a mutual feeling. The flask and cup were on the table—the fire gently glimmered a few faint shadows on the casement and ceiling of his dwelling. Elthrida rose from one side, and her father from the other, as a vine-boy opened the door at the sound of a horn. Dorft pulled off his helmet, as making a slight obeisance he entered, and flung the baldrick of his horn over his shoulders. Elthrida started back; for, by the hound of Albert having run in from the back part of the premises, she anticipated the arrival of Albert. The hound had gained in advance. The vine-dresser leant on his staff, and looked agitated at his daughter. Dorft stepped nearer to her, and essayed to speak; but, just as his sentence broke forth from his lips, Albert, dismounting at the door, made his appearance. On seeing Dorft already with his arm round Elthrida, who, struggling to be released, fainted, (and she was loveliness, indeed, even in this critical moment, for her hair, arms, feet, bosom, bodice, and *tout-ensemble* were of the most proportioned class of dainty and feminine perfection,) Albert rushed towards her. Dorft's large, long sword was already drawn, and glittering like the boa's sting. Albert drew his also, and crossed that of his rival. The old man raised

his staff between them, and prayed for mercy that the swords should be sheathed, and the dispute settled without bloodshed. They obeyed his injunction.

"But," said Dorft, as he changed countenance, "now, Albert, we are met, this feud cannot be settled but with the shedding of blood."

The door was half open. Some of Dorft's men rushed in with spears and habergeons. Albert laid his hand on the hilt of his weapon; but the ruffians clenched one on each side his wrists, and grinned ghastly at his being riveted in their grasp. The vine-dresser, and the boy that lived with him, looked unutterable dismay.

"Monster!" said Albert.

"Monster!" said the vine-dresser, and attempted to rescue his girl.

"Malice," said Dorft.

"The day of reckoning shall arrive, and that right quickly," reiterated Albert.

"Fasten the foolish old man, and the timorous boy," said Dorft to his vassals.

More of them came in, and obeyed the imperious mandate. Dorft laughed amid the confusion of distress, and bore away the drooping lily-flower Elthrida in malignant triumph. After a few moments the summoning horn-call was heard, and the vassals releasing Albert, the old man, and the boy, precipitately departed in the darker paths of woods and night.

"Farewell, Albert!" said the vine-dresser; "my days are nearly at an end. My beloved Elthrida, she is lost for ever!"

"Not for ever lost!" said Albert. "Think her not lost while this hand can wield a weapon. Live till I return, then, and not till then, give Elthrida up as lost!"

The old man tottered to the door, and watched Albert ride like fire in a whirlwind off, till he was lost in the gloom of darker objects, and repaired immediately to the castle for reinforcements to assist in following up Albert's pursuit.

When Dorft reached Coffin Cave, his rendezvous, one of his men held the bridle of his fiery steed, another held a torch, and a third gently took Elthrida, shrieking and fainting alternately. He dismounted, parted her long locks, kissed her, wiped her forehead, and carried her in his arms into the cave, the better parts of which were lighted, but gloomy.

He tried all his skill to restore her to animation. When her sense returned, she suddenly rose, and looking wildly round, said,

"Where am I? Albert, where art thou? My father! art thou with me?"

Dorft imitated first Albert, and then

her father's voice, saying, "We are all here, Elthrida. Be happy, we will not leave or forsake you. Pacify yourself, you are only dreaming." Then he half knelt, and caught her as she was once more falling in swoons, and said, "Oh! beautiful! divinely beautiful!"

One of the outer watch interrupting his soliloquy, ran in, and hurriedly gave intimation that Albert was in search after Elthrida; "For," said he, "his dog has been here, and, tempting him to a meal, I strangled him ere he could lead to a discovery."

"Say ye so! Strangle the master next," rejoined Dorft, in an under tone. "Mind ye, the master. And, d'ye hear? keep sleepless outscouts to night, at your peril!"

The watch and his comrades resumed their post, and Dorft carried the pale Elthrida into the sleeping apartment, and laid her insensibly down in one of the stone coffins, adjoining the other, in which he himself sometimes slept. The sides and under parts thickly lined with skins, and, to all appearance, unrepulsive beds for the living and fatigued were quaintly disposed.

As she lay insensibly breathing, Dorft sat watching her in nurse-like and intense anxiety. He hymned his voice into a kind of maniac ecstasy, and knelt and kissed her; then raised his majestic neck, and listened in half fancy and feasible reality. His ear was quick, his eye like the eagle's—he clasped his armour, braced on his weapons. By the clatter without he was conscious of a skirmish. The balls whistled by the side of the cave, the contest was commenced, and his ire burned with lava temperature. His conscience smote him, but he would rather Elthrida should suffer by his hand than be the happy guest of the house of Altenburgh. He first gazed on Elthrida, then lowered the lamp, suspended from the upper cone of Gothic structure.

"One more kiss, Elthrida," said he, in maddened fantasy. "Thou and I must part—another minute thou shalt cease to breathe—I will draw a lid over thy beauty, and place thy ill-fated Albert by thy side. Then the feud of our houses shall cease. I will repossess Altenburgh—this place shall be hallowed—and hereafter ages shall gaze with curious eye as they see inscriptions of the lion and lamb incased in 'Coffin Cave!'—Ah! my foes approach," continued Dorft; "I must be prompt."

"What foes?" inquired Elthrida, wildly raising herself. "Oh! no, I'm sure you will not do me any harm, Albert."

"*Albert!*" said Dorft, ironically. Then suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he chastened his tones, and prevailed with Elthrida to take a little repose, and she would soon be better. But, on perceiving her strange situation, she still raised herself higher, and shrieked until the echoes rung in all the nooks of the cave. Dorft tried to hush her; but he was now almost dispossessed of his wonted tact. The swords hacked and flashed as one of his men stepped back and back, till forced by his resolute antagonist into the very space in which Dorft and Elthrida were.

"Not so fast, proud scion of Altenburgh," said Dorft, placing himself before Elthrida and between his man. "Thou art not far off the sepulchre of Rudesbourn."

"Dorft," rejoined Albert, "strike fast and strike hard."

He pierced the man, and ere the curse of hate could go forth from Dorft's mouth his best and valiantest vassal fell across one of the coffins, and heaving a deep groan expired. Elthrida recovered her consciousness, and rushed towards Albert, who clung his left arm as fast as a bar of gold round her waist, and fought Dorft with his right. Dorft would have grasped a pistol, but Albert's blows were repeated with too much skill and rapidity. Dorft, though a good swordsman, could scarcely ward them from wounding him, or giving him his death-blow.

During this action, and almost doubtful fray which should possess Elthrida, a horn was heard sounding against the walls of Coffin Cave. The vine-dresser's voice was also heard inquiring for his daughter, and he was dimly beheld in the pass. Albert fought and retreated backward out of the cave; and just as he had reached the old man at the outer door, left Dorft creeping, wounded, along the ground, uttering the imprecations of a hardened and implacable foe; and witnessing, by the light of the moon without, Albert bearing Elthrida away with her father and attendants.

After the lapse of an hour, he, though weak by the loss of blood, staunched the wound and gathered slow strength; but when he was strong enough to traverse the range of his frail heritage, how his mind was afflicted to find his few faithful followers in misery slain, and lying unconscious of his survivorship, in different places. The first duty which devolved on him was to drag them into one common heap in the cave. Casting on them a hopeless look, he leaned on his sword, and breathed a long farewell. He wrapped his mantle round him, capa-

risoned in all his instruments of mischief, and taking a flask determined to seek revenge.

Instead of repairing to the vine-dresser's, Albert, on his way, obtained the consent of Elthrida and her father to journey on to Altenburgh for safety and for succour. By the speed of the horses, and the art of his men, Albert soon found himself with his treasured charge in a large long room inside the gates, and resting Elthrida on a couch at one end, with the old nurse of his family attending her, sat at a table with the vine-dresser, and took refreshment.

The morning was dawning, and the orb of day rising beautifully over the waters, and glancing in through the stained glass of the windows on their faces, and the glossy black furniture. The vine-dresser now asked leave to put a few questions, to which Albert replied satisfactorily; and rising to Elthrida, who appeared rather composed, he took her hand, and led her to the table near her father. The scene was one of much interest. Affection rose in pleasing accents to their utterance, and the bridal day was fixed. Elthrida now, after saluting her father, retired with the nurse. Albert and the old man mounted their horses, and rode out towards the spot which had the previous night given their lives such hazard. It now being agreed upon, that the vine-dresser's habitation should be occupied by one of Albert's trusty men, they rode thither to effect their plan, and sent across the country for a priest to celebrate the approaching nuptials; then returned to the barony to tend Elthrida and repose.

Dorft had neither slumbered nor slept. He knew the track of the country, and arrived very near to the barony of Altenburgh. As he sat resting himself the following day on the moss-gathered cushion on a broken wall, he hailed the priest clad like a pilgrim, who was on his sojourn to Altenburgh.

"Stay, good servant of ancestral piety," said Dorft; "why so fast? A drop from this flask will help ye on your way."

The priest replied, "Thy offer, good friend, is liberal; water from the rock is not always invigorating; I accept the draught."

He drank till he reeled, and took a seat by Dorft's side. Dorft, who studied human nature to perfection, elicited the priest's business at Altenburgh. He replenished his thirsty throat, obtained from him the credentials for the marriage, and taking his staff, and cowl, and gown, put them over his own attire. Leaving the flask in the good father's hand, Dorft

paced his steps on, and further on, panting and cogitating till he gained his presence in the banquet-room. Albert was waiting. Elthrida, as beautiful as she could be—her father—the nurse, and a harper were all in expectation of the epitheme. Every preparation was bright and splendid. Dorft, being now announced as the minister of connubial justice, marched haughtily up the room—attendants stood round in state. Dorft burnt with wrath—his feelings would not let him remain longer concealed. He threw his disguise off—drew his sword—snapped his pistol—it missed fire. The attendants rushed forward, and held his arms back. A knocking was heard at the door. Albert supported Elthrida, and her father's knees shook with trepidation. The priest, though something wiser for deception and experience, advanced and confronted Dorft, and the nuptials were realised. When these were concluded, Albert offered Dorft the hand of forgiveness, which he scorned to accept. He was then thrust out of the banquet-hall, taken down the steps, forced out at the moat-gate with unarmed feebleness, and left in the wide world to work out his own repentance, rather than his blood should disturb the tranquillity which pervaded the union between Albert and Elthrida, the vine-dresser's daughter.

EURUS.

MEMOIR OF JOHN TEACH, ESQ. VULGARLY CALLED BLACKBEARD.

BY AARON BANG, ESQ., F.R.S.

— "He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could discern his real thought.
Pity he loved an adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society."

JOHN TEACH, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man, and a very devil amongst the ladies.

He was a Welshman, and introduced the leek into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution, he never could distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile, he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and *borrowed* a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West India men, and, sending a boat on board of each, he asked them

for the *loan* of provisions and wine, and all their gold, and silver, and clothes, which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon, drinking their good healths, he returned to his ship. In the instance where he had been uncivilly treated, to shew his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard's own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air, and accordingly established himself on the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant young men, who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to *borrow* more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a bashaw of no common dimensions. He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock's hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiousness in fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow *when* it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoats he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in favour with the last gentleman he had *borrowed* any thing from. He never wore any thing but a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols, and two naked stilettoes, only eighteen inches long, and he had generally a lighted match *fizzing* in the bow of his cocked scraper, whereat he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favourite amusements when he got half slewed, was to adjourn to the hold with his computators, and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candles in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feelings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober, as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our government, no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the *Line*

and Pearl, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his stronghold, hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where, in an eight-gun schooner, with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defence worthy of his honourable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success, he, like a hero as he was, boarded, sword in hand, the headmost of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates, with ninety men on board, to capture him; and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieutenant, he would have carried her out and out, malgré the disparity of force, had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

"His face to the sky, and his feet to the foe"—
leaving eleven forlorn widows, being the fourteen wives, *minus* the three that he had throttled. *Black. Mag.*

SONNET TO SPRING.

For the Oilio.

Hail! ethereal guest benign,
Thy power imparts a plastic glow,
And sheds around a ray divine,
To cheer our native world below;
At thy approach, angelic maid,
The shades of Winter disappear;
The verdant meads, in bloom array'd
Mark the rich promise of the year;
Countless flowers imperial'd in dew,
Like stars the hills and vales illumine;
The little birds their songs renew,
The trees their leafy garb assume;
While lucid fancy, floating on the air,
Invokes the mind to paint thy charms more fair.
J. C.

BEGUM SOMROO.

Among other native potentates whose courts Major Archer visited was the Begum Somroo, a most remarkable woman, who makes a prominent figure in one of Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate." She was originally a dancing girl, and married an adventurer, who became possessed of a large tract of country near Delhi.

"The Begum," says our author, "subsequently married a Frenchman, but by neither of these unions had she any children, at least none are now alive. It appears that the Frenchman meditated a return to Europe, and communicated his wishes to the Begum, who at first made no hesitation to the project. All the valuables, in the shape of money, were to be collected, and then, in secrecy and the dead of the night, they were to mount their elephants and make the best of their

way to the Company's territories. The Begum had also her own project, and a daring and subtle one it was. She had the wit to know, that in any other country she would soon cease to be in her husband's eye an object of regard, rather perhaps one of forgetfulness if not of active violence: she naturally supposed that the Frenchman cared for her money alone, and would appropriate it to his own peculiar use. With a refinement in hypocrisy, she assented to all his plans, but privately laid her own in a manner that could not fail, in some way, to fulfill her expectations. She gave orders to her own immediate attendants to communicate in privacy with the soldiery the part which her husband intended to pursue, and to express to them how much that purpose was at variance with her own inclinations, which were wholly inseparable from the presence and the happiness of her people. Upon this, a scheme of ambush was so prepared, that the Frenchman had no chance of escape, even admitting he had seen through the artifice by which his life fell a sacrifice. The Begum communicated to him her false fears of detection, and pointed out the dishonour that must attach itself to their act of desertion, and for her own part vehemently protested, that she would die by her own hand, rather than be compelled to return by force. She never would consent to be removed from her husband. He, silly man, entered into a compact with her, to destroy himself, in the event of being overtaken and interrupted in their design: for this desperate purpose, they provided themselves with pistols, and at the dead of night he mounted his elephant, and she got into her palankeen. At the appointed spot the ambush was ready, and all things answered the Begum's intentions—the opposing party soon made the escort of the Begum and her husband fly. The attendants ran to inform him the Begum had shot herself. In the noise and confusion many matchlocks had been let off, so that he could not tell if her having been molested was probable or not. On rushing to her palankeen to ascertain the truth, he was alarmed by the clamour and apparent affliction of those who surrounded it; and, upon a towel saturated with blood being shown him as confirmation of the Begum's having destroyed herself, he placed a pistol to his head and shot himself.

"The Begum, who had till then never appeared in male society, threw open the blinds of her palankeen, and mounted an elephant; she harangued the troops upon her attachment to them, and her opposition to the commands of her husband; she professed no other desire than to be at

their head, and to share her wealth with them; the novelty of the situation lent energy to her action and eloquence to her language, and amid the acclamations of the soldiers she was led back in triumph to the camp. It is said she scrupled not to spurn her husband's lifeless corpse, and vituperated his ineffectual endeavours to alienate her from the affections of her people."

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE. FOR THE OLIO.

'Midst the ranks of war he takes his stand,
Surrounded by a brilliant band,
While sounds of martial music rise
In pealing measures to the skies;
And drowning by its magic spell
The thoughts, which make the bosom swell
With sorrow, when compell'd to part
From all that's dearest to the heart.

The idle gazer looks with glee,
The spirit-stirring sight to see,
And in his eye, joy lights his beams
When on the wind the banner streams!
But different are the soldier's thoughts,
Which rest on Glory dearly bought;
But, though so dear, his heart is rife
To grasp it, at the expense of life.

The drum's loud roll now heard on high,
Together with the life's sharp cry,
Proclaims to every soldier's ear,
The moment of departure near.
Now through the ranks no sound is heard,
And hearts beat quick,—when soon the word
'To march,' is given, and the bright band
For battle, leave their native land.

H. S.

6th May, 1888.

Fine Arts.

MR. MELLING'S MODELLING. [209, REGENT STREET.]

OUR limited space, page 169, confined us to a mere notice of this interesting exhibition. We now purpose entering into particulars, because we feel more than common praise and attention due to Mr. Melling for the comic group already modelled, and the promise of a continuation of subjects from year to year, tragic as well as comic, with a view to the ultimate formation of a Shakspearean Gallery.—Whenever this shall be effected, what a triumph for the sculptor! and what a national acquisition! But to our present group.

Falstaff is represented seated in his easy chair, at the Boar's Head Tavern, with his mistress, *Doll*, on his knee, and his man, *Bardolph*, at his elbow. With his right arm he encircles the waist of *Doll*, whom he regards with a look suited to the action; with his left, he has just handed her the sackcup; his right leg supports her sitting, his left is raised upon a small footstool. She has just received the cup

in her right hand, and appears to be about to pledge to him; she is looking at him with a smiling countenance, and gently inclines her head towards him: her left arm is buried in his neck. *Bardolph*, who seems by the pot he dangles in his right hand, to have lately come up for the purpose of filling the cup; although in the art of moving off again, yet lingers a moment at the side of his master, and there, with his head turned towards the couple, and his left hand raised so as partly to cover his mouth, gives birth to a grin; evidently under the influence of some merry thought; while his loose way of holding himself, and his general appearance, seem to bespeak that something more than his master's cup has contributed to exhaust the sack-pot. The chair whereon *Falstaff* is seated, may be supposed by its liberal dimensions, acorn points and back carving, to have been substantially contrived, if not reserved, for the especial occupancy of the jolly knight, and to have stood distinguished among the furniture of Mrs. Quickly's parlour. *Falstaff* is in his happiest mood, and as racy as his nature can make him. His hacked weapon and shield are at his bed-side. *Doll* is in her slipsbod glory, her figure is pretty, her countenance delicately finished, and her attitude janty. *Bardolph's* lickorous leer, his incomparable nose, full veined hands, and weak knees are exquisitely done; and the costume of the group is preserved agreeably with the style of the times in which they lived.

No. 2—"Hercules slaying the Nemean Lion" (the first work which Mr. Melling ever modelled.) No. 3.—"Paris presenting the Apple to Venus; and No. 4—"A Combat (after a conquest we presume) of two Grecian Warriors," are fine specimen of Grecian art, and place Mr. Melling with the first names in the class of mind.

OLIO.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

[ADELAIDE ST., AND LOWTHER ARCADE.]

To say what is, and what is not, in this comparable gallery of scientific instruction and amusement, would be nearly as difficult. The proprietors, however, whose object is to promote to the utmost of their power, the adoption of whatever may be found to be comparatively superior, or relatively perfect in the various articles confided to their care: without prejudice on the one hand or partiality on the other, contemplate the valuable co-operation and voluntary

aid of the intellectual public towards the advancement of this National Gallery, established for the practical illustration of general science, and for the reception of works of art and specimens of the rare productions of nature. We shall take an opportunity of adverting more particularly to some of the many treasures in the Ante-room, the "vestibule," and the lower and upper galleries, replete with interest.

SCULPTURE.

LORD BYRON AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Thomas Ritchie of Edinburgh, a self-taught artist and journeyman mason, who never received a lesson in drawing, has contrived to produce sculptures of Byron and Scott, out of solid blocks of free-stone.

The noble bard, who appears in Grecian costume, a tunic and slippers, is not to our liking; and as we knew his lordship personally, we would rather say nothing of Mr. Ritchie's personation. But, we are decidedly partial to the representation of *Scott*. The head is good, and the features describe the prevailing habits of Scotland's glory.

Sir Walter is arrayed in the forensic gown, in speaking attitude. His lips seem touched with a live coal from the altar of inspiration, and we fanciedly hear the eloquence of his heart. The left hand holds a scroll; and from the right the drapery is carelessly, but appropriately thrown; we think that the knee and leg are too colossal, and the arms a *little* too short for the stature. Since the Tam O'Shanter group visited our metropolis and paid their devoirs in this place, we have seen no performance from the North equal to this contrasted pair, and we hope Mr. Ritchie will persevere in producing subjects more faultless, as his genius will be more fully developed by study and experience.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following, extracted from Captain Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, giving a description of his journey to Portsmouth with, and the embarkation of, Sir Walter, will be found highly interesting:—

"On Sunday morning, the 23rd of October, 1831, the party left town, in as rainy, windy, and melancholy a day as ever was seen. Next morning, Captain Pigot waited on him, as he said, to receive orders, and to beg him to consider

that every officer, man, and boy in the Barham, was solicitous, above all things to render his passage agreeable. Sir Walter was much pleased with the frankness of these offers, but declared he knew nothing at all about a ship, and must trust to those of his friends who did.

"The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, and the other local authorities called upon him almost as if he had been a royal personage, to place at his disposal all the means in their power to render his stay at Portsmouth pleasant. The Port-Admiral, Sir Thomas Foley, waited on him to say, that his yacht, the *Sylph*, and the flag-ship's barge, were at his orders, should he or his family wish to sail about. The commissioner also, Sir Michael Seymour, offered his services.

"I one day heard him mention how curious it was that two of our greatest novelists had gone abroad only to die—Fielding and Smollet. And the same evening, he asked me to step over to Mr. Harrison the bookseller's to get for him Fielding's *Journal of a voyage to Lisbon*. 'That little book,' said he, 'the last he wrote, is one of the most entertaining and wittyest of all Fielding's productions, though written during a period of great pain and sickness. Indeed,' he continued, 'I hardly know any more amusing book of travels than Fielding has contrived to compose out of a subject apparently so scanty and threadbare as a voyage down the Thames, through the Downs to St. Helen's Roads, and then across the Bay of Biscay.'

"Though Sir Walter walked but little, and with some difficulty, he appeared to have no objection to seeing company. One day an old acquaintance of mine, a seaman of the name of Bailey, the admiral's messenger, after much humming and hawing, and excuse-making, asked whether it were possible for him to get a sight of Sir Walter Scott, 'in order to hear him speak.' Nothing, I told him, was more easy; for when, as usual, he brought the letters from the post-office, he had only to send up word to say, that he wished to deliver them in person. Next morning, accordingly, the waiter said to me at the breakfast-table, 'Bailey, sir, says he must deliver Sir Walter's letters to him himself, and that you told him so.' Sir Walter looked towards me and laughed; but when the honest fellow's wishes were explained, he desired him to be sent up, and, shaking hands with him, said, 'I hope you are satisfied now you have heard me speak.'

"I sent three men off yesterday, sir,"

said Bailey, 'to enter for the Barham—all because you are going in her.'

" 'They'll at all events find a good ship and a good captain, that I am very sure of,' replied Sir Walter.

" 'That's something of a compliment certainly,' he continued, when the door was shut; 'but I hold that the greatest honor yet which has been paid to my celebrity was by a fishmonger in London last week, who was applied to by the servant of the house in which I was living for some cod, I believe, for dinner; but it being rather late in the day, there was none left. On the servant's mentioning who it was wanted for, the fishmonger said that altered the matter, and said that if a bit was to be had in London for love or money, it should be at my disposal. Accordingly, the man himself actually walked up with the fish all the way from Billingsgate to Sussex-place, in the Regent's Park. Now if that is not substantial literary reputation, I know not what is!'

" 'Next morning, however, the 28th of October, when I was sitting in the drawing-room, about half-past six or seven o'clock, in he stepped stoutly enough; and waving his stick, he called to me to give him my arm, as the morning was fine, that he might take a walk on the ramparts. On reaching the Platform, he turned round and said,

" 'Now show me the exact spot where Jack the painter was hanged.'

" 'I pointed out the locality, now occupied by a post or pilot-beacon on the inner part of Blockhouse Point, on which I remember having seen Jack's bones hanging in chains more than nine-and-twenty years before, when I first went to sea as a weemiddy. He seemed so familiar with all Jack the painter's exploits, and especially his setting fire to the dock-yard, that I asked if he had been reading about him lately. 'Not for these last thirty or forty years, certainly,' he answered.

" 'As we strolled along the ramparts, he looked often towards Spithead, and at last he stopped, and desired me to shew him where the celebrated Royal William used to lie during the war.

" 'Where did the Royal William go down?' he next asked.

" 'I pointed out to him the buoy; upon which, as if taxing his memory, he murmured, in a voice scarcely audible, a line or so of Cowper's verses on that melancholy catastrophe:—

" 'His fingers held the pen, his sword'—

" 'No!' said he, correcting himself, 'that won't do—'

" 'His sword was in its sheath—
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

" 'He was in great glee during the whole of this walk, and told some five or six of his best stories, and all in his very best manner. Most of these indeed I had heard before; but their dress was new, and their points were as sharp as ever. One however, he told about himself, which I had not heard till then, though I think it has since been published in one of the volumes of the new edition of the Waverley Novels. At the age of two years, it seems, he was placed under the charge of a nursery-maid, and sent to his grand-uncle's in the country for the benefit of his health, he being then in a very feeble and rickety state. 'My ailments, however,' he went on to relate, 'were nearly being brought to a speedy conclusion, for my nurse, whose head appears to have been turned by some love craze or another, resolved to put me to death. In this view, she carried me to the moors, and having laid me on the heather, pulled out her scissors, and made the necessary preparations for cutting my throat.'

" 'Well, sir,' said I, astonished at the cool manner in which he described the process, 'what deterred her?'

" 'I believe,' replied he, 'that the infant smiled in her face, and she could not go on.'

" 'Immediately after breakfast, on the morning of the 29th of October, Mr. Gayton, the flag-lieutenant, came in with Admiral Sir Thomas Foley's compliments to say, that on his hearing that the Barham was ready, and that Captain Pigot had gone to announce that it was time to embark, the signal had been made to the Britannia to send her barge, to convey Sir Walter Scott and his family to Spithead.

" 'At a little after eleven in the forenoon, he stepped into the barge at the Sally Port, and was rowed off to Spithead in a most beautiful morning.

" 'The men, who seemed well aware of the honour done them, gave way together in such style, that their oars bent like bows while Sir Walter pointed to the beauties of the Isle of Wight, looked long at Haslar Hospital, asked minutely about the pilotage round the different buoys on the shoal, and made us explain the distinction between the anchorages of St. Helen's, Spithead, and the Mother Bank. Nothing escaped him, and it was really quite satisfactory to see our venerable

friend, at the hour of parting, apparently so light hearted and contented.

"On reaching the Barham, we found, that although an accommodation ladder had been fitted, the officers, with the ready consideration of men of business, had slung an arm-chair, that Sir Walter might have the option of walking up or being hoisted in. He preferred the chair as less fatiguing.

"I shall not soon forget the great man's last look, when he held his friends successively by the hand, as he sat on the deck of the frigate, and wished us good-bye, one after another, in a tone which shewed that he at least knew all hope was over!

"During the week, when I was in attendance upon Sir Walter Scott at Portsmouth, I had frequent opportunities of speaking to him about his different novels, a subject upon which I was glad to find that he had no objection to converse. I mentioned to him one day that I considered myself very fortunate in having become the possessor of his original manuscript of the *Antiquary*. His observation was very remarkable. 'I am glad of that, for it is the one I like best myself, and if you will let me have it for a few minutes, I shall be glad to write a word or two upon it to that effect.'

"I told him it was in town, but that I should write off for it express, and hoped to receive it in time. Meanwhile, I asked him one or two questions about the *Antiquary*, and begged to know if it had cost much trouble in the composition. 'None whatever,' was his reply; 'I wrote it *currente calamo* from beginning to end.'

"I asked him if he had ever actually witnessed or known of any scene resembling that of the baronet and his daughter going round the headland, and nearly being swept away by the tide coming in! 'O no!' he said, rather impatiently, I thought, as if the whole were obviously imaginative.

"I next asked him if ever he had been present at such a scene as that in the hut of the fisherman, whose son is represented as lying dead in his coffin? 'No,' replied he; 'not exactly as there described; not exactly in all respects. I have, however, been in cottages upon similar occasions.

"By the mail early next morning I received the precious MS., and having taken my station in the drawing room, an hour before the usual time of Sir Walter's appearance, in order to secure the fulfilment of his promise, I waited impatiently till he came in. I was de-

lighted to see him looking hearty and cheerful, as if he had passed a good night; and as soon as he had taken his station at the writing-desk, I placed the autograph manuscript of the *Antiquary* before him, and reminded him of his offer to state in it the reasons of his preference of that novel.

"He at once took the pen, and, in the course of somewhat less than an hour, wrote the two pages of which an exact fac simile will be found at the close of this volume. When he had finished, I said,

"You would add great value to this writing, Sir Walter, if you would be so good as to put your name to it.' He instantly wrote his signature. 'The date, also,' I added, 'would give it still further value.' 'True,' he replied; 'I had forgotten that.' And, resuming his pen, he wrote, Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831.

"The following is a copy, word for word, of this very curious document, which possesses a high degree of interest, not only from its being the very last thing he wrote on the shores of England, but from its containing a pleasing glimpse of that matchless vigour of thought, linked with bewitching playfulness of humour, which in the opinion of many people, distinguish the *Antiquary* above all his other works.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL.—As the wind seems determinately inflexible, I cannot employ my spare time better than in making a remark or two on this novel, which, as you are kind enough to set an ideal value upon [it] will perhaps be enhanced in that respect, by receiving any trifling explanations and particulars, [and by your learning] that among the numerous creatures of my imagination, the author has had a particular partiality for the *Antiquary*. It is one of the very few of my works of fiction which contains a portrait from life, and it is the likeness of a friend of my infancy, boyhood, and youth, a fact detected at the time by the acuteness of Mr. James Chambers, solicitor-at-law in London.—This gentleman, remarkable for the integrity of his conduct in business, and the modesty of his charges, had been an old friend and correspondent of my father's, in his more early and busy days; and he continued to take an interest in literary matters to the end of a life prolonged beyond the ordinary limits. He took, accordingly, some trouble to discover the author; and when he read the '*Antiquary*,' told my friend William Erskine, that he was now perfectly satisfied that Walter Scott, of whom personally he knew really nothing,

was the author of this mysterious work of fiction; for that the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was drawn from the late George Constable, of Wallace Cragle of Dundee, who dined, when in Edinburgh, twice or thrice with my father every week, and used to speak of my sayings and doings as [those of] a clever boy. I was extremely surprised at this detection, for I thought I had taken the utmost care to destroy every trace of personal resemblance. I had no reason to suspect that any one in London could have recollected my friend, who had been long dead, and [who had] lived in strict retirement during the last years of his life. I took an opportunity to inquire after the general recollection which survived of my old friend, on an occasion when I chanced to be 'o'er the water,' as we say. His house was in ruins, his property feued for some commercial [purpose,] and I found him described less as a humourist—which was his real character—than as a miser and a misanthrope, qualities which merely tinged his character. I owed him much for the kindness with which he treated me. I remember particularly, when I resided for a time at Prestonpans with my aunt, Miss Janet Scott—one of those excellent persons who devote their ease and leisure to the care of some sick relation—George Constable chose to fix his residence [in the neighbourhood]—I have always thought from some sneaking kindness for my aunt, who, though not in the van of youth, had been a most beautiful woman. At least, we three walked together every day in the world, and the Anti-quary was my familiar companion. He taught me to read* and understand Shakspeare. He explained the field of battle of Prestonpans, of which he had witnessed the horrors from a safe distance. Many other books he read to us, and shewed a great deal of dramatic humour. I have mentioned [this] in the recent, or author's edition [of the *Waverley Novels*,] but less particularly than I would wish you to know.

"The sort of preference which I gave and still give, this work, is from its connexion with the early scenes of my life. And here am I seeking health at the expense of travel, just as was the case with me in my tenth year. Well! I am not the first who has ended life as he began, and is bound to remember with gratitude those who have been willing to assist him in his voyage, whether in youth or age, amongst whom I must include old George Constable and yourself.

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831."

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS HEROIC SON

The following instance of filial affection was related by Napoleon himself:—

I have already mentioned the Emperor's talent in story-telling. When describing a naval action, his powerful words, like those of Homer would set the waves of the sea in motion, make the cannon roar, and represent to your fancy the groans of the wounded. He would place you on board of a line of battle ship, whose decks covered with dead bodies and streaming with human blood, began to creak from the action of a horrible fire which was consuming the vessel, and whose thousand forked and glaring tongues darted through the open port-holes, and ascending, like curling snakes, the rigging and yards. This ship, which a few hours before rode sovereign of the bay of Aboukir, and contained more than five hundred human beings full of life, and health, and energy, was now deserted: for all who had escaped the hostile ball and dread splinter had sought their safety by jumping into the sea and swimming to the shore.—One man alone remained unhurt upon the deck, and with his arms crossed upon his broad chest, and his face covered with blood and smoke, stood contemplating with an eye of deep sorrow, another individual who still breathed, but who was seated at the foot of the mainmast with both his legs shattered, and the blood streaming from the numerous wounds he had received. He was sinking into eternity without uttering a single complaint; on the contrary, he thanked his Creator for withdrawing him from the world.—His eyes were raised to behold once more the flag of republican France waving over his head.—A few paces from the dying man, stood a youth about fourteen, dressed in plain clothes, with a dirk by his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. He looked at the wounded man with a countenance expressive of the most profound grief, combined, however, with resignation, which indicated that he also was fast approaching the term of life.

The ship was the Orient,* the dying man was Casabianca, captain of the flag ship of the Egyptian expedition, and the youth was the captain's son.

"Take this boy," said the captain to the boatswain's mate, who had remained with him, "and save your lives—you have still time—and let me die alone—my race is run."

"Approach me not," said the boy to the sturdy seaman; "save thyself. As for me, my place is here, and I shall not leave my father."

* Burnt at the battle of Aboukir.

"My son," said the dying officer, casting upon the boy a look of the tenderest affection, "my dear boy, I command you to go."

At this moment a dreadful crash shook the timbers of the ship, and the flames burst forth on all sides. A frightful explosion already told the fate of one of the victims of this dreadful day—and the same fate awaited the Orient. Already had the planks of the deck begun to kindle; the boatswain's mate was for an instant appalled, and cast a glance of longing towards the shore from which the ship was only about two hundred toises distant. "For," said the Emperor, "Admiral Brutus, the wretched man, fought pent up in a bay!" But this feeling, so natural to a man desirous of preserving his life, lasted only an instant; and the boatswain's mate resumed his careless air, after another attempt, on the captain making a sign to him, to seize the youth. But the latter taking one of his pistols, and cocking it, threatened to shoot him if he did not desist.

"It is my duty to remain, and I will remain," he said. "Go thou thy way, and may Heaven help thee! Thou hast no time to lose."

Another crash, which seemed to issue from the hold like a deep groan, made the boatswain's mate again start. He cast a look of horror towards the powder room, which the flames were now about to reach, and a few seconds perhaps it would be too late. The stripling understood the feelings which that look conveyed, and, lying down by his father's side, took the latter in his arms.

"Go now," said he—"and you, my father, bless your son."

These were the last words the sailor heard. Springing into the water, he swam rapidly towards the shore, but scarcely was he ten fathoms from the ship ere it blew up with a dreadful explosion.

"He was received by the people on the coast," said the Emperor in conclusion, "and came to me at head-quarters; and it was he who told us of the heroism of young Casabianca."—"What should I do in the world?" said the latter to his father, who again urged him to go on shore; "you are going to die, and the French navy has this day dishonoured itself!" "This was a noble boy," the Emperor added; "and his death is the more to be regretted that he would have gone farther perhaps than Duguay-Trouin and Duquesne—and I am proud when I consider that he was a member of my own family!"—*Mem. Duch. D'Abrantes.*

SKETCH OF RUSSIAN MANNERS.

THE following scene, from *The Young Muscovite; or, the Poles in Russia*, is very characteristic: an insolent noble has taken possession of a goose belonging to another traveller in the inn:—

"Alexis wished to defend his master's property; but one of the Cossacks gave him such a push with his elbow that he could scarcely keep his legs.

'Awaken thy master,' whispered Kirsha, 'he will contend better than we can with that blackguard.'

"Meanwhile, as Alexis was awakening Youry, and telling him of the goose being forcibly seized, the Polander took off his hat, and settling himself very comfortably, began to sup. Youry descended now from the stove, hid his pistol in his bosom, and having given some orders in a low voice to Alexis, who immediately left the isba, approached the table. 'Health and respect!' said he, bowing politely to the Pan.

"The Polander continued eating, but nodded; and pointed silently to the bench. Youry sat down at the end of the table, and, after a few moments silence, asked if the roasted goose was to his taste?

'When one is hungry every thing tastes well,' answered the Polander, cutting a large slice from the breast. 'Is this goose thine?'

'It is, Pan,' replied our hero.

'It must be confessed that you Muscovites are more prudent than we,' continued Kopichinsky, tearing a leg to pieces with his teeth; 'you are always well stocked with provisions when you travel. It is true, we Poles have no need to be so, as by the right of conquest we seize every thing we can find.'

'Certainly, Pan, certainly,' returned Youry. 'But why dost thou not continue to eat?—eating is good for thy health.'

'Enough,' said Kopichinsky, laying down his knife; 'I am satisfied.'

'Make no scruple, great Pan,' persevered Youry: 'eat, eat!'

'No, eat thyself, if thou wishest,' returned the Polander.

'I thank thee, great Pan,' said Youry; 'but I am not accustomed to eat the remnants left by other people, and it grieves me when others do not eat. Eat, I say, Pan, eat, eat!'

'I have already told thee that I will not eat,' returned Kopichinsky, angrily. 'Here, my Cossacks, take this goose away, and share it between you.'

'Be not angry, mighty Pan,' continued Youry; 'thou just now didst say that the Poles seize every thing; which means

that you take the property of others without asking the owner. That may be; but we Russians are more hospitable, and like to press people to eat—every country, thou knowest, has different customs. Eat, Pan, eat!”

“But why art thou so pressing, I pray?” said the Pole.

“I shall not cease to be so,” answered Youry, “until thou hast eaten the remainder of the goose.”

“How—all?” exclaimed the astonished Pan, rising from his seat.

“Yes, all,” reiterated Youry, in a decisive tone, and taking out his pistol. “Please to observe, great Polish Pan! thou didst begin to eat without my permission, and now thou must eat it all.”

“What! all that?” squeaked the Polander—, “holloa, my Cossacks! Nekoroshki!—holloa!—help.”

“With a quick motion of his hand, Youry moved the table forward, pushed the Polander against the wall, and looking behind, said to the Cossack, who was coming to his master’s assistance, ‘Stand still!—stir not at your peril!’”

“These words were pronounced with such a commanding voice, that the Cossacks, who would willingly have thrown themselves on Youry, instantly stood back.

“Hear me, friends,” continued Youry, “if you move from your place, or stir one of your fingers, I will blow out your master’s brains. And thou, great Pan, order them to go:—I only invite thee to eat—why art thou silent? Hear me, Pole, I never swore in vain; and now do I swear upon my oath, that thou wilt not have time to cross thyself if those men do not leave the room this instant. How long must I wait?” added he, holding his pistol close to the Polander’s brow.

“Jesus Maria!” cried the Polander, trying to hide his shaved head under the table, “Go out, my Cossacks, go out!”

“Holloa, lads! go out,” said Kirsha, or else this Boyard will drive the ball into his head in a minute—he is not accustomed to jest.”

“Go out, villains!—this instant go out!” exclaimed the Polander, again covering his eyes with his hands, that he might not see the mouth of the pistol, which seemed to him at that moment longer than a twelve pounder.

“The Cossacks, going out, met with the unknown traveller, who was looking with great pleasure and surprise on this strange adventure.

“Now, Kirsha,” said Youry, “whilst I am pressing my dear guest to eat, take thy rifle-gun, and do not let those fellows come in again. Come, Pan, make haste, I have no time to spare.”

“The Polander, without saying a word, began to eat, and Youry in the same posture continued to press him. The poor Pan, in great haste, crammed himself up to his throat; repeatedly begging pardon for what he had done; but Youry remained inflexible. His imploring eyes only met the cocked pistol with its dreadful muzzle, and the threatening look of Youry, in which he clearly read his sentence of death.

“Permit me only to stop a little,” squeaked he at last, almost suffocated.

“Pooh! nonsense, Pan,” returned our hero; “I have no time to wait. Finish thy meal!”

“Cheer up, Pan Kopichinsky, cheer up,” said Kirsha, “thou seest very little remains; fear makes the matter worse than it is. There!—Now it is finished,” added he, as the Polander swallowed the last mouthful.”

New Music.

That winning look.—Music by E. Draper: words by C. J. King. Blackman.

On hearing a Newmarket jockey call for this pleasing ballad, we were struck with the title; but, on perusal, found “that *winning look*,” to be in pursuit of the heart, instead of the plate, though we are not sure it will not steal both. Our readers may venture to bet on it, for the music and words are very pretty.

Varieties.

ANCIENT STATUE.—There has lately been discovered at Athens a very fine ancient statue, supposed to be that of Theus. It is naked, of the same size as the Apollo Belvidere, of the purest marble, and of highly finished workmanship. The head had been severed, but was found at a short distance from the trunk. A temple, three columns of which are still standing, has been discovered on what is supposed to be the site of the ancient city.

ROYAL POVERTY.—Our kings most engaged in war were always poor, and sometimes excessively so. Edward II. pawned his jewels to pay foreign forces, and pawned his imperial crown three several times, once abroad and twice to Sir John Wosenham, his banker, in whose custody it remained no less than eight years. The Black Prince, as Walsingham informs us, was constrained to pledge his plate. Henry V. pledged his table and stool of silver which he had from Spain, and once his imperial crown; and Queen Elizabeth sold her jewels.

BEATING TIME.—The practice of beating time with the bow, was introduced into this country by M. Söphr, and he, being a great musician as well as leader, has been of course imitated, for we are most industrious imitators of what is foreign: and in truth, quackery is so much the order of the day, that without a due share of it, success is hardly to be hoped for. How many small persons, singers, soi-disant composers, &c., are now-a-days raised to something like importance, by grossly open as well as artful and disguised *charlatanerie* and puffing!—*Harmonicon*.

THE MONTH OF MAY.—May, the third month in the year of Romulus, became the fifth in that of Numa, and has ever since retained the same station in the calendar. Thirty-one days were assigned to it by the founder of Rome, while his successor reduced them to thirty; Julius Cæsar restored the odd day. The name of the month was fixed long before the time of Romulus; the ancients considered it sacred to Apollo, and on the first day the Romans offered sacrifices to Maia, the mother of Mercury. This would at first sight seem to fix the origin of the name to the goddess; nevertheless, learned commentators have contended that Romulus continued the name in honour of his senate, who were distinguished by the epithet of *Majores*, (or the great council.) The Saxons called this month *Tri-milchi*, the young grass, then in the vigour of its growth, being so heartening to the cows as to enable them to yield milk thrice a day. In the old Cornish language, the name of the month was *Me*, an evident alteration of May. In this month Nature appears to deck herself in her gayest attire, and clothe herself with all the colours of the rainbow; the hawthorn, laburnum, lilac, honeysuckle, and all the fruit trees, are in full blossom, while the lily and tulip are ornamenting the gardens, and the daisy and cowslip spangling the fields in all directions. The whole country seems one mass of blossom, from whence breathes a perfume as salutary as it is delightful. Ancient painters embodied May in the shape of a lovely countenanced youth, clad in a white and green robe, embroidered with various flowers; on his head a garland of white and damask roses; a lute in one hand, and on the forefinger of the other a nightingale, which first warbles its even song in this month.

PREDISPOSITION TO DISEASE FROM INTEMPERATE DRINKING.—It is unquestionably true, that many of the surrounding objects in nature are constantly tending to man's destruction. The excess of heat and cold, dampness and dryness, the vi-

ciatitudes of the seasons, noxious exhalations from the earth, the poisonous vapours from animal and vegetable matter, with many other invisible agents, are exerting their deadly influence; and were it not that every part of the human system is endowed by the Creator with a self-preserving power, a principle of excitability, or, in other words, a VITAL principle, the operations of the animal economy would cease, and a dissolution of the organic structure take place. But this principle being implanted in the system, reaction takes place, and thereby a vigorous contest is maintained with the warring elements without, as well as with the principle of decay within. It is also true, that artificial stimulus, in whatever way applied, tends constantly to exhaust the principle of excitability of the system, and this in proportion to its intensity, and the freedom with which it is applied. But there is another principle, on which the use of ardent spirit predisposes the drunkard to disease and death. It acts on the blood, impairs its vitality, deprives it of its red colour, and thereby renders it unfit to stimulate the heart and other organs through which it circulates; unfit also, to supply materials for the different secretions, and to renovate the different tissues of the body, as well as to sustain the energy of the brain,—offices which it can perform only while it retains its vermilion colour and arterial properties. The blood of the drunkard is several shades darker than that of temperate persons, and also coagulates less readily and firmly, and is loaded with serum, appearances which indicate that it has exchanged its arterial properties for those of the venous blood. This is the cause of the livid complexion of persons who are in the habit of drinking to excess, and which so strongly marks the drunkard in the advanced state of intemperance. Hence, too, all the functions of his body are sluggish and irregular, and the whole system loses its tone and energy.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It has been remarked that the fifty-six individuals who signed the declaration of American Independence, have all died within the space of fifty-six years after the signature of that act;—that all the presidents of the United States have died at the age of fifty-six; and that the Union was well nigh being dissolved fifty-six years after its foundation, through the dispute respecting South Carolina and the Tariff.

DUTY OFF TILES.—"Tiles," asked a sapient member of the senate, when he heard Lord Althorpe commence his list of reductions, with the repeal of the duties on them; "Tiles! well, I never knew

they were taxed.—How long have tiles been subject to duty?" "Oh a long time," said a wag by his side; "ever since the time of *Roofus*." "I am much obliged to you," said the simple querist, who believed it.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Other griefs leave the mind strength to grapple with them; but oppressive melancholy cuts the very sinews of the soul, so that it lies prostrate, and cannot exert itself to throw off the load.

The idle man is the Devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease.

I will account no sin little; since there is not the least but works the death of the soul. It is all one, whether I be drowned near the shore or in the midst of the sea.

OBSTINACY PUNISHED.—A prelate of the Church of England, much admired for his fine understandings, talents, and political liberality, was one day proceeding to take an airing with his wife in their carriage. Just at their setting out, their eldest son, a highly educated and most promising young man, rode up, and desired to be of the party inside. This the bishop peremptorily refused to allow, directing his son by all means to remain on horseback, and ride at the side of the carriage. The youth for a moment remonstrated, but his father insisted, and was cheerfully obeyed. The bishop's lady then begged his lordship to tell her why he so resolutely adhered to his determination of not admitting his son to a seat with them; adding, that in a matter of so much indifference she wished he had yielded. But the father replied he had not acted without a reason; for that he had been tormented by a dream the night before, when he imagined that he saw his son suddenly thrown from his horse and killed; and that, through fear of thinking himself superstitious for the rest of his days, he had persevered in rejecting his son's request. The bishop had scarcely spoken the words, when the horse on which his much-beloved son was riding threw the young man to the ground, and he was killed on the spot. The unhappy parents, the father especially, grieved incessantly for their loss; and Mr. Piozzi remarked, that, dreadful as was the penalty suffered by the unfortunate father, it was a just infliction on a person who had disregarded one of the grand laws in the code of common sense, which prescribes to us never to be obstinate in what is apparently not an affair of moment.—*Piozziani*.

IRISH POLITENESS.—An old Irish woman a day or two ago, asked a gentleman who was passing through St. Giles's, what

o'clock it was, but the gentleman, probably not hearing her, took no notice of the question. The old woman then put the same question to another person who was passing, and having been told by him, to show her sense of the politeness, said, "Arrah, now, you are a fine fellow for telling me. You are not so beastly proud as that *other* blackguard," (pointing to the first gentleman.)

DRIVING A BARGAIN.—At a village not far from this city, there dwells an ingenious wheelwright, who is also a manufacturer of violins, or as he ostentatiously terms them, in old fashioned parlance, "fiddles," which he frequently brings hither for sale. Not many weeks ago, he was accompanied in his visit to Old Ebor, by his son, a lad nine or ten years of age, and in the course of their peregrinations, they fell in with a man who wanted to dispose of an ass. After some chat, the owner of the ass offered to exchange it for one of the wheelwright's "Yorkshire Cremona's." "Swap, father, swap! do, father, do!" exclaimed the lad, quite delighted at the offer. "Nonsense, lad, nonsense," said the father, and taking up his fiddle bag, he continued, "come let us go." "Nay, father do swap," said the boy, urging his suit by an arch look and the following argument: "You know father, you can make another fiddle, but you cannot make an ass!" The argument was unanswerable; the exchange was made, and the lad went home rejoicing, satisfied that he had not given too much for the ass, whatever the man might have done for his fiddle.

THE GRATEFUL BEGGAR.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied the officer; "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man; "but I served under you in the battle of —; and when you ran away, I followed, and thus my life was preserved."

LAZINESS.—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ridiculous and unexpected that Miravaux gave the fellow a piece of silver.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—In the North of England is a direction-post, bearing the following inscription:—"This road goes no ware." In the same neighbourhood is a quack doctor, who pretends to cure the ague; his sign is as follows:—"Here life won hoo Qrs a Goose."



See page 219.

Illustrated Article.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By Miss Agnes Strickland.

THE Queen of Poland entered the apartment of the Princess Maria Josepha of Saxony, her daughter, with a quick step and animated countenance, and, making a sign for the young lady's governess to withdraw, she said,—

"I come to announce to you, my dear child, the joyful intelligence that the King of France has demanded you in marriage for his son the Dauphin."

A slight colour suffused the usually pale cheek of the young Josepha, as she looked up from her embroidery frame in surprise, exclaiming,—

"The King of France cannot mean me, mamma."

"Why not, my dear?"

"I am so plain, you know, my dearest mamma; I am sure," pursued she, blushing and casting down her eyes, which filled with tears as she spoke, "the Dauphin would be sadly disappointed on re-

ceiving such a bride as your poor Josepha."

"The Dauphin has seen your picture, my love."

"Oh! but my dearest mamma, that picture was such a flattering resemblance, that he will have reason to say he has been deceived when he beholds the original. Pray let him be informed how very inattractive I am."

"Nay, nay, my simple child, that would be indeed very far from the truth," replied the queen; "for if I form any adequate idea of the word attraction, it is a quality in which you are far from deficient. The Dauphin is aware that you are not beautiful, but he has been informed that you are amiable, sweet tempered, and high principled; in short, that the charms of your mind more than compensate for the absence of that outward beauty which is to him a matter of perfect indifference; for his heart is buried in the grave of his first wife, the lovely Maria Theresa of Spain."

"Why then does he marry again?"

"Because it is the will of his royal father that he should sacrifice his private feelings to the wishes of his country."

"And I, then, dearest mamma, am to be torn from your tender arms to be consigned to a reluctant husband, who has never seen me, and who will regard me with coldness and distaste," said the weeping princess.

"My dear child," replied the Queen, "you are, no less than the Dauphin, the property of the state, and, like him, bound to submit your own inclinations to the good of your country and the authority of your parents. It is the lot of royalty."

"Cruel heritage!" sighed the princess; "yet, dearest mamma, think not that I am about to embitter our approaching separation with unavailing opposition to my royal father's will. I know my duty both as a daughter and a subject, and I submit myself to the disposal of my king and country."

"Spoken like my own noble girl," replied the Queen, embracing her daughter, and fondly kissing away the sorrowful drops that still hung on her cheek. "Go, my child," continued she; "fulfil the glorious destiny that awaits thee. Thou art worthy to reign over a mighty nation. Qualities like thine cannot fail to con-

ciliate the respect, and finally to win the love, of any husband who has a heart to appreciate virtue and mental charms. Instead of thy father's, thou shalt have children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands."

"But, oh! my mother," said the princess, pressing closer to the maternal bosom from which she was so soon to be separated, "how shall I meet the Queen of France, and who is the daughter of the traitor Stanislaus Luzinski, who endeavoured to rob my father of the throne of Poland; nay, even succeeded, through the assistance of the conquering arms of Charles of Sweden, in driving him from his dominions, and wresting for a season the sceptre from his hands?"

"You must forget the circumstance, and treat her with the reverence that is due to your sovereign, and the mother of your consort."

"But how, dearest mamma, will the daughter of the deposed usurper, Stanislaus, endure the presence of the child of the royal Augustus, whom Poland, with an unanimous voice, recalled to his rightful throne, when released from the foreign domination of the King of Sweden? Will

she not make use of her power as Queen of France, and, above all, as the mother of my husband, to treat me with 'unkindness and neglect? And my husband, too, may not he regard me as the daughter of an enemy?"

"My child, you will be placed in a delicate situation," returned the Queen "but you are aware of its difficulties, and are, I trust, possessed of sufficient greatness of mind, sweetness, and forbearance to meet and conquer them."

It was a severe trial for the youthful Josepha, when the dreaded moment came for her to bid adieu to her fond parents and weeping friends. She struggled to appear composed, and in some measure succeeded in concealing her grief, and the strong reluctance she entertained against this marriage; but, though she bore herself like a princess, and a heroine, she felt like a timid, tender-hearted girl, on quitting the scenes of her childhood, and the beloved objects of her affection and reverence, for an unknown land of strangers.

The French hastened in crowds to obtain a sight of the new Dauphiness on her public entrance into Paris; but they are a people so influenced by externals, that, although they could not help admitting that her countenance was ingenuous, and indicative both of talent and sweetness, there was a murmur of disapprobation when they contrasted her appearance with the recollection of her beautiful predecessor.

The bride was painfully aware of this impression, which was the more distressing to so young a female, when deprived of the soothing support of a mother's encouraging presence, and for the first time in her life thrown on her own resources, to think, to speak, and to act for herself: but, with the true dignity of a superior mind, she summoned all the slumbering energies of her character to meet the trying scenes that awaited her.

Her first interview with the Dauphin and his royal parents was at hand, and she was compelled to stifle alarm, agitation, and childish tremors, to comport herself in a manner likely to conciliate the regard of these arbiters of her future destiny.

The Queen, Maria Luzinski, received her with frigid politeness, but uttered no word of soothing or encouragement.

"It is plain," thought poor Josepha, "that her Majesty remembers the relative situation of our fathers, and dislikes me for the sake of mine."

There was a greater show of friendli-

ness on the part of Louis the Fifteenth in his reception of his daughter-in-law, as far at least as complimentary phrases and expressions of affectionate regard went; yet the slight but perceptible shrug with which the royal profligate scanned her from head to foot, when she advanced to offer him the homage of her knee, was sufficiently indicative of his contemptuous opinion of her person.

Josepha saw and felt it all; but she had strength of mind and magnanimity enough to endure the mortification with calmness. Her keenest pang was caused by the unanswered appeal for sympathy and compassion which her meek eye addressed to the pale statue-like being to whom a marriage of state policy was about to unite her.

The touch of his hand, as with formal courtesy and averted looks the Dauphin raised her from her kneeling posture; chilled her with the contact of that mortal coldness which is of the heart.

"Why did they take me from affectionate parents and a happy home?" thought the offended bride, suppressing, with a powerful effort, the gush of bitter tears which appeared ready to overflow her eyes, in spite of her struggles to restrain them.

It was difficult for one so young and unaccustomed to disguise, to conceal the feelings of wounded pride, and all the other painful emotions that filled her heart. Yet she commanded herself sufficiently to make graceful and appropriate replies to the observations which the King addressed to her; and so well did she acquit herself, that his Majesty, after she had withdrawn with the ladies of the bedchamber, was pleased to express his approbation of the ease and elegance of her manners, her ready wit, and the agreeable tones of her voice. Even her countenance, he said, became pleasing when she spoke.

Poor Josepha, meantime, unconscious of these commendations, had quitted the royal presence with a heavy heart, and was preparing to exchange the simplicity of her virgin attire for the splendid robes prescribed for the approaching nuptial solemnity. Far, however, from betraying the secret anguish and proud reluctance of her troubled spirit, with which she assumed the jewelled tiara and glittering decorations of a Dauphiness of France, she conversed with those about her with a sweetness and affability that made them almost forget her want of beauty.

The fair courtiers even carried their complaisance so far as to pronounce the princess "*tres charmante*," when the

duties of her tedious toilette were at length completed, and she stood arrayed in all the pomp of her bridal magnificence; and they vied with each other in lavishing all the expressions of admiration their language could convey on the beauty of her luxuriant flaxen hair, which was in truth deserving of all that could be said in its praise.

In compliance with the urgent entreaties of these ladies, Josepha walked to the mirror, but with a deep sigh she withdrew her eyes, after a hasty glance, which at the same moment showed her the reflection of a full-length portrait of the late Dauphiness, whose angel features and graceful figure, as there depicted, appeared to render her own want of personal attraction more apparent from the contrast.

"Alas!" said she, "why did they cruelly select for the second wife of the Dauphin one so little calculated to bear a comparison with his first?"

"The most beautiful woman in the world would be regarded by my brother, the Dauphin, with the same feelings of indifference, when considered as the successor of his lost Theresa," observed Madame Louise of France, who had entered while the young Dauphiness was thus speaking. "Courage, my sister!" continued this amiable lady, affectionately embracing the dejected bride: "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong: you may, by unobtrusive gentleness and softness, obtain an influence over the heart of your husband, which beauty might fail of acquiring, unless assisted by the charms of mental superiority. That you possess those charms in no ordinary degree, I am persuaded. Be patient; and the time may come when you will be as much to him as her for whom he laments with such passionate regret."

Thus comforted and encouraged, the Princess Josepha was enabled to present herself to the scrutinising eyes of the French court, with the self-possession which the formidable ceremonial that awaited her presence required.

"I must forget the sensitive feelings of woman's delicacy and woman's pride, which prompt me to shrink from exchanging the nuptial plight with a man to whom I am too evidently an object of dislike, and remembering only that I am a princess, act in conformity with the duty I owe to my country and my parents," thought she, as she encountered the tearful melancholy glance of the Dauphin, when he took his place beside her at the altar; and when the archbishop united their trembling hands, the mortal coldness of his touch again thrilled her heart with

a foreboding pang which shook her frame with a tremor of agitation that subsided not till the conclusion of the momentous ceremony, which had united her for life to one in whose ear the officious congratulations of courtiers and friends appeared to sound more dismally than a knell.

Painfully aware as she was of her husband's feelings, it was impossible for her to pause for the indulgence, or even the analysis of her own.

She was compelled to smile, to appear composed, to exchange appropriate compliments with the King, the Queen, and the whole court. She had a prescribed part in the heartless drama of courtly ceremonial, and she saw the necessity of performing it well, and in this she was engrossingly occupied till the hour arrived for her to withdraw to her own apartment.

The magnificence of the bridal chamber, the richness of its decorations, the blaze of its lights, and the glittering *coup d'œil* of the toilet that was prepared for her, oppressed her full heart with the sickening consciousness of how much at variance was all the pomp and splendour with which she was surrounded, with the dark and joyless aspect of her destiny.

The ladies of the bedchamber were urgent in their entreaties to be allowed to assist her in disrobing.

She stood for a moment irresolute: then feeling it impossible to overcome her reluctance, she implored them to retire for half an hour, that she might enjoy the unrestrained opportunity of performing her devotions.

It was in the first moments of this privacy, so eagerly desired by the gilded puppet who had so sorely wearied of the part she had been reluctantly performing in the pageant of that festive day, that she gave vent to the long restrained flood of tears which could no longer be suppressed, and throwing herself upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, she fervently implored counsel and support of her Heavenly Father; and so deeply was she absorbed in the earnestness of her tearful supplications, which she at length breathed in audible murmurs, mixed with convulsive sobs, that it was not till a heavy sigh near her informed her she was not alone, that she became aware of the presence of an earthly witness of her communings with God.

Starting from her kneeling attitude, the trembling agitated girl encountered, for the first time, the mournfully intense gaze of her husband.

Her timid eyes sought the ground in confusion, and she stood, covered with blushes, waiting with a fluttering heart

or only one kind look or word of encouragement from him with whom her destiny was now irrevocably united. But he was silent; and when she again summoned courage to direct a glance towards him, she discovered that his eyes were averted from her, and turned with a glance of agonising recognition on the jewels of his late wife, with which the toilet was covered; and, with a cry of anguish, he exclaimed,

"Is it not enough that I have been compelled to give thy name and place to another, but must they mock my grief by arranging for me to keep a second bridal in this very room, my lost Theresa, where every object so painfully reminds my widowed heart of thee."

At these words the weeping Dauphiness approached, and, throwing herself at his feet, exclaimed, "Fear not, my lord, that I shall ever seek to intrude upon the love and regret which are given to my lamented predecessor. We are equally the victims of state policy, in being compelled to a marriage in which you must be aware my inclinations have been as little consulted as your own. All I ask of you is compassion and endurance: I am too evidently an object of aversion to you, yet I entreat you not to hate a young, a helpless, and a very friendless creature, who is thrown upon your protection, and who is anxious to devote herself to your will, either as the most dutiful of wives, or the tenderest of friends."

The unexpected frankness of her address—the modesty, yet the boldness of her eloquent appeal to his justice and his sympathy—the touching sweetness of her voice, and the pleading tears which filled the eyes of the youthful wife, made their way resistlessly to the heart of the Dauphin.

He raised her from the lowly posture of supplication which she had not disdained to assume, and, begging her to forgive the coldness and abstraction of his manner, and the inconsiderate indulgence of his passionate grief for his first wife, he gently drew her to him, and, imprinting a first kiss on her lips, said—

"The friendship, the confidence, and the esteem of a widowed heart, Josepha, is all I can offer to any one—dare I ask you to accept these?"

"The confidence, the friendship, and the esteem of a heart like your's is much for me to have gained in one day, my lord," replied the Dauphiness, pressing her consort's hand to her lips; "doubt not of my valuing these precious offerings at their full worth, and making it the study of my whole life to improve and deserve them; and perhaps a time may come——"

She did not finish the sentence, her apprehensive delicacy checking the expression of hopes which might alarm the fastidious feelings of the Dauphin; but the time, the happy time, which then arose before her in blissful anticipation, did at length arrive, when the grateful husband acknowledged that the fond soother of his cares—the tender mother of his numerous and hopeful progeny—the prudent counsellor on whose wisdom he could confidently rely in every situation of doubt and difficulty—and the affectionate nurse who watched over his sick, and, finally, his dying bed, was dearer to him than even his adored Theresa in the bloom of her bridal beauty.

Lady's Mag.

GHOST STORY OF SQUIRE SQUE.

'Conscience makes cowards of us all.'

'Is Uncle Sque as bad as ever?' inquired a neat elderly female, as she dismounted from the 'upping stock' and gave the reigns of the bridle to the man—"Is he not any better?" she hastily repeated the question, throwing back the large hood from her features. The man shook his head, and led the horse round to the stable. The porch door was gently opened—several females were stepping lightly, with various errands of kindness for the sick man overhead; some were red with weeping; some applied the fainting restoratives to their nostrils, and general mourning was apparent. "I am sincerely glad you are come, sister," said a female, the mistress of the house, as she pressed her relative's hand, and embraced her—"we have had such a night of it, as none living can imagine who were not here."—"What, is brother not any better?"—"Oh! dear no! worse—worse—worse! Now; he gets no rest. The physician sat up the night before with him, but he was fetched ten miles across the country. He was loath to leave the dear creature! for he calculated he could not survive to-day."—"Is he aware of his danger?"—"I think not!"—"Does he seem prepared?"—"Alas! alas! something wanders in his mind; but it is not religion. He was about revealing the cause in a lucid interval, but the nurse entered, and he relapsed into frantic unconsciousness. A second moment he attempted, when his bodily agony abated—but a screech owl rattled his wings against the windows, (the bird was attracted by the light), your brother inquired '*what's that?*' and turning on the pillow resumed his incoherent detail about last wills and testaments, and deeds of settlement."—"Has he made his will?"—"I am sorry to say he

has not. The schoolmaster came here several times for the purpose of effecting it—but a *something* on his mind prevented his executing it; and you know he is so passionate and suspicious none of us dared press the subject. But, sister, as he has inquired for you, you will go up and see him!’ ‘Certainly I will.’—‘Hark! how he raves!—Oh! dreadful!—Are those the imprecations of a dying man?’—‘We had need pray for him—But I will go and face the worst.’ ‘Take some refreshment first, sister,’ said the afflicted wife, worn down almost to a skeleton, and applying a handkerchief to her eyes. ‘Nay, nay, replied the anxious visitress, and following the nurse, she mustered courage sufficient to advance into the presence of her dying brother-in-law. As she drew the curtain gently aside, a ghastly and emaciated figure was bolstered in the bed, scarcely a trace of the once proud and boasted form of Squire Sque could be recognized. But, whatever inroads had been made on his constitution by the unrelenting gout, yet his mental sufferings were more paramount to the undermining his last moments: and, as yet, a mystery clouded the reason of those around him. He waved his hand for the visitress to depart. She burst into a flood of tears and sank on a couch in the adjoining room. The patient was evidently dying. But, in his paroxysms of delusion, he cried out to the nurse—‘*The devil is waiting for me—can’t you see him?*’ oh!—*can’t you see him?* behold his prong!—see his horns! there—there—oh—I’m ready—ready to go—I own the sentence is just—I confess it, thou harassing demon of blackness—I *cancelled the will*—I deprived my cousin of her inheritance—He comes!—as black as h—l. I feel the flames hotter—they scorch me. How terrible is death! Lo! how my senses reel! I *did* cancel the will! Will ye now be satisfied? Oh! ye hordes of imps! fluttering your wings round me—draw the curtains close;—let me sleep;—let me lie in safety from these demons. Is this death? I will not, cannot die! Is this conscience? let me not live! Is this a dream? let me wake—let me be ransomed. Oh, preposterous fool! was I to cancel the will.’—The tears ran from his eyes as his breathing accelerated, for the momentary dawn of reason, like the flare of a candle, ere it expires, lit his mind. The family were called into his presence—they knelt round the bed. He prayed God to forgive him, and weak as an infant, fell back on his pillow, and calmly ceased shortly after to exist.

Tears gave full vent to the silence which serenely succeeded so awful a storm of

human feeling—a reality pervaded every part of the house—toned every bosom—fancy seemed to hear the groans—the departing sinews of life. However the bustle of mourning, the thoughts of funeral honours, guests, and the immediate requisition of a hundred embassies filled the passing gap. But months afterward came the trial, which these sequel will sufficiently indicate. Squire Sque had not long been safely deposited in the family vault, ere the sexton was persuaded that he often met him on his way home from the churchyard. The Squire was imaginarily observed by the work people surveying his grounds. He visited his loved haunts so frequently, that no servant could walk alone after dark without meeting him; indeed, his ghost was the common theme in the neighbourhood of C—k, and all persons confirmed the fact of his returning sojourn in the wilderness of time. But how trifling an incident will elucidate the mysterious spell of years! A notorious poacher, who courted the dairy-maid, and whom he married, *personified the Squire*. His size, and somewhat similar identity, favoured the deception. By this *ruse de guerre* he carried on his poaching propensities for a considerable time. He supplied the markets and coaches in defiance of the caution of keepers of preserves; and which practice had several times nearly cost him his life. At length, however, so closely beset by the less credulous of his race, he was necessitated to disrobe himself of his imitatory semblance, and obliged to have general recourse to the fustian. Hence, by repeated depredations in his gamesome career, he was overtaken in the night by falling into a steel trap. His cries reached the keeper at the lodge. He was tried at the county assizes, and imprisoned. But the wound in his leg mortified when his term had nearly expired, and he died within the infirmary of the prison. Some of his townsmen visited him, and his widowed wife was his constant and faithful attendant. To her he desired in his dying moments that he should make it known how he had imposed on the widow Sque, her late mistress, by disturbing her peace, and that of her family. With this injunction the poacher’s wife complied. Some of the relatives were satisfied with the probability; but others registered their scepticisms of its truth, and have handed down their disbelief to their children, who are not sure but they may yet meet their great uncle on the stairs of the Marsh Gate House, in the uncultivated precincts of C—k, exclaiming, ‘*Can’t you see him?*’

EUREA.

THE LIVE AND DEAD OFFICE.

"The portals of the military Morgue were not yet opened—they waited for the usual signal from the clock of the Horse Guards. Two important looking functionaries stood at the window, one gravely engaged in picking his nails. Both were choice specimens of the government office *martinet*.

"A small but interesting group had gathered about the door; the principal figures were three females. The first of these, an old woman, though bending beneath the weight of years, still eclipsed in stature those who stood about her; many a storm had left its mark on her broad bold brow, the surface was torn and tossed up into wild irregular ridges—it looked like a rugged bit of rock. She was blind.

"Close by her side stood a short, fair, blue-eyed woman, about thirty years of age, full of excitement and activity, but nervous, emaciated, and bearing on her cheek the hectic banner of death. Her pale, slender hands gave palpable evidence, that she had long ceased to take a part in any of those manual labours in which women of her humble situation are usually occupied. Judging from her wedding-ring she had been plump, for it was so much too large, that she had taken the precaution of tying it to her slim finger by a bit of silk.

"The third was a tall, well-formed girl, ten or twelve years of age; no two individuals could resemble each other less than the old blind woman and the other female—they were evidently not of the same family; but this girl by her lineaments had affinities with both. In her countenance, the most striking peculiarities of feature displayed by her companions, were agreeably united. The conviction flashed on me at a glance, that she was the daughter of the poor nervous, consumptive creature, and that the old woman was her grandmother—genealogically speaking, on the male side; nor, as I soon found, did I err.

"The grandmother was placid and resigned, but garrulous. Her present humility contrasted strongly with the records of former turbulence graven on her brow; age, poverty, and blindness had toned down her temper perhaps. Without the least touch of querulousness, she told an asthmatic old man, with whom she was conversing—that up to the age of fifty she had neither been poor nor blind; at a little before that period of her life she had been left a widow, with one son. Reuben, against her will, had married little Peggy Lorimer, vio-

lent dissension ensued, and her son had recklessly enlisted. A few months after his embarkation for a pestilential colony, Peggy became a mother; the little farm, the paternal inheritance of which Reuben was the prop, soon went to ruin; and when blind, and almost a pauper the old woman, to use her own phrase, had gone and laid her hand in Peggy's lap. Peggy, she scarcely knew how, had contrived to support her, for many years past. The poor thing, never having received but one short hurried letter from Reuben since his rash action of enlisting, was pining to know what had become of him. All inquiries had proved fruitless, and the three generations, mother, wife, and daughter—comprising all who claimed kith or kin with the soldier, had travelled on foot from Dorsetshire, to ascertain personally, at the Live and Dead Office, what had become of him.

"Raw puffs of wind tossed about the old woman's white locks, a drizzling rain moistened her cheeks, and every individual composing the unsheltered group at the office door, except Reuben's feverish wife, were shivering with cold. From within, the flashes of a glowing fire blazed through the window. One clerk was still picking his teeth, and the other paring his nails; the Horse Guards had not yet struck, and the doors were consequently still closed.

"At length the clock began to tell us it was ten. Reuben's wife looked as though she thought the bell dreadfully tardy; when nine blows of the hammer were heard she turned pale, and exclaimed in a tone of perfect agony, "Good God! it's only nine!" The bell however, with provoking leisure, boomed forth the finale of its announcement, and a fat flunky opened the doors.

"Being, at the period of my anecdote, quite young and inexperienced, I felt anxious to witness the kind consideration with which an inquiry as to the fate of "a gallant British soldier," from his mother, wife, and child, would be received, on the part of those who were employed to represent "a grateful king and country." The family group tottered forward to the two functionaries at the window; on stating their business, they were referred to "the fifth gentleman on the left." I followed them, and heard the application repeated in tones tremulous with terror by the hectic wife. "Of what regiment?" inquired the fifth gentleman.

"The Forty-eighth."

"The fifth gentleman was mending a pen, and after having completed the ope-

ration, he slowly and carelessly took down a heavy book from the shelf above him. He opened it, and as he ran his fore-finger down one of the pages, the wife, grasping the hand of her daughter on one side, and that of her mother-in-law on the other, gazed at him without breathing. The old woman looked passive and resigned—the child stared at her mother.

"A second page was turned, and the fifth gentleman took snuff; then fixing his digiton on a line, he uttered, in a breath, without pause or point, the usual calm ferocious answer—'*Dead a shilling no crying here.*'"

"'God's will be done!' said the old woman. 'Let us go home, and die too, children.'"

"The miserable wife tottered out without a sob.

"My business detained me at the Live and Dead Office about three minutes; in that brief period, I heard, from different parts of the room, the same heartless and habitual reply thrice repeated. So much for glory! The younger son of a bishop or a peer, if he die in a battle, is enlorged in despatches, and hypothetically entombed in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey—his friends can go and see his monument, and the record of his achievements is exposed to the gaze of a grateful nation; but the rural recruit—the *military operative*, if "*killed off*," is turned into a hole, his name is deemed unworthy of notice in the Gazette, and his anxious relatives, on applying for information as to his fate, are thus kindly and considerately answered:—'*Dead a shilling no crying here.*'"—*Mon. Mag.*

AN OPAQUE TETE A TETE WITH THE MOON.

For the Olio.

"Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine?

"Earth, for whose use? Pride answers, 'tis for mine."

SCARCELY a poet in ancient or modern history, but has had something very pretty to say of the Moon. Were we to make extracts in proof of our assertion, a hundred volumes of the Olio would not contain them.

Sometimes she is fair; sometimes cloudy; then bailed as pale and waning—then 'round as my shield': then, like an industrious shoemaker, waxing. At one time, she is as a huntress, who has 'not filled her horns.' The ancients selected her as the 'Frances Moore' of their time; and the new moon, or first days of every month were regularly observed as festivals, celebrated with sound of trumpets, entertainments and sacrifice. She

was the 'Queen in the Isles of Heaven'—the Diana of the forests of Lebanon. The Luna of the Phœnician asylums, and Babylonish bed'lems. The goddess of the Zidonians—the abomination of the Zidonians. Solomon, who had many wives that were foreigners, was prevailed upon by them to introduce the worship of this goddess into Israel; and he built her a temple on the Mount of Olives, which, on account of this and other idols, is called the 'mountain of corruption,' and by Milton, 'the offensive mountain,' and 'that opprobrious hill,' and, that 'hill of scandal':

There stood her temple,
On th' offensive mountain built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though
large
Seduced by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul!

The full moon was held favourable for any undertaking by the Spartans; and no motives could induce them to enter upon an expedition, march an army, or attack an enemy, till the full of the moon. Napoleon regarded her influence in like reverence. The Athenians had very terrific ideas of eclipses of the moon. Our moderns at Newmarket enjoyed the appearance of an eclipse, and profited by the course, or collision. Nicias and his army, when they were ready to withdraw secretly from Sicily, without being observed or suspected by the enemy, refused to embark, because the moon became suddenly eclipsed in the dead of the night; and this ignorant or superstitious conduct proved fatal to that heroic commander, and his brave companions, who were all shortly after either slain or taken prisoners. A knowledge of the operations of nature is often of vast importance in carrying on great enterprises. When Alexander the Great's admiral, Nearchus, and his men, first saw the flux and reflux of the sea at the mouth of the river Indus, the phenomenon appeared to them a prodigy, by which the gods testified the displeasure of heaven against the enterprise in which they were then embarked. When Cæsar's army, on their landing on the coast of Britain, saw the sea ebbing and retiring from their ships, they took it for a stratagem of their enemies, gave themselves up for lost, and were so frightened and confounded that the courage and conduct of their great commander could scarcely prevent their overthrow.

The Moon was supposed, both by the Greeks and Romans to preside over childbirth. And, according to the theory of the author of the 'Night Thoughts,' is a most careful Nurse.

The Moon turns Ocean in his bed,
From side to side in constant ebb and flow,
And purifies from stench his watery realm.

Butler, in his *Hudibras* gives the Moon full credit for her extensive interests in the disordered race.

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy braes
In high spring tides, at midnight reigns.

Milton gives 'moonstruck madness' a place in his doleful *catalogue* of human woes, hence *luna-tics*, agreeably with Pope,

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, *luna-tic* a king.

The unhappy creature mentioned in Matthew is said to have been a *lunatic*; a word, which, Dodridge observes, exactly answers the etymology of the original.

The 'Half Moon,' as a sign of the times, is ever swinging invitations to the thirsty, beguiled by potations of half and half. Nor are these in hot and nightly weather 'all moonshine' as 'the Man in the Moon' can testify; and the Romeos of sentiment sing to their Juliets, 'Meet me by Moonlight,' and, 'all by the light of the Moon.' The Naiads—Dryads—Hamadryads—Mermaids, and all other Maids, even Servant Maids, have a taste of fancy for the 'moonlit caverns' and submarine sections. The Stanfields—the Grieves—the Hofflands and Roberts's—would be lost in their art without the reflective and voicelessly penetrating 'moonlight.' What would the rippling stream, or fountain drops—the noiseless lake, or diverging sea breaks, boast of in the silent recesses of night, were they not visited by beams that swim unwearied, and which are never wrecked or injured on the wave? Who would attempt to set the heart on fire in his first essay towards Fame, without addressing a 'Sonnet to the Moon?'—Ghosts would meet with no credit, says and fairies could not dance in cups and rings, nor could serenades be practised successfully out of the *pale* of the Moon. What would be cathedrals but *ex cathedra*—ruins but unbeautiful—abbeys but dismal—monasteries but monoptots—divested of the glancing eye of the Moon. Astronomers and astrologers are very often using their magnifying glasses, their quizzing glasses that take liberties with the skies and stare at the Moon, as if her *phase* formed part of the features of Brazenose College; or in her full, she were the representative of the renowned Boniface; not recollecting

'The moon appears and she shines,
But the light is not her own.'

But, in all her pride, her's is but like that which some crone gets of her neighbour in a dark night,—

'a borrowed light.'

Yet she looks well to the harvest, and has the honour of being every season addicted to hunting—Byron says—'after other people's concerns.' But, he acknowledges her to be bashful too—

'The moon breaks half unveiled each
further charm
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour
of night
All *bashfully* to struggle into light.'

As there is a tide in men's affairs, there is also in those of the Moon. Puck-Ariel, and the conclave in the Midsummer Night's Dream tell pretty stories of her gentle aid. Addison says—

'Soon as the evening *shades* prevail,
(of course, not at the Coal Hole tavern,
or any of the wine vaults in the metropolitan Erebus)

The moon *takes up* her wondrous Tale.

Thus, if she be a *tale bearer*, she has the good sense not to reveal it to any of the *stars* of our nobility, royalty, or thespian heroes. Milton, however, gives her a guidant attribute, for he says—

Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.'

But I must bring my remarks to a close, for I find she has been peeping like a true 'Luna Pry,' for this hour, in at my lattice, and with all the modesty imaginable, is veiling herself by a cloud; and I fancy beginning already to look black at me for penning this moonraking article.

In the language of Parnell I observe;—

'Ah, while I gaze—pale Cynthia fades—'

and renders me a disconsolate—

MOONCALF.

STANZAS.

For the *Olio*.

See'st thou, fair child, in thy smiling days,
A brilliant and beautiful light;
A star, that by shedding its golden rays,
Makes the paths of the future seem bright;
Twill misguide thy heart like a fairy tale,
'Twill encourage thy growing desires;
But 'tis only a meteor on life's dark vale,
A shade that in grasping expires.
Not the beacon-light that raised on high,
Reflects on the waters so clear;
Nor is it a star, for when one leaves the sky,
Another as bright will appear:
But hope, that bright vision that now shines so
fair,
Once lost, will return to thee never;
'Till burn out like a taper, if fanned by despair,
And leave thee in darkness for ever.

HENRIETTA

FRENCH PLAYS.

Mons. Theleur has commenced the season with a talented French company at the Queen's Theatre. The first performance (Mondays and Fridays) consist-

ed of *Jean*, a laughable and favorite piece in three parts, "Melee de Couplets." Lafont, a clever comedian from the "Theatre Vauville," sustained the principal character, *Jean Durand*, with much versatility, which formed a fine contrast with the broad humour of Arnaut, as *Rigolard*. Mad. St. Alphouse, graceful in her manners and musical in her lips, gave effect to her part. *Madame de Ligny*, and the other characters were well cast. We are sure our readers, desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the French language, combined with rational amusement and propriety, as well as those who appreciate dramatic talent, will not fail to patronise the spirited director.

THE STRANGER; OR, TWO OR THREE WORDS WITH A BEE.

For the Olio.

' Senza le api, non si ha il miele.'

My good aunt Widowly always pronounced the visit of a bee into her sitting-room, which opened interveniently between a bushy-lane-turning and an enticing paddock, as the sure fore-runner and herald bumper of the visit of a stranger; and so firmly she relied on the indication, that she said "she was never once deceived." For my part, I have not taken notice whether the bee's visit be such to me or not. But of one thing, I am as certain as my confiding aunt, that the bee tells me in a wild welcome tone, the spring is preparing a nosegay, a garland, and a realm of beauty for the possession and perfection of summer.—First, this insect, like time, is "on the wing;" she flirts against my looking-glass, and seems to say "avaunt thou proud reflector!" then she bounces over the margins of my pictures, and says, "Behold the pictures in the earth, sky, air."—Dashes away from my engravings, and invites me to the tablets, engraved in her honeysuckle bowers. She rests a moment, twirls her active and slender fingers one over the other to clean them of the impurities of my spidery cell, and walking gayfully over my books, hums a pastoral sweeter than "black lettered lore," and utters a song in syllables redolent of liquid melody. Her little clear horn is sweetened by the honey of her breath, and she becomes a voluntary votaress of nature to ears in lesser spheres than mine and affections of softer texture. By the bee, I am taught the health of early rising. How far this insect has swum on the air and the sun, is not yet clear over the rocks in the east.

By the bee, I learn that temperament of cheerfulness which is valuable in its enjoyment and endearing in its communication. By the bee, I perceive the necessity of being industrious. Not a flower which has awoke its window-bud and uncurled its spiral diadems; not a scent has given odour to the loitering zephyr—not a moment passed the index of the sun-dial, but the bee has examined the value produced, and untirely gathered the wax portion to her fardel.

Thou, prying, beautiful insect! Now thou hast examined all my offerings—thou dartest athwart the room, and, now the window is shut, art a prisoner. Thy tone is sharper and more attenuated; thou art rebuking me—threatening me of thy power. Thou can'st not brook the negro's fate—the criminal's chain. Thou wilt not hide thy displeasure from me—Thy sting is ready for mischief, and thou sayst "insulted mockery of freedom!" Pretended love of liberty. Not so fast, though I know thou art not so easily tamed as the bird that sings in yonder cage. Patience, I will not keep thee—thou art aware of the enemy that watches thy circumambiences so closely and yet so jealously. Grimalkin is waiting like a tiger in ambush. The pupil of the eye is contracted and enlarged—the position is for a spring—the talons are keen and clothed in fur as in dissimulation—Pshaw! another spring and thou wouldst have suffered—there, the casement is open—thou art safe! thy hum is free—thou art away—rising in the air—thou wilt soon dip into thy hive, happy bee!

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

The following description of the House of Mourning, is admirably described in "Miss Martineau's Political Economy."

"During the days when the prosperity of the United Provinces was at its height,—that is, during the latter half of the 17th century,—it could hardly be perceived that any one district of Amsterdam was busier than another, at any one hour of the day. There was traffic in the markets, traffic on the quays, the pursuit of traffic in the streets, and preparation for traffic in the houses. Even at night, when the casks which had been piled before the doors were all rolled under shelter, and dogs were left to watch the bales of merchandise which could not be stowed away before dark, there was, to the eye of a stranger, little of what he had been accustomed to consider as repose. Lights glanced on the tossing surface of the Amstel, as homeward-bound vessels made

for the harbour, or departing ships took advantage of the tide to get under weigh. The hail of the pilots or the quay-keepers, or of a careful watchman here and there, or the growl and bark of a suspicious dog, came over the water or through the lime avenues with no unpleasing effect upon the wakeful ear, which had been so stunned by the tumult of noon-day as scarcely to distinguish one sound from another, amidst the confusion.

"One fine noon, however, in the summer of 1896, a certain portion of the busiest district of Amsterdam did appear more thronged than the rest. There was a crowd around the door of a handsome house in the Keiser's Graft, or Emperor's street. The thickly planted limes were so far in leaf as to afford shade from the hot sun, reflected in gleams from the water in the centre, upon the glaring white fronts of the houses: and this shade might tempt some to stop in their course, and lounge; but there were many who were no loungers flocking to the spot, and making their way into the house or stationing themselves on the painted bench outside, till they should receive a summons from within.

"The presence of one person, who stood motionless before the entrance, sufficiently explained the occasion of this meeting. The black gown of this officer, and his low cocked hat, with its long tail of black crape, pointed him out as the Aanspreker, who, having the day before made the circuit of the city to announce a death to all who knew the deceased, was now ready to attend the burial. He stood prepared to answer all questions relative to the illness and departure of the deceased, and the state of health and spirits of the family, and to receive messages for them, to be delivered when they might be supposed better able to bear them than in the early hours of their grief. Seldom were more inquiries addressed to the Aanspreker than in the present instance, for the deceased, Onno Snoek, had been one of the chiefest merchants of Amsterdam, and his widow was held in high esteem. The officer had no sooner ended his tale than he had to begin it again; how the patient's ague had appeared to be nearly overcome; how he had suffered a violent relapse; how the three most skillful French apothecaries had been called in, in addition to the native family physician; how under their direction, his son Heins had opened the choicest keg of French brandy, the most precious packages of Batavian spices in his warehouse, for the sake of the sick man; how, notwithstanding these prime medicaments, the fever had advanced so

rapidly as to prevent the patient from being moved even to the window, to see a long expected ship of his firm come to anchor before his own door; how he seemed to have pleasure in catching a glimpse of her sails through the trees as he lay in bed; but how all his endeavours to live till morning, that he might hear tidings of the cargo, had failed, and rather hastened his end, inasmuch that he breathed his last before dawn.

"Among the many interrogators appeared a young man who was evidently in haste to enter the house, but wished first to satisfy himself by one or two questions. He wore the dress of a Presbyterian clergyman, and spoke in a strong French accent.

" 'I am in haste,' he said, 'to console my friends, from whom I have been detained too long. I was at Saardam yesterday, and did not hear of the event till this morning. I am in haste to join my friends; but I must first know in what frame the husband,—the father,—died. Can you tell me what were the last moments which I ought to have attended?'

"The officer declared that they were most edifying. The patient's mind was quite collected.

" 'Thank God!' exclaimed M. Aymond, the divine.

" 'Quite collected,' continued the officer, 'and full of thought for those he left behind, as he shewed by the very last thing he said. He had most carefully arranged his affairs, and given all his directions in many forms; but he remembered, just in time, that he had omitted one thing. He called Mr. Heins to his bed-side, and said,—My son, there is one debtor of ours from whom you will scarce recover payment, as I never could. Meyerlant has for many months evaded paying me for the last ebony we sold to him. Let him therefore, make my coffin.—Stay! I have not done yet. You will, in course of nature, outlive your mother. Let her have a handsome coffin from the same man; and if it should please Heaven to take more of you, as our beloved Wilbrod was taken; you will bear the same thing in mind, Heins, I doubt not; for you have always been a dutiful son.'

" 'This is the way Heins told you the fact?' asked Aymond. 'Well, but were these the last,—the very last words of the man?'

"Heins had mentioned nothing that was sad afterwards! so the divine pursued his way into the house with a sad countenance. Instead of joining the guests in the outer apartment, he used the privilege of his office, and of his intimacy with the family, and passed through to

that part of the house where he knew he should find the widow and her young people. Heins met him at the door, saying,

" 'I knew you would come. I have been persuading my mother to wait, assuring her that you would come. How we have wished for you! How we——'

" Aymond having grasped the hand of Heins, passed him to return the widow's greeting. She first stood to receive the blessing he bestowed in virtue of his office, and then, looking him calmly in the face, asked him if he had heard how God had been pleased to make her house a house of mourning.

" 'I find dust and ashes where I looked for the face of a friend,' replied the divine. 'Can you submit to Heaven's will?'

" 'We have had grace to do so thus far,' replied the widow. 'But whether it will be continued to us when——'

" Her eyes filled, and she turned away, as if to complete her preparations for going forth.

" 'Strength has thus far been given according to thy day,' said Aymond, 'I trust that it will be thus bestowed for ever.' And he gave his next attention to one whom he was never known to neglect; one who loved him as perhaps nobody else loved him,—Hein's young brother, Christian.

" Christian had suffered more in the twelve years of his little life than it is to be hoped many endure in the course of an ordinary existence. A complication of diseases had left him in a state of weakness from which there was little or no hope that he would ever recover, and subject to occasional attacks of painful illness which must in time wear him out. He had not grown, nor set a foot to the ground, since he was five years old; he was harassed by a perpetual cough, and in constant dread of the return of a capricious and fearful pain which seldom left him unvisited for three days together, and sometimes lasted for hours. When in expectation of this pain, the poor boy could think of little else, and found it very difficult to care for any body; but when suffering from nothing worse than his usual helplessness, his great delight was to expect M. Aymond, and to get him seated beside his couch. Aymond thought that he heard few voices more cheerful than that of his little friend, Christian, when it greeted him from the open window, or made itself heard into the passage,—'Will you come in here, M. Aymond? I am in the wainscot parlour to-day, M. Aymond.'

" Christian had no words at command

this day. He stretched out his arms in silence, and sighed convulsively when released from the embrace of his friend.

" 'Did I hurt you? Have you any pain to-day?'

" 'No; not yet. I think it is coming; but never mind that now. Kaatje will stay with me till you come back. You will come back, M. Aymond.'

" When the pastor consented, and the widow approached to bid farewell to her child for an hour, Christian threw his arms once more round Aymond's neck. His brother Luc, a rough strong boy of ten, pulled them down, and rebuked him for being so free with the pastor; and little Roselyn, the spoiled child of the family, was ready with her lecture too, and told how she had been instructed to cross her hands, and wait till M. Aymond spoke to her, instead of jumping upon him as she did upon her brother Heins. Christian made no other reply to these rebukes than looking with a smile in the face of the pastor, with whom he had established too good an understanding to suppose that he could have offended him by the warmth of an embrace.

" 'I am sorry you cannot go with us, my poor little Christian,' said Heins, who had a curious method of making his condolences irksome and painful to the object of them. 'I am sorry you cannot pay this last duty to our honoured parent. You will not have our satisfaction in looking back upon the discharge of it.'

" 'Christian is singled out by God for a different duty,' observed the pastor. 'He must show cheerful submission to his heavenly parent while you do honour to the remains of an earthly one.'

" Christian tried to keep this thought before him while he saw them leaving the room, and heard the coffin carried out, and the long train of mourners, consisting of all the acquaintance of the deceased, filing away from the door.—When the last step had passed the threshold, and it appeared from the unusual quiet that the crowd had followed the mourners, Christian turned from the light, and buried his face in one of the pillows of his couch, so that Katrina, the young woman who, among other offices, attended upon him and his little sister, entered unperceived by him. She attracted his attention by the question which he heard oftener than anything else—'the pain?'

" 'No,' answered the boy, languidly turning his head: 'I was only thinking of the last time——.' Either this recollection, or the sight of Katrina's change of dress overcame him and stopped what he

was going to say. The short black petticoat, measuring ten yards in width, exhibited its newness by its bulk, its plaits not having subsided into the moderation of a worn garment. The blue stockings, the neat yellow slippers had disappeared and the gold 'fillagree clasps in the front of the close cap were laid aside till the days of mourning should be ended. While Christian observed all this, contemplating her from head to foot, Katrina took up the discourse where he had let it fall.

"'You were thinking of the last time my master had you laid on the bed beside him. It will always be a comfort to you, Christian, that he told you where he was departing.'

"'He did not tell me that,' said the boy, 'and that is just what I was wondering about. He said he was going, and I should like to know if he could have told where.'

"'To be sure he could. He was one of the chosen, and we know where they go. So much as you talk with the pastor, you must know that.'

"'I know that it is to heaven that they go, but I want to know where heaven is. Some of them say it is paradise; and some, the New Jerusalem; and some, that it is up in the sky among the angels. But do all the chosen know where they are going.'

"'Certainly, Katrina believed. The dying believer was blessed in his hope. Christian was not yet satisfied.

"'I think I shall know when I am dying,' said he. 'At least, I often think I am dying when my pain comes in the night; but I do not know more about where I am going then than at other times.'

"'Katrina hoped his mind was not tossed and troubled on this account.

"'O, no; not at all. If God is good to me, and takes care of me here, he will keep me safe any where else, and perhaps let me go about where I like. And O, Kaatje, there will be no more crying or pain! I wish I may see the angels as soon as I die. Perhaps father is with the angels now. I saw the angels once, more than once, I think; but once I am sure.'

"'In a dream, Katrina supposed.

"'No, in the broad day, when I was wide awake. You know I used to go to the chapel before my cough was so bad; as long as I can remember, nearly. There are curious windows in that chapel, quite high in the roof; and I often thought the day of judgment was come, and there was a light through those windows, shining down into the pulpit, and the angels

looked in. I thought they were come for me, unless it was for the holy pastor.'

"'But would you have liked to go?'

"'Yes, and when the prayer came after the sermon, instead of listening to the pastor, I used to pray that God would send the angels to take me away.'

"'Katrina thought that if Christian had lived in another country, he would have made a fine martyr.

"'I don't know,' said the boy, doubtfully, 'I have thought a great deal about that, and I am not so sure as I used to be. If they only cut off my head, I think I could bear that. But as for the burnings, I wonder, Kaatje, whether burning is at all like my pain. I am sure it cannot be much worse.'

"'Katrina could not tell, of course; but she wished he would not talk about burning, or about his pain; for it made him perspire, and brought on his cough so as to exhaust him to a very pernicious degree. He must not talk any more now, but let her talk to him. He had not asked yet what company had come to the funeral.

"'Christian supposed that there was every body whom his father had known in Amsterdam.

"'Yes, every body, and as there were so many to drink spirits at the morning burial, her mistress chose to invite very few to the afternoon feast. Indeed, her mistress seemed disposed to have her own way altogether about the funeral. Every body knew that Mr. Heins would have liked to have it later in the day, and would not have minded the greater expense for the sake of the greater honour.

"'I heard them talk about that,' said Christian. 'My mother told Heins that it was a bad way for a merchant to begin with being proud, and giving his father a grand funeral, and that the best honour was in the number of mourners who would be sure to follow an honest man, whether his grave was filled at noon or at sunset. My mother is afraid of Heins making a show of his money, and learning to fancy himself richer than he is.'

"'Katrina observed that all people had their own notions of what it was to be rich. To a poor servant-maid who had not more than 1000 guilders out at interest——'

"'But your beautiful gold chain, Kaatje! Your silver buckles! I am sure you must have ten pair at the least.'

"'Well, but all this is less than many a maid has that has been at service a shorter time than I have. To a poor maid-servant, I say, it seems like being rich to have I don't know how many ships between China and the Texel'

" 'They belong as much to Mr. Vanderput as to us, you know. Is Mr. Vanderput here to-day?'

" 'To be sure. He is to be at the burial-feast; and Miss Gertrude——.'

" 'Gertrude! Is Gertrude here?' cried Christian, sitting up with a jerk which alarmed his attendant for the consequences. 'O, if she will stay the whole day, it will be as good as the pastor having come back.'

" 'She crossed from Saardam on purpose. She will tell you about the angels, if any body can; for she lives in heaven as much as the pastor himself, they say.'

" 'She is an angel herself,' quietly observed Gertrude's little adorer. Katrina went on with her list.

" 'Then there is Fransje Slyk and her father. He looks as if he knew what a funeral should be, and as grave as if he had been own brother to the departed. I cannot say as much for Fransje.'

" 'I had rather have Fransje's behaviour than her father's, though I do not much like her,' said Christian. 'Mr. Slyk always glances round to see how other people are looking, before he settles his face completely.'

" 'Well; you will see how he looks to-day. These are all who will stay till evening, I believe, except Mr. Visscher.'

" 'Mr. Visscher! What is he to stay for? I suppose Heins wants to talk to him about this new cargo that came too late. O, Kaasje, I never can bear to look through the trees at that ship again. I saw the white sails in the moon-light all that night when I lay watching what was going on, and heard Heins's step in and out, and my mother's voice when she thought nobody heard her; and I could not catch a breath of my father's voice, though I listened till the rustle of my head on the pillow startled me. And then my mother came in, looking so that I thought my father was better; but she came to tell me that I should never hear his voice any more. But O, if she knew how often I have heard it since, how glad I should be to leave off hearing it when I am alone——.'

" 'Poor Christian wept so as not to be comforted till his beloved friend Gertrude came to hear what he had to say about those whom he believed to be her kindred angels.

" 'Heins was missed from the company soon after the less familiar guests had departed, and left the intimate friends of the family to complete the offices of condolence. Heins was as soon weary of constraint as most people, which made it the more surprising that he imposed on himself so much more of it than was neces-

sary. All knew pretty well what Heins was, though he was perpetually striving to seem something else; and his painful efforts were just so much labour in vain. Every body knew this morning, through all the attempts to feel grief by which he tried to cheat himself and others, that his father's death was quite as much a relief as a sorrow to him; and that, while he wore a face of abstraction, he was longing for some opportunity of getting out upon the quay to learn tidings of the ships and cargoes of which he was now in fact master. The fact was that Heins was as much bent on being rich as his father had been, but he wanted to make greater haste to be so, and to enjoy free scope for a trial of his more liberal commercial notions. For this free scope, he must yet wait; for his partner, Mr. Vanderput, was a steady man of business, though a less prejudiced one, than the senior Snoek had been; and then there was Mrs. Snoek. She was not permitted, by the customs of the country, to meddle in affairs relating to commerce; but she knew her maternal duty too well not to keep an eye on the disposal of the capital which included the fortunes of her younger children. It was to be apprehended that she would be ready with objections whenever a particularly grand enterprise should demand the union of all the resources of the firm. Some liberty had, however, been gained through the obstinacy of the fever, which would not yield to French brandy and Oriental spices; and there were many eyes upon Heins already, to watch how he would set out, on his commercial career.

"Some of these eyes followed him from his mother's door to the quay, and back again, when he had concluded his enquiries among the captains. It was remarked that there was, during the latter transit, a gloom in his countenance which was no mockery.

"On his re-appearance in his mother's parlour, the cause was soon told, first to his partner, next to his mother, and then (as there were none but intimate friends) to all present. The result of the communication was an outcry against the English, as very troublesome neighbours, while the widow's first thought was of thankfulness that her husband had died without hearing news which would have caused him great trouble of mind. Heins appealed to all who understood the state of Dutch commerce, whether Great Britain had not done mischief enough long ago, by prohibiting the importation of bulky goods by any ships but those which belonged to the exporting or importing country.

" 'That prohibition was evidently aim-

ed at us Dutch,' observed Vanderput.—'We were carriers to half the world, till Great Britain chose that we should no longer carry for her. She might punish herself in that manner, and welcome, if she could do so without punishing us; but it is a serious grievance,—difficult as it now is to find an investment for our capital,—to be obliged to lay by any of our shipping as useless.'

"We did all we could," said Heins pitiously. 'Since we could not carry the produce of the East and West into the ports of Great Britain for sale, we brought it here, that the British captains might not have far to go for it. But it seems that Great Britain is jealous of this; for there is a new prohibition (if the report be true) against importing any bulky produce purchased any where but in the place where it was produced.'

"I hope this is too bad to be true," observed Visscher.

"Nothing is too bad to be attempted by a jealous country against one which has been particularly successful in commerce," observed Snoek. 'The tonnage of this country is more than half that of Europe; and Great Britain thinks it time to lower our superiority. Whether she will gain by doing so, time will show.'

"I think Great Britain is very ill-natured and very mean," observed Christian, who had generally something to say on every subject that was discussed in his presence. 'I think I shall call her Little Britain, from this time. But, Heins, what will you do with all the things you have bought, as you told me, in Asia and America, and in France and Italy? You must send back your cinnamon to Ceylon, and—O, but I forgot that other people may buy them, though the English will not. But I hope you have not bought too much for the present number of your customers. There is another large ship coming from one of the American islands, I heard—'

"He was checked by the remembrance of who it was that told him this. Heins related, with a deep sigh, which might be given to the memory of either the ship or its owner, that the vessel had been wrecked, and now at the bottom of the sea. This was the other piece of bad news he had to tell. At least two-thirds of his hearers asked after the crew, while the rest inquired for the cargo. The cargo was lost, except a small portion, which had been preserved with difficulty. The crew had been picked up, only one sailor-boy being missing. It was from two of them who had found their way home that Heins had received the tidings of his misfortune.

"Our sailor-boy!" repeated Christian. 'Do you know how he was lost? Was he blown from the yards, do you think? Or was he washed overboard? or did he go down with the ship?'

"Heins did not know any particulars of the sailor boy. But where? But how? But when did this happen?'

"It happened where many shipwrecks had happened before, and many would again, and in the same manner. The vessel had struck on the Eddystone rock on a stormy night. This was another nuisance for which the Dutch were indebted to the English. This fatal rock—
(To be continued in our next.)

Varities.

GRECIAN MODE OF LEVYING BLACK MAIL—General Grivas, the military leader of the Roumeliote faction, was the hero of an exploit which deserves commemoration. In the revolutionary war, the lofty and commanding fortress of Palamede, which over hangs Nauplia, remained in the possession of the Turks some time after the town below had been wrested from them. Grivas, with a chosen hand of followers, surprised it one night by a bold and well conducted assault, and threw the Turks headlong from the battlements. Instead, however, of delivering the fortress into the hands of the government, or holding it under them, he retained it for his own purposes, and defended it equally against Turk and Greek. Whenever it happened that he was in want of money—an exigency of almost daily occurrence—he pointed the cannon of the fort upon the town, and sent down word, that unless an adequate number of dollars were returned by the messenger, he should immediately commence firing. The character of the man was well known, and the dollars were regularly sent. Nearly the same trick is playing now in every part of Greece; the needy chiefs each seize the castle or fort which lies most within their reach, and refuse to surrender it to the officers appointed by government, alleging that they are keeping it for the Prince of Otho.—*Sketches in Greece and Turkey.*

HINTS TO LEADERS AND CONDUCTORS.—That "stamping of feet," which is most assuredly an abominable nuisance strange as it may appear, even the Philharmonic Concert, with the best band perhaps in Europe, is not entirely free from. It is amazing how any man possessed of common sense, and capable of enjoying good music, can so far forget himself as to be guilty of a practice so glaring absurd; and there have been

times when it might be expected that the whole band would simultaneously lay down their instruments and remonstrate against so barbarous a custom. Some years ago the following anecdote was related:—A very respectable member of the Philharmonic band obtained permission to take with him to the rehearsal a blind youth, who had a great passion for music, and being self-taught, played on the violin. This lad never in his life heard any music of a high class—such for instance, as an overture or a symphony, nor indeed had he ever before heard a full band. Judge then of the delight he experienced upon hearing a symphony performed by the Philharmonic orchestra! Yet in the midst of his rapture, he complained of a noise which at intervals disturbed his attention and greatly annoyed him, and very innocently exclaimed, "What a pity it is that mill should be so near the concert room!" Alas! poor boy, the noise which so much annoyed him was produced by the leader's foot clack.—*Harmonicon*.

PSALMODY.—Psalms were first begun to be sung in 283 in the eastern churches, though they were not then turned into metre. Some of the old tunes that are still sung in the parochial church service were composed by the musicians of Germany, where it seems psalmody had its origin, and at first confined to family devotion only; thus Luther, who was considered an excellent musician, regularly practised psalmody with his disciples every evening after supper. The first English version of the Psalms of David was made in the reign of Henry VIII. by Thomas Sternhold, groon of the robes to that monarch, and John Hopkins, a schoolmaster, assisted by William Whittyngham, an English divine of great celebrity.

HOW TO REMOVE INK-STAINS.—Ink-stains may be taken out of paper in a minute or two by applying a little chloride of soda with a feather or hair pencil; and the paper rendered as fit for use as before by doing over the spot with isinglass, gum arabic, or the white of an egg.

LAWYER'S BEARDS.—Upon All Soul's Day, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the judges made an order, which was imperatively enforced in all the inns of court, that gave great offence to the lawyers, "that no fellow of these societies should wear a beard above a fortnight's growth."

VALUE OF AN AFRICAN WIFE.—Some English settlers in South Africa, in a hunting excursion across the frontier, were entertained at a kraal of the Amatymba Caffres. The chief inquired how many wives an Englishman usually had,

and how many cattle were required to be paid for one? He was told that no man, not even the king himself, was allowed to have more than one wife; and that property was not given for them, but, on the contrary, expected *with* them. "You are a people of strange customs," said the Caffre; "among us, no man can procure a tolerable wife for less than ten good oxen, and our chiefs sometimes pay sixty cattle for one of superior qualities. Your women, I fear, make but indifferent wives, since no one will pay for them, and their relatives must even pay the man to marry them off their hands."

A NEW METHOD OF MAKING AN OFFER.—"Really," said a lady, "Mr. Von Wheeler, you and your umbrella seem to be perfectly inseparable."—"We are; will you allow me to present you with my umbrella?"

BOTTLE IMPS.—At the Horse and Groom inn, Leicester, two mice were lately noticed to be very regular in their attendance on some empty soda water-bottles, which had for some time been stowed aside in a store-room. A commission of inquiry was instituted, and a few of the bottles were ascertained to be the prison houses of several mice, which had incautiously effected an entrance before attaining the *months* of discretion, and lingered within until their increased bulk rendered it impossible for them to retrieve their error. In this predicament their affectionate Pa and Ma unremittingly supplied them with food, through means of free trade in corn, the husks of which had been ejected at the close of every meal by the early victims of the bottle. *Moral.*—He who lingers round the insidious bottle will soon be captive of the *growing* evil, and, like the foolish mice, have his days prematurely closed by a melancholy *cat*-astrophe.

FACETIE.—A physician, residing on the coast of Hampshire, begins an advertisement by stating, that he "would wish to meet with a young gentleman labouring under ill health." The gods keep us from meeting with this physician—A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate *billet-doux* to a lady of the same town, adding this curious postscript, "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have *somebody else in my eye*."—"What is the difference between a General and [Commissary-General?" said a lady to a commissary-general, who is rumoured to have made a large fortune not very honestly. "The only difference," interrupted a bystander, "that I know is, that the one bleeds his country, whilst the other bleeds for his country." The explanation was sufficient.



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Illustrated Article.

MASQUERADING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A TALE.

“Necesse est ipsum.”

“HISTO!” said Harry Wilmington to his friend Charles, at the same time carelessly throwing himself upon the sofa, “heigho! how weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world.”

“Ha, ha,” said his companion, and so now, you are on your tragedy stilts again, and would fain have me follow you in your flights and vagaries; no, no, my dear fellow, excuse me if you please, for I am in no mood to pursue the excursions of thine untiring fancies; but now, what in the name of Jupiter Stator hath so marvellously bewitched thee? why art thou in such a dismal mood upon such a sunny morn. All creation smiles upon thee, and the brightening glories of a summer’s day seem to bid all nature’s children rejoice in the beneficence of their ‘great first cause.’ But thus it is with
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you pleasure seekers, you can revel in the glare and folly of a thronged masquerade, whilst you possess no taste for those more splendid beauties that play in orient grandeur o’er the face of creation. Prithee, hast thou been captivated by any of the sparkling eyes that beamed so sweetly at—”

“Ay, Charles, there it is, thou hast touched the right string man, and the chords of my heart swell in unison with the note thou hast struck. O, that fair face, that gentle form, that dark and flashing—”

“My very good friend, my most discreet and noble Hal, for mercy’s sake, condescend to humour my ignorance, and omitting all poetical ideas and love-like raptures make use of as good plain ‘household stuff’ English as thy mind is capable of—chords of the heart swelling in unison—striking a note—tut, tut, man, be sober, and as concisely as possible tell me the ‘tale of all thy woes.’ Perchance, I may commiserate with thee, and weep o’er thy cares with brotherly affection and regret. Ha! ha! come to the point, Hal.”

“Well, Charles, don’t laugh at me—
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chase away that mischievous sneer that is curling your nether lip, and I will a 'round unvarnished tale deliver of my whole course of masquing.' You know I last night made my first appearance at a masquerade. You have commanded me to restrain my descriptive powers, and, therefore, I will leave it to the newspapers to dilate upon the beauties of the scene, the splendour of the company, and the elegance of the costume, suffice it there was the usual routine of mischief making, laughing and dancing; and I should speedily have been wearied of the noise and racket, had it not been for one grand attraction, that was the dark eye of a lovely girl attired as a gipsy. I have some faint recollection of her face, yet where I may have seen her before it is impossible to conjecture; but, last night, I had an opportunity of speaking to her; nay, of dancing with her, Charles. —She was indeed closely watched by an old genius dressed as a magician—too closely almost for me, for to tell you the truth, there was a sinister expression about his eye, which I often caught fixed upon me, that was anything but agreeable. However, as the old boy never

once interrupted our conversation, or attempted to 'rob me of my prize,' perhaps I ought not to complain—O, how sweetly did her tongue—"

"Remember your oath,' Hal, and speak plain sense, the sweetness of a woman's tongue indeed—*parbleu!* goodness preserve us from such an infliction—proceed, I'm impatient for the *finis* of this delightful adventure."

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound,' and I pray the gods, Charles, that the time may speedily come when a stinging arrow from the laughing boy shall sink in that hard heart of thine; well, I was by her side all the evening, admired and chatted with her; and, in short," added Harry, jumping from the sofa in high glee, "before I left her, (think of the powers of my eloquent tongue) actually wrung from her a permission to visit her this afternoon."

"Indeed! I admire the respectability of your connexion *mon ami*. A most delicate and interesting beauty certainly, who, after a few hours conversation, with an entire stranger, permits him to visit her, *sans ceremonie*, yea, I'll be bound too without much pressing or hesitation!"

"Sir, no insinuations, she is *all* delicacy and refinement, she—"

"Psha,—do you intend to visit her?"

"Can'st thou ask the question?"

"Well, Harry, well, go, and joy be with you, advice is but thrown away on such a love-sick brain as thine, and I shall neither waste time or breath upon the matter; yet, remember, when once you quit the high road of virtue for the intricate windings of vice my friendship with you ceases. I throw out no innuendoes against your present love, she *may* be all you paint her, but I like not these assignments."

"Stay, Charles, injure me not by your suspicions, indeed they are unfounded; suppose me fickle, gay or foolish, but never doubt the honourable intentions of a heart—"

"Which is always soft enough to receive the impression of a new beauty. Have you so soon forgotten Belinda, your dear Belinda, to whom you once vowed such eternal constancy? Fie, fie, Hal, I doubt if she has so soon forgotten you."

"Psha, Charles, having by some means or other picked up that old story, you have become a Paganini moralizer, and are continually harping upon that one string; besides, she *must* have forgotten me. 'Tis true I loved her once, but—but—her mother, Charles, because she happened to possess a few hundreds a year more than I do, indignantly repelled my suit; nay, as you know, withdrew her daughter into the country in order to avoid my presence; 'tis true we corresponded secretly, and that Belinda *did* love me, I fervently believe, but for the last few months I have neither heard from or seen her, and, therefore," added he, pettishly, "am entitled to believe that she has forgotten me. Prithce drop the subject."

"Ay, any excuse is better than none at all, the fact is you have seen a new face, and care not what reason you assign for blotting your first love's name from 'the book of memory,' but I have some news of her. Her mother has been dead sometime; perhaps the confusion arising therefrom, together with the coldness and brevity of your epistolary effusions, have occasioned the cessation of her correspondence. She is now under the protection of an uncle, and—"

"Nay, talk no more, Charles, you moralize in vain, my little gipsy carries off the prize, and visit her I will in spite of all prognostications."

"Take your own course, Hal, and satisfy your conscience as it best likes you, with that I have nought to do—so, *au revoir*."

Long and tedious did the hours seem

to our hero till the time arrived at which he was to meet his partner of the preceding night. But the old gentleman with the scythe, however much abused, never stays a minute too long on his journey, and accordingly the period at last came. Then what preparations were made! How carefully he combed over that unique publication the "art of tying on the cravat," in order that there might not be a flaw in the indictment of his neckcloth. Then his best coat, how cautiously was it brushed by his valet! how tenderly put on, that neither spot or wrinkle might blemish its graceful folds. Talk not of a lady's toilet, ye despisers of feminine graces, think of the coquetries of your own. Well, it was all over, at length, and forth sallied Harry with a mighty good suit on his back, and a mighty good opinion of himself in his heart; not once did he stop until he arrived at the door of a most respectable and genteel house, pleasantly situated in a street, the name of which for certain good and proper reasons, we must decline inserting in the pages of the *Olio*. Arrived there he mustered all his trembling energies to give a genteel knock, and having done so in the best manner he could hit upon, the door was presently opened, when, delivering his card he desired the footman to shew the same to the young lady of the house, and say that the gentleman who owned it was in attendance. Thereupon was he shown into a small, snug room neatly furnished, on a table in which lay a few nicely bound books and a guitar. Surely he knew that guitar, where *had* he seen it before? No, it could not be, 'twas merely 'fancy's sketch,' these instruments are so much alike. He loved the guitar, its soft tinkling tones are so sweet as an accompaniment. His fingers wandered over the strings. Belinda!—pscha, why should he think of her at such a moment? for, hark, that gentle rustling proclaims the approach of a fairer being than her he once admired. How his heart beats, as, fixing his anxious gaze upon the door, he sees it timidly opened, and the form of the gipsy herself, in *propria persona*, standing on the threshold!

"How now, my sweet girl," cried he, "still masquerading?—why not throw aside thy assumed garb, and appear before me under thine own name, and in thy real attire? Prithce, no longer keep me in suspense, but disclose."

"Mr. Wilmington," replied she, in a low, tremulous but sweet voice, "I am already treading on the extreme verge of female delicacy in thus permitting you to visit me after so brief an acquaintance;

may I have o'er stepped the bounds of prudence in going to the masquerade at all; but, sir, I know, that is I *think* I know your character, and that you will take no unfair advantage to sully my name with doubts or improper surmises."

"O, believe me, I would not wrong you in the opinion of the world for thousands, indeed, indeed, not one improper thought touching your motives has once intruded on my mind. Confide in me—trust to me, and dear as the life blood which circles in my frame will I esteem the confidence with which you honour me."

"Well, sir, well, but I am unaware of any particular secret of which I am to make you the confidant. It was at your request that this meeting was permitted. You must be aware I sought it not. My name, too, as I last night told you, must at present remain a secret, purposes which you may hereafter learn, compel me to this course. And now, Mr. Wilmington, what is this very particular errand on which you wished to see me—a matter of such deep and intense interest that you could not communicate the intelligence except in private!—Speak sir."

"Lady, my business is, that is to say, you know, I mean, hem."

"Indeed, sir, I do not very clearly perceive your meaning. Is it possible that nothing but a contemptible curiosity has led you to this place, or even a still meaner desire to discover how far woman's weakness might be trifled with by the insinuating stratagems of the more powerful sex? You colour, and reply not. Then will our conference be short indeed—Farewell!" She was gliding away, but Harry hastily intercepted her.

"Nay, nay," he hurriedly exclaimed, "think not so meanly of me, deem not my character so light, so worthless. Is it possible you do not conceive the nature of my errand! Have my eyes lost their expression, and must I breathe out in words the sentiments which I thought they had ere this conveyed to you? Fairest, I love you; vain are my efforts, fruitless all my endeavours to subdue the passion that burns so brightly in my heart—I—"

"Hold, sir," exclaimed the gipsy, colouring deeply, "you speak at random, Mr. Wilmington, and talk of efforts to subdue a passion which it is impossible you can have made. Last night we met for the first time, what endeavours can you have made since then to banish my image from your remembrance?"

"Nay, nay, those features are not unknown to me. I feel convinced I have

seen them before; it is impossible to forget those bright eyes, those beaming glances; no, no, I never can cease to remember that graceful form, then do not dismiss me in despair. O, hear me," added he, seizing her hand.

"Leave me, sir, leave me—you know not what you say—there is a further cause."

"You love another!"

"Judge not too quickly, sir; you are deceived; does not your own conscience reproach you with forgotten vows? Are not those affections which now you proffer me, another's rightful due?"

"By ———"

"Nay, listen, Mr. Wilmington, my information comes from one whose word I cannot doubt. 'Tis said, you once professed to love Belinda Hartley, sir; that she returned your passion, and when far away from you never laid her head upon her pillow, without first remembering the name of Harry Wilmington in her prayers; that when in solitude her dearest thought was of him whose image was engraved upon her heart too firmly to be erased by time, and when in the company of others anxiously did she look for that moment when she would be once more alone, and free to think of one too—too far away. Tell me," concluded she, turning pale, and a bright tear glistening in her eye, "am I not right? *did* you not, do you not love Belinda?"

Our hero was confused, conscience touched him, and he felt angry and chafed.

"Lady," cried he, "I know not who has poisoned your mind with such vain suspicions, you do me wrong, and are deceived. I offer to thee an undivided, entire heart."

"How! *did* you not love Miss Hartley?"

"No, indeed, no, dearest, I never did, I never can—I love but one, one dearer to me than all the world beside. I am thine, thine for ever! but how now, you turn pale, you are ill, what have I done, what have I said? what ho, help there!" He hastened to the support of the gipsy, who had, indeed, suddenly fallen senseless on the floor. Kneeling down he supported her in his arms. He shaded the ringlets from her noble brow, and gazed intently on her countenance. Where had he met her before, how familiar were those features to his mind! hark she speaks! what words are those she murmurs? "O, Harry, and have I loved for this."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the bewildered young man, "no, no, and yet it is, it must be her; too well I recollect that face, and with its recollection comes back

a thought of all my baseness. O fool, fool, fool! not to penetrate this flimsy disguise. O worse than fool—O traitor! thus to have deserted one who loves so deeply, so devotedly! it is indeed Belinda!"

"Even so," said a well known voice at his elbow, "you are in the right, Hal; but, softly, let me bear her to her room."

"Charles here too!—what am I to think of all this!—for heaven's sake explain, or I shall go mad with torture."

But his friend, bearing away the now recovering Belinda, left the room. On his return, he found our hero seated at the table, his face covered with both his hands; he gently roused him.

"Charles," exclaimed Harry, "will you have pity on me, and disclose this mystery. Sting me not with your reproaches, for I feel more misery than your sharpest censures can inflict—tell me the meaning of this new wonderment. Why are you here?—Why is Belinda in this place, and under such disguise?—Tell me ere my wits wander with conjecture."

"Be calm, Harry, and I will—I will not reproach you with your ill conduct towards yon luckless fair—your own heart, I trust, condemns you sufficiently; suffice it, though she was compelled to leave town and be debarred from seeing you, it was your own folly that caused the separation. Where was the necessity for your taking umbrage at such a slight offence and quarrelling with her mother, whose haughty temperament you well knew. It was almost her only failing—but no more, this is a painful subject—I cannot dwell upon it. When far away, a thought of her idolized Harry never left Belinda's heart. Your letters, which at first were many, soon began to fall off both in matter and quantity, and she then began to fear that you were ceasing to remember her. Her fears were too well founded. Her mother's death occurred some few months back, and placing herself under the protection of her uncle, she came to London to reside with him. Here she was thrown into society, where she heard much of you, and the thought that you had forgotten her entirely rankled deep in her heart. Determined to satisfy her mind as to your opinion of her, she hit upon the somewhat dangerous and romantic expedient of attracting your notice at a masquerade. I accompanied her, and was the old magician whom you observed to watch her so closely. I saw you were captivated—knew you were to meet her here to-day, and when the time arrived, ensconced myself in a favourable situation for overhearing your conversation."

"O Charles, Charles, my conduct is indeed without excuse, what shall I do—how can I repair the breach my injustice has created? but how comes it that you take such an interest in Belinda's welfare—you, an utter stranger?"

"Not quite a stranger, Harry."

"How, sir, is it——"

"Nay, quiet thy alarms; the only claims I have upon her affections are those of a brother."

"A brother!"

"Even so, Hal, when first you knew Belinda I was abroad. On returning home some six months back, I found my sister unwell, and after some little time discovered that an affection for you was the cause of her indisposition. I determined to seek you, and endeavour to ascertain whether her fears were true or false. I came to London under an assumed name; one of my reasons for which was of a more serious nature than that relating to you—hereafter you shall know it. Circumstances favoured me, and I soon formed an intimate acquaintance with you. At first, I can assure you, my intentions were any thing but favourable; however, by degrees I understood your character, and altered my plans—and happy am I to find they have succeeded."

"O my friend, I have no words to express what I owe your kindness; will you allow me to be still more deeply your debtor. Will you plead for me to Belinda. Tell her my heart can know no peace till her sweet voice murmurs forth forgiveness. Tell her——"

"Stop, Harry, you know I detest heroics."

"Heroics, Charles, they are the genuine feelings of my——"

"Well, I'll take it for granted, and use my best endeavours on your behalf, providing you promise to be a good boy, and not behave naughty again. But a truce to jesting, my dear Harry, let this be a lasting lesson to you, and ever learn to abhor fickleness, whilst you aim at that sober consistency of mind and conduct, without which no man can adorn the society in which he moves, or be esteemed by those about him. Pardon my advice, I am a few years your senior, and claim the privilege: so, whilst you study the manners and characters of the world around you, let it be your most earnest endeavour to 'know your own mind.'"

With this advice of our hero's friend, we "humbly take our leave," merely adding, however, the following extract from the Times newspaper, bearing date about six months from the period

when the incidents of our tale occurred, it runs thus—

Married.

On Wednesday last, the 27th ultimo, at St. James's, Westminster, by the Rev. ———, rector, Henry Wilmington, Esq. of ——— Place, to Belinda, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hartley, Esq. of Old Bond Street. DELTA.

THE SUNDIAL.

A REFLECTION ON "STOWE'S CHRONICLES ABRIDGED."

For the OLIO.

In this right worthy old black lettered volume, are many uncommon and not generally read morsels of history; and, as usual, in the writings of other days, the 'Epistle Dedicatorie' is not the least interesting. As Londoners are still the most benevolent, as well as the richest, people in England, we extract a modicum of the said epistle, to shew what they were when Master Stowe (who did not certainly prove their love of the tender mercies to him) wrote—

"Now most honorable and most worthy Elders, whose state and government is renowned through the world, what is he that hath any understanding, and knows not London to be the most flourishing and peacefull citie of Europe—of greatest antiquitie—happiest in continuance—most increased—chiefe in prosperity, and most stored with plentie, and albeit, I might allege many ancient presidents of pleasures, profits, time and state, whereof never any subordinate magistrates could equall yours; but, seeing few words to the wise sufficeth, I will only speak a word or two by the way: the promised blessing unto the ancient Israelites to possesse a land flowing with milk and honie, is with sevenfold measure heaped on your heads; your city filled more abundantly with all sorts of silks, fine liffen, oyles, wines and spices, perfection of arts, and all costly ornaments and curious workmanship than any other province; so as London well deserves to bear the name of the choicest storehouse in the world, and to keep rank with any royall citie in Europe; her citizens rich and bounteous, witness their frank giving of more the *twice seven fiftens in one year*, and their long continued charges and expences, as well vpo all occasions by sea and land, for defence of their prince and country; as in ayding and relieving their distressed neighbor nations, and in performing many other worthie matters for their owne honor, the delight of strangers, and the reliefe of the poore

as otherwise, so as without offence it may truly be said, that the liberalitie of the Londoners is but halfe known unto their comon friends, peace and plentie in the hiest degree possesseth now your gates and pallaces, all nations repaire with willingnesse to be partakers of your happines; many other glorious citiees have many ways wanted these incesant blessings: witness the famous city of Rome, which hath bin often spoiled and sacked; the city Mosco, which not long since was twice spoiled with fire; the like misfortune hath befallen unto the great citie Constantinople; stately Antwerp hath felt the smart of divers changes within man's memorie. Populous Paris of late yeares was glad to beate downe her owne suburbs and cut her skirts shorter, least others should sit upon them; Cracouia, Lishbon, and many other royall citiees, were glad, and faine seeke and sue for that which is freely given unto her. These last have I cited to bee as a looking-glasse to London, &c."

Next we are treated with a description of "England, Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall." The following extract is curiously described.

"*Brytaine*, is an island in the ocean sea, situate right over against France; one parte of which ile, Englishmen doe inhabit; and another parte *Scottes*; the third parte *Walshmen*, and the fourth parte *Cornishmen*. All they either in language, conditions or lawes, doe differ among themselves, &c."

Of the Welsh Language.

"The *Walshmen* have a language from the Englishmen, which, as they say, doth partly soand of the Trojan antiquitie and partly of the Greeke. Then comes an account of the race of the kings of *Brytaine*, and in the margin are placed the yeares before Christ's birth, when every king began their raignes, til *Cunobittinus* in whose time Christ was borne, and then the yeares from his birth are placed."

The next extract is a specimen of the style of writing, respecting the origin of Britain.

Brute, 1108.

Brute, the sonne of *Siberius*, (following as heretofore the common received opinion) after a long and wearie journey with his *Troyans* arrived in this ileland, at a place now called *Totnes* in *Devonshire*, the ende of the worlde, 2155, the yeare before Christ's nativitie, 1108, wherein he first began to raigne, and named it after his owne name *Britan*; he builded the citie of new *Troy*, now

called London; hee divided the whole island among his three sonnes. Unto *Loetine*, his eldest son, he gave the middle part called *Loegria*: to *Camber*, *Cambria*; to *Albanact*, *Albania*; he deceased when he had reigned twenty-four years.

Hanging, 171, A. D.

Cattitus reigned ten yeares; he hung up all oppressors of the poore.

A good Example.

Coilus quietly reigned twenty yeares.

New Troy repaired 66, 51.

Lud repaired the citie of new Troy, and builded on the west part thereof *Lodge*.

Hardicanutus, 1041.

Hardicanutus, sonne of *Canutus* and *Emma*, as soone as he had gotten his father's kingdom, fetched his mother out of exile; and in revenge of displeasure that was done to her, and of the murder of his brother *Harold*, hee commaunded the carcas of *Harold* to bee digged out of the earth, and to bee thrown into the river of *Thames*, where, by a fisher, it was taken up and brought to the *Danes*, who buried it in a church-yard, which they had at *London*. In the midst of his ceps he departed this life, the third yeare of his reigne, and was buried at *Winchester*.

A thousand sixe and sixtie yeare,

It was as we don reade;

When that a tomet did appeare,

And Englishmen lay dead

Of *Normandie*, Duke *William* then

To *England*-ward did saile;

Who conquered *Harold* with his men,

And brought this land to bale.

1087—*The Charter and Liberties of the City.*

This year, through the great suit and labour of *William* the Bishop of *London*, King *William* granted the 'charter and liberties' to the same *William*, Bishop, and *Godfrey* of *Portgruue*, and all the Burgels of the same citie of *London*, in as large form as they enjoyed the same in the time of *Saint Edward* before the conquest; in reward whereof, the same citizens have fired on his grave, being in the midst of the great west isle of *St. Paul's* church in *London*, this epitaph following:

To *William*, a man famous in wisdom and holiness of life, who first, with *St. Edward* the king and confessor, being familiar, of late preferred to the Bishop of *London*, and not long after for his prudence and sincere fidelitie, admitted to be of counsell with the most victorious Prince *William*, King of *England* of that name the first, who obtained of the same, great and large privileges to this famous

city. The senate and citizens of *London* to him having well deserved it, have made this.

Murder, 1079.

Thurstone, Abbot of *Glasseburle* in his church, caused three monkes to bee staine, and eightene men to be wounded, that their blood ranne from the altar downe the steps.

1088—*Acres of Land numbered.*

King *William* caused enquire to bee made, how many acres of land were sufficient for one plough by the yeare; how manie beastes to tilling of one hide! how many cities, castels, farmers, granges, towns, rivers, marshes, and woods, what rent they were by yeare, and how many knights or souldiers were in every shire; all which was put in writing, and remained at *Westminster*.

1085—*New Forest.*

When the Normans had accomplished their pleasure upon the Englishmen, so that there was no nobleman of that nation left to beare any rule over them;—it was brought to passe, that for the space of more then thirty miles, good profitable corne ground was turned into a chase for wilde beasts. *Remingus*, Bishop of *Dorchester*, removed his see to *Lincolne*, where he builded a new church.—(To be continued.)

ANCIENT SACRIFICES.

For the *Olio*.

IMMOLATION OF THE TONGUES.

Eustathius gives various reasons concerning this oblation at the conclusion of the sacrifice. It was to purge themselves from any evil words they might have uttered; or, because the tongue was reckoned the best part of the sacrifice, and so reserved for the completion of it; or, they offered the tongue to the gods, as witnesses to what they had spoken. They had a custom of offering the tongues to *Mercury*, because they believed him the giver of eloquence. The people, says a writer, might fear, lest through wine and the joy of the festival, they might have uttered some words unbecoming the sanctity of the occasion; by this sacrifice of the tongues, they signified that they purged away whatever they had spoken amiss during the festival; and asked, in particular, the pardon of *Mercury*, who presided over discourse, to the end they might not carry home any uncleanness, which might stop the blessings expected from the sacrifice.

FISH NEVER OFFERED FOR SACRIFICE.

Plutarch, in his *Symposiaca*, observes, that among the *Syrians* and *Greeks*, to

abstain from fish was esteemed a piece of sanctity; that, though the Greeks were encamped upon the Hellespont, there is not the least intimation that they ate fish, or any sea provision; and that the companions of Ulysses in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*, never sought for fish till after their provisions were gone, and that the same necessity compelled them to eat the herds of the sun which induced them to take fish;

Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy blood,
Appease the afflictive fierce desire of food.

No fish is ever offered in sacrifice; the Pythagoreans, in particular, command fish not to be eaten more strictly than any other animal; fish afford no excuse at all for their destruction; they live as it were in another world, disturb not our air, consume not our fruits, or injure the waters; and therefore, the Pythagoreans, who were unwilling to offer violence to any animals fed very little, or not at all on animals.

PYLADES.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. KEAN.

FOR THE OLIO.

He is gone to his fathers!—The sun hath not set
In splendour more tranquil and glory than
now;

Kean has paid to this world all its claim and its
debt,

And to nature has yielded with fame on his
brow.

Let his frailties be buried; or many, or few,
His heart and his spirit surmounted them all:
Were there sickness and want, if his talents
could strew,

But were readily scatter'd by him at their call.

What of Garrick!—of Cooke?—what of Kemble?
Could they
More than Kean hold the tear on the lid of the
eye?

Could they plead in the buskin, and triumph
their way,
With feelings more strong, or with plaudits
more high?

He was foster'd by Nature—was Nature's own
choice;

Nature acted in him—by his mind she was
known:

His defects—were they such?—of his person and
voice,

Raised him highest to sit on Melpomene's
throne.

Urbane in his manners, his converse was free;
With his genius he played, but too reckless of
harm;

In his bounties—what had he?—no niggard was
he,

But conferr'd them like sunshine in summer so
warm.

Now he's gone to his fathers! his mantle is left;
But we know not on whom it will righteously
fall;

Many years, or a hundred, by Time may be cleft,
Yet not yield such a friend, such an actor,
withal.

GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

Continued from page 186.

THE first remark on entering is—that's Cooke, of whom there are seven;—that's Kemble, of whom are eleven;—this is Mrs. Siddons, of whom are three; and this is Charles Kemble, of whom are three. Eleven other portraits are descriptive of Mr. Mathews in various personations.

No. 97. By Harlowe. Mr. M. is represented in four different characters, taken from the life. The principal figure is an *Idiot* amusing himself with a fly; the next to him a *Drunken Ostler*; the third an extraordinary fat man, whose appearance suggested the idea of Mr. Wiggins in the farce of that name; and the last, *Fond Barney*, a character well known on the York race course in the year 1793.

114 is by Lonsdale, as sufficient authority.

120, as *Somno* in the *Sleep Walker*.—
'Did Barbarossa call!'

166. Scene from 'Love, Law, and Physic,' as *Flexible*—Liston is *Lubin Log*—Blanchard as *Dr. Camphor*, and Emery as *Andrew*. Clint has executed this quaternion group with great accuracy and dramatic effect.

223. *Matthew Daw*, by De Wilde, in the School of Friends.

230, vide 66, in our last.

231, as *Buskin*, in *Killing no Murder*, ditto.

284 and 285, as *Caleb Quotum* and *Lentive*, in the dandy dress of the day, ditto.

316. J. F. Lewis. *Caleb Pipkin*.—
'Rise Jupiter and kiss your mother;' and 323. A Chalon. Mr. M. is here as the 'Old Scotch Lady,' and is a correct counterpart in phiz of the notorious Mrs. M'Pherson, who says, 'I canna vary weel recollect the parteecular fac, but its no material to the story.'

324 is a finished miniature of Mrs. Mathews. By Miss Sharpe. Mrs. M. made her first appearance at the Haymarket, 1803, as *Emma* in *Peeping Tom*; and at Drury Lane, 1805, as *Fanny*, in the *Clandestine Marriage*. We had the good fortune to be in the gallery when the once young but now old Bannister visited it, and we could not but express our admiration of the manner in which he spoke of 324. When shewn his identities in their various delineations, the decrepit old gentleman shook his head and sighed; and, as we thought, in the pleasingly sad feeling of gone by pleasures.

170. Drinkwater Meadows, as *Ranbrogie*, in 'Returned Killed.' Meyer. 'I shall charge what I please.' Mr. M. made his first appearance at C. G. as *Scrub*, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, 1820. The pristine attitude assumed, the colouring and tone are completely in character.—Mr. M. is still attached to (or shall we say detached from?) the Covent Garden company.

We regret Macready is only in 163, as *Henry the Fourth*. Jackson. Though the picture is worthily represented and floridly finished, yet the tragedian who holds so strong a position in our day, ought to be more favourably illustrated. Mr. M. made his appearance in 1816 at C. G., as *Orestes* in the 'Distressed Mother.' Some of his later personations, however, are of a more superior description.

There are four pieces of our late old friend *Quick*, which are well known.

Poor *Edmund Kean* is represented in fivefold character. We are sorry our present limits will not give us leave to dilate on their respective merits.

104 claims our room in the person of *Nat. Lee*, the mad poet, painted by Dobson, during his confinement. The visage is one of the description which sets the mind thinking and the heart aching. We cannot forget the woe-begone look, the wild abstraction of poor *Nat*. He made his first appearance as one of the old school at the Duke's theatre, as *Duncan* in *Macbeth*, in 1672. Wrote the tragedy of 'Alexander the Great' while confined in Bedlam, and was found dead in the street in 1690, having been stifled in the snow, aged 35.

121 is a very excellent portrait of the versatile *Harley*. By Clint. Mr. H. made his bow at the English Opera in 1815, as *Marcello* and *Peter Fidget*.—What he has done since, and is still doing at old Drury, let fame tell—his characters are numerous, and his powers are mellowed by much practice.

There are eight pictures of *Munden*. Joe is correctly painted, and his countenance will go down unimpaired to succeeding generations on the body of portrait canvassers. Whether we return or not to this theme, we cannot withhold our thanks to Mr. Mathews for the treat he has given us: the public cannot do less. OLIO.

TRIUMPHS OF NAPOLEON. [209, Regent Street.]

A more striking instance of close application, and attended with complete success, has never, perhaps, been exhibited, than in the original production

of some of the finest specimens of penmanship, executed by Signor Maestro.—Taking his examples from the basso reliefs of eminent sculptors of the conspicuous battles in which the 'general' was engaged, the greatest accuracy has been observed in a recognition of the detail, so as to produce a very harmonious effect. Where the natural vision does not at once detect the small portions; by the aid of magnitude, they are easily discerned on the head of the emperor, and astonish the observer by their beauty and ingenuity. Though the artist has been offered by the French government, a most liberal price for his invention, for the Royal Museum; yet, he prefers an accession to his continental fame, which he most richly deserves; and, most certainly, will enjoy.

CRANBOURNE ALLEY.

For the Olio.

SOME country people and foreigners have an idea that in this far-famed alley are deposited all the curiosities in the universe; that it is the Leicester Square nobility's depot; and that no Londoner, or west-end nabob, can exist without daily communication with some of the liberati and virtuosi of Cranbourne. But, on enquiry, how sadly are they mistaken. Report, certainly, contains many an erratum in the catalogue of localities, and the erroneous impression of Cranbourne Alley is one. Years ago, it is very true—a degree of popularity and importance were attached to this spot.—The 'Sans Souci' and 'Miss Linwood' were young and buoyant. The elder Dibdin drew crowds in this quarter; and the Alley, which still possesses the merit of width and freedom, afforded a showy promenade to the lovers of needlework; the amateurs of mono-dramatic musical display; and the Dilettanti in taffetas, fans and long loose gloves. The hangers on of the houses of Saville, Newport, Leicester, and Coventry, met hereabouts, exchanged cards, traversed, and sometimes pinned each other to the wall. On Sundays and high days, the gaily dressed votaries and votareesses of second quality fashion, lolled their sunshining afternoons and promenaded their evenings, preparatory to the later enjoyments at public gardens, theatres and shades. To form an assignation, appoint a meeting, or settle a dispute in Cranbourne Alley, was considered the quintessence of apish breeding, or the *comme il faut* affectation of apprentice gentility. Before butchers' markets, mews, lanes, passages, and Seven Dial

interminable windings aspired to clog up the outer openings and garden patches and parterres of summer and spring, with neatly gravelled walks and pairs of trees, with clipped hedge-rows and May bushes, here and there scenting certain harbourages and love loitering retreats for young court dress-makers and hey-day fringers;—what place so populous!—what place so endurable!—as Cranbourne Alley? But, in the eighteenth century;—he that ‘runs may read’ the obvious alterations. He that passes through this alley *now* will do well, like a member of the society of Friends, to go on his way *staidly*. If he do not, he will have armies of caps, cap-a-pie, set at him,—first on the right hand, and then on the left. Bonnets of all colours, from ‘bonnets of blue,’—to the ‘bonnets over the border.’ Riband sashes and window sashes: bows and bow windows: furs without prickles; tippets and muffs, cloaks, hoods, and coats. Cranbourne Alley is noted for *bussels* for the ladies; and belts for the gentlemen. Here are *stays* for both.

It is quite a treat for a simpleton to accompany a female into one of the boutiques in Cranbourne Alley. But he must enter without sentiment. He will see many a poor girl doomed to stitch her way through straw, and work laboriously in the midst of chips. He will perceive mirrors of fashion and looking-glasses reflecting the horrors of pin and needle drudgery. Preparations will be making for the bride’s chamber, the christening party, the mourning family, and the widow’s head-dress. Poetically flowered gowns will be armed and horsed for rhetorical clergymen, actors and authors. The flowers of speech, too, will sound in unmeasurable fluency from the well practiced lips of ringlet headed, pale shop and show room girls, gifted with so persuasive an art as to win the purchaser into an opinion of exceeding propriety, fitness and self-complacency. As there are *yards* in this alley for dividing quarters and nails on the counter,—so *Billiards* are upstairs suited to those who love balls and get their into nets with a proper cue. Would any plume themselves on their personal appearance they might here improve their walking and riding habits, and be elegantly feathered without the adhesion of tar. Here they might be slip-shod, or dry-shod, in list, morocco, or satin. They may walk in sandals, or knee-deep in cordovan. They may skip in spring agiles, or flounder in mud boots. Here new, second-hand and old costume of every kind may be purchased. And, though a few “signs of the times” are gene-

rally observable in “Cranbourne Alley,” as to loss and cost; yet, may we hope a situation, in which so large a portion of feminine skill, assiduity, and manual exertion are palpably interwoven with our interests, will not be embellished in vain. ***

HISTORY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MANY of the Jews of Amsterdam, a famous haunt formerly of opulent Israelites, came over with King William III., and when the Bank of England was set up and obtained the privilege of dealing in all the articles *pawned* into that corporation, these Jews became some of its most active and necessary agents. The charter directed that a book should be kept in the bank, in which all assignments and transfers of its stock should be registered. To effect this, and to enhance the price of the stock, were matters impossible to vulgar spirits; the Jews only could perform it properly, and it being placed in their hands altogether, the stock exchange, with all its complicated machinery, arose. Medina, the Jew, was the first who turned the stock exchange to any great account. He accompanied Marlborough in his campaigns, and by the priority of his political intelligence soon contrived to amass a large fortune. The first site of the Stock Exchange was the Bank; but as the members increased they became troublesome, and Change Alley was at length fixed upon as the pandemonium of jobbing. It has been repeatedly the object of attack, serious and ridiculous; but like the Irish fox, which thrives upon curses, the Stock Exchange flourished more and more every year, and it ultimately obtained such influence as to force itself into the dignity of an appendage of the government. The immense operations of the state in 1802, when the government borrowed forty-nine millions in that single year, gave a stimulus to the Stock Exchange. The members no longer submitted to the degradation of meeting at a coffee-house; they entered into a subscription, and, in 1802, erected the present building of the Stock Exchange; for the management of which an administrative body was established. The regulations for carrying on the concern, and for the admission of new members, are fully described by the author. The result of the activity of this body, subsequently to 1802, when they erected their building, is seen in the increasing amount of the debt since that period. The members of the corporation were not content with speculating upon merely British materials but they went from London to Paris, and

from that capital again to Petersburgh or Madrid, so that the rentes of France, and the bonds of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain and Portugal, and Poyais, to boot, were lately as familiar subjects of traffic as British consols, or omnium, in the time of loans. It must have been altogether through the influence of the Stock Exchange that so many enormous loans were raised in England. Thus, through the agency of that powerful body, there were supplied in the way of loan to foreign powers, in the interval of seven years between 1822 and 1829, no less a sum than seventy-two millions six hundred and ninety-four thousand five hundred and seventy-one pounds!

A MOSQUITO HUNT.

[From Capt. Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*]

"THE process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make you entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush or switch, generally made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding of the place you intend to enter, and, by the light of the cocoa-nut oil lamp (which burns on the floor of every bedroom in Hindustan,) you first drive away the Mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood by whisking round your horse-tail; and, before proceeding further, you must be sure you have effectually driven the enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals—it is difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them—these well cursed animals then appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, or, to borrow Jack's

phrase, 'as if the devil kicked you on end.' Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas, for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these provisions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eye-lids has been quite overcome by the gentle pleasure of sleep, when in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till at length, he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it—With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear, as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced

that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed you are almost sure of it: you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover to your horror, that you have been soundly bit in one ear, and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they had been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows!—but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, can feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your enemy. In this unequal warfare you pass the live long night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself—fretting and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places. At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy, but useless and inglorious prey."

PRISON DISCIPLINE AT MUNICH.

"I was (says Mr. Inglis) greatly pleased by a visit to the prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it gains his own bread. It is like a general manufactory—carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers, all are plying their trades, but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance. Whatever he gains by his labour more than suffices to main-

tain him, is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires, and is then given to him—deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. Shortly before I visited the prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired, received no less than 800 florins, (about 83*l*. sterling) upon leaving the prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make a choice of one, which is taught to them. Women (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners) follow their trades also; we see embroidery, stocking-weaving, straw-hat-making, and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged. Women who have been servants before, are servants, cooks are cooks, housemaids, housemaids. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bakehouse, and found both excellent. The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the prison, (i. e. the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained,) to be kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins (6,000*l*.) per annum—a sum which, properly applied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended. I saw some prisoners confined for life, for crimes which in England would have sent them to the gallows; these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited term; it is thought, for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope, by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational employment; but this is considered as unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life.—There is one singular part of the establishment—a phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which, during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the prison, there were 666 persons confined, 140 of whom were women. The system pursued in the prison of Munich appears to unite all the advantages that ought to be aimed at in legislating

upon crime and punishment; the state is not burdened with the expense of transporting prisoners to distant colonies, nor of maintaining them at home; nor is the prisoner turned out of prison without a stiver in his pocket, left to the mercy of a hard-judging world."

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

Continued from page 230.

"Did the English make the Eddy-stone rock?" little Roselyn inquired, in a low voice, of the pastor. "I thought it was God that broke up the fountains of the deeps, and fixed the everlasting hills." Her wiser brother Christian enlightened her.

"God made this rock; but perhaps he made it so that it might be of use to us, instead of doing us harm, if the English would make the best use of it. Is not that what Heins means, M. Aymond?"

"M. Aymond believed that what Mr. Vanderput had just said was true; that the English were about to build a light house on this dangerous rock, which might be thus made to guide ships into a British harbour, instead of causing them to perish. He trusted that it would appear that Heins was mistaken in saying that many more ships would be lost on that rock; and he hoped that men would learn in time to make all God's works instruments of blessing to their race. Christian carried on the speculation.

"And then, perhaps, man's works may not perish by accident before they are worn out, as this ship did. But yet this was what happened with one of God's works too,—that sailor-boy. He perished before he was worn out. But why do people ever wear out, M. Aymond? Whether a person is drowned at fifteen, or dies worn out at eighty, does not much signify, if God could make them live a thousand years. Only think of a person living a thousand years, M. Aymond. He would see cities grow as we see ant-hills rise, while the sea roared against the dykes as it did at the beginning. He would see the stars move so often that he would know them all in their places. He would know almost everything. O! why do not men live a thousand years? and why does God let a young sailor-boy be lost?"

"Gertrude whispered, 'All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred, sixty and nine years, and he died.'

"Yes," added the pastor, gravely meeting the kindling eyes of Christian; "death comes sooner or later; and whether it came soon or late would be all in all if we were to live no more. But as man's life is never to end—"

"Ah! I see. If his life is never to end, it does not signify so much when he passes out of one kind of life into another. I was going to ask why there should be any death at all. If I made a world I would—"

"Christian had talked too eagerly, and now was prevented by his cough from speaking any more at present. When he recovered his voice, the pastor turned his attention from the lost sailor-boy to the lost ship, asking whether it had not answered its purpose in making several voyages; whether the skill and toil of the artificers had not been repaid. Christian thought not; and he went on to exhibit as much as he could of the worked up knowledge and labour which had in this instance been engulfed by the waves. He seemed so much irritated, however, by his imperfection in the knowledge of ship-building, that Gertrude proposed that he should pay her a visit at Saardam, where he might look down from a window upon the dock-yard, and witness nearly the whole process without being moved from his couch. She almost repented the proposal when she saw the poor boy's rapture; but happily no one perceived any objection to the plan. The little voyage of seven miles could be made perfectly easy to invalids: and it was quite certain that Christian would be happy with Gertrude, if anywhere. Heins and the pastor contended for the charge of Christian, and old Mr. Slyk, the most punctilious of mourners, allowed that such an indulgence might,—especially with a view to increased knowledge,—be extended to a sufferer like Christian, within the days of strict mourning, provided the mother and the younger children staid at home. Luc clenched his fist on hearing this, and Roselyn pouted; but their jealousy of their brother soon vanished when his dreaded pain came on and they were put out of the room by their mother, as usual, that they might not become hardened to the expressions of agony which they could not relieve.

"They were heartily glad when the day was nearly over;—when there was an end of going from the melancholy burial feast in one room, into the apartment where Gertrude was describing to the now passive Christian, spectacles which they were not to see, and pleasures which were held to be incompatible with the mourning of which they already required to be reminded. They were not, however, allowed to retire in this state of forgetfulness of the occasion. The pastor's closing prayer, and the solemn looks of Christian made a lasting impression on their minds of the House of Mourning."

Varieties.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—In the fervour of his manly anxiety to fulfil his pecuniary engagements, he considered each hour mis-spent which did not directly contribute to the accomplishment of that noble end. At last, the eager desire to work himself out of debt seemed to have become a sort of fascination which he could not resist. One day, Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, (than whom none more ably 'minister to the mind diseased') urged upon him the necessity of greater moderation in his mental labours: 'Sir Walter,' said the kind physician, 'you must not write so constantly; really, sir, you must not work.' 'I tell you what it is, doctor,' said the Author of Waverley,—"Molly, when she puts the kettle on, might just as well say Kettle—kettle, don't boil."

THE TIGER AND THE MOUSE.—Captain Basil Hall relates a curious anecdote of a fine tiger kept at the British residency, who ate a sheep every day for dinner:—"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie this little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such ecstasy of fear, that we were obliged to desist from sheer pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move, till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely about his den, or making a detour to avoid the object of alarm, he generally made a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."

AN ELECTRIC EEL.—I was standing in the gallery of a house belonging to a half-pay officer (now a painter,) when I observed a large jar in the garden; I enquired what it contained, and was told, an electric eel; 'but,' said my friend, 'I have had it a long time, it is sickly, and has entirely lost its electrifying powers.' I went to examine it, and saw a brown flat-headed broad tailed eel, four or five feet long, with a look of 'not me taze-

gere,' moving slowly round the inside of the jar. The painter then took up a piece of old iron hoop, and in an off-handed manner, said, 'If you touch him with this, you will perceive he has lost all his powers.' I did so, and was nearly knocked flat on my back; the shock was most severe, though the eel did not appear to be the least agitated; of course, my friend was highly delighted. Scenes of great diversion are occasioned among the English sailors who come to Stabroek, by electric eels; they are told to bring them to be cooked. Jack bares his arm, and plunges his hand into the jar, and in a moment receives a shock which benumbs him; he looks round in wild amazement, and then at the eel, all the while rubbing his elbow. 'Try again, Jack, for a bottle of rum;' he does so, grasps the eel firmly, grins and swears at the beggar, receives shock after shock, drops the eel in despair, and runs off as if the devil had struck him. A little dog was thrown into a jar in which there was an electric eel, and was so paralyzed that it sank helpless to the bottom, and was got out alive with some difficulty; and a horse that attempted to drink out of the jar was immediately thrown back on its haunches, and galloped off with mane and tail on end snorting with terror.

Scotch Paper.

WOMEN.—It is a common but erroneous tradition, that Mohammed excluded females from Paradise, there is no better authority for it than an indifferent jest attributed to the prophet; an aged woman having plagued him on the subject of Paradise, he said that she had no concern with the matter, for no old woman would be admitted into it; but seeing that she was grieved by this announcement, he said that all the old women would be restored to youth before their admission into regions of bliss.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—A portrait painter in large practise might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said: "an accident befell

my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of, out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.

PATRIOTS.—One day during the last Polish Revolution, when the Dictator, Chłopicki, was reviewing the national guard, a villager desired to be presented to him. The whole troop perceived with emotion an old peasant followed by his three sons, already, like himself, wearing the uniform. The virtuous old man had sold his oxen, that the state might not be put to the expence of their clothing.

EASY MODE OF FINISHING RAZORS.—On the rough side of a strap of leather or on the undressed calf-skin binding of a book, rub a piece of tin, or a common pewter spoon, for half a minute or till the leather becomes glossy with the metal. If the razor be passed over this leather about half a dozen times, it will acquire a finer edge than by any other method.

A DISH OF EXPERIENCE.—A friend of ours, a few years ago, was visiting Paris, not a little proud of his knowledge of the French language. Being one day at an hotel, and wishing to have some pears, among other things for his dinner, he called up the waiter, and gave his commands. Dinner was served in due time, but instead of pears there was a very small dish of peas. The waiter was again summoned, "Where are the pears I ordered?"—"Sir, you did not order pears, but peas; and we have had the greatest difficulty in getting of them. The King himself has not tasted one." Our friend acknowledged his blunder, and never ceased to laugh till the same waiter presented his bill, where he found an item for the said peas to the amount of a couple of English guineas.

ORIENTAL COMPLIMENTS.—The Begum (Princess) Samroo, in 1823, wrote to the Commander-in-chief, that she had no rest day or night, since she had parted with him. His Excellency, in reply, said, "that on his arrival at Cawnpore, he had found the boats which had been prepared for him, high and dry from the lowness of the river, but that the tears he had shed—when he thought of the period he should be absent from her presence—had been so abundant as to float the vessels, and enable him to proceed on his voyage!" This was taken as a matter of course, and

not considered otherwise than it should have been.

CURIOUS CUSTOM AT BOURN, LANCOLN-SHIRE.—A singular auction takes place here every year in letting of a piece of land called "The White-bread Meadow." An auctioneer, a bottle or two of gin, and a company, are first provided, at a bridge in the Eastgate. The first bidder has to walk about 20 yards and return, and if no one bids higher before his return to the auctioneer, he is declared the purchaser of the year's lease; but this is seldom the case; generally there are many who "walk the bidding" before it be disposed of; and on the return of every bidder he is entitled to a glass of gin. Formerly, there was post standing, round which each bidder has to go, but this has been removed some years. The amount is spent in white bread, which on the same evening is distributed among the inhabitants of the "Eastgate Ward" of the town. Very little can be ascertained as to the origin of this custom, the donors of the land, it is supposed, were two widow ladies.

A VERY PORTLY GENTLEMAN.—The gates of the tower are, or were, closed every night at a certain time, after which there is no egress nor ingress without some little trouble. A very corpulent gentleman, who had been spending the evening there with a friend, and staid till the very last moment, on his way to the gate met a soldier, whom he accosted with "Pray, my good fellow, can I get out at the gate?" "I don't know," said the soldier, eyeing him, "I don't know, but a baggage waggon can."

LORD BYRON AND MR. MUSTERS.—Lord Byron and young Musters had been bathing in the river Trent, which sweeps round the pleasure grounds of Colwick very invitingly for such a purpose. Whilst they were dressing themselves on the bank, Mr. Musters observed a ring among the clothes of his friend, and recognised it as having very recently belonged to Miss Chaworth. Accordingly he took possession of it, significantly remarking to Lord Byron, "I know the owner of this, and shall keep it." Vain was remonstrance on the part of Lord Byron; nevertheless he did remonstrate, saying that it was given to him by Miss Chaworth; the ring, however, was withheld. After much fruitless altercation, which may be easily imagined, mutual silence succeeded the remainder of the time they were dressing. On their way home, Lord Byron, as if more surely to convince himself of Mr. Musters's determination respecting the ring, observed, "you will of course return it to me,"

the answer to which was a decided negative. At last they arrived at the house, the ring was not returned, and the companions still at strife. Mr. Musters now, unknown to his parents or to any party, flew to Annesley, and entering its "antique oratory," was very soon in the presence of her who was the innocent cause of this juvenile quarrel. The occasion of his abrupt visit was quickly stated, the ring produced, and a lover's enquiries made concerning it. Mary Chaworth confessed that she knew it to be in Lord Byron's possession, that it became so with her permission, or rather sufferance; and that he had taken it from one of the tables, declaring, in a playful manner, his intention to keep it.—Thus obtained, her's was a very careless and easy acquiescence in the loss of that which love had made so dear to Byron. The explanation concerning the ring was soon over, but Mr. Musters had something more at heart which he had determined to divulge. He had felt that it was no longer proper that the fair object of his affections should seem to have "two strings to her bow," and, therefore, before he again parted from her, he intimated his wish that Lord Byron should be made sensible she coveted no such distinction. Mr. Musters further requested that if he (Mr. Musters) was the accepted lover (which in spite of her parents' hostility he knew himself to be) it should be forthwith made known to all parties. The request was complied with, and Lord Byron was soon given to understand that he was the discarded one.

ROMAN FOUNDER.—An auctioneer putting up an antique Roman helmet for sale told the company he was informed that it had belonged to Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was an iron or a brass founder, he could not tell.

STAGE COACH TRAVELLING.—The rapidity with which our stage-coaches now travel has almost driven away all conviviality on the road; for should hunger drive you to dine, you are forced to devour your victuals like a cannibal, and then run like a debtor pursued by bailiffs. Laughable incidents frequently occur from the shortness of the time generally allowed for refreshment. I recollect once breakfasting with the company of the Dover coach at Canterbury; there were several ladies and gentlemen; the men, as usual on such occasions, ate, drank, and helped themselves. A good-humoured Swiss, shocked at this English proceeding,

was all politeness—pouring out tea and handing about toast and muffins; his tongue going all the while like the clapper of a mill, and satirizing most jocularly the English method of preparing coffee: but just as he had a cup manufactured to his mind, for his own especial use, the fatal horn was sounded, and an instant afterwards the guard made his appearance.—The poor foreigner looked aghast, and instead of gulping down a few mouthfuls of the precious fluid, lost his time in appealing to the company whether he had ate a mouthful, and in swearing he would not stir without his breakfast. The guard told him he might sit there breakfasting till doomsday, or the day after, if he liked it, but for his part he would set off that moment. It was not the least part of the mortification of the poor Swiss, on leaving the room, to have the attendant bowing to him, with the usual remembrance—"I hope you wont forget the waiter, sir!" "Forget you!" exclaimed the Swiss in a rage, "Got d—n you, I will never forget you, nor de guard, nor de house, nor de nation," (in a lower tone, as if speaking to himself) He then began whistling Malbrook with great earnestness; and when dinner put him into good humour, he was as inattentive to the ladies as any Englishman could possibly under such circumstances have been.

A SHORT PUN UPON A LONG STAY.—A military hero once accepted an invitation to pass a few days at the house of a highly respectable gent. The son of Mars finding out the comforts of tucking his trotters under a well furnished mahogany, was in no hurry to depart, but prolonged his visit far beyond the wish or convenience of his friend, who repeatedly gave him various indirect hints to commence a retreat. Finding, however, all efforts ineffectual to shake off his guest, the worthy host was under the necessity of leaving home, when one of the family in the absence of the gallant captain, placed upon his toilet a scrap of paper on which was written these words, "*Long stays made here.*" This had the desired effect—the hero took the hint, and walked off, to pay a short visit to another friend.

AN ECCENTRIC VERDICT.

For the Olio.

The coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, who had hung herself in a fit of 'love frenzy,' brought in their verdict—died by the visitation of Cupid. q. q.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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Illustrated Article.

MIRIAM, THE BEAUTY OF ALDGATE.

FOR THE OLIO.

'She was worth a Jew's eye.'

'Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changed now;
For it were rather, that for your trouthe,
You should have cause to rewe.'

'Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd
To you, when I began;
I wyl not to the greene wode go,
I am no banishyd man.'

"This sweet little gipsy led us a pretty round," said De Courci, as he turned out of Houndsditch into Leadenhall Street, and joined his companion Hawkesworthy. "Didst thou mark the number of the house into which she slipped?"

"I did not notice any 'number to it,'" Hawkesworthy replied, "but I know the door by the carved pillars and portico, and the jutting butts on the left; besides, there is a large figure over the front."

"And," rejoined De Courci, "I recollect, it is, nearly over against the
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hostel, kept by 'Ned o' the Aldgate Drum.'"

"Just so," said Hawkesworthy, and adjusted his dress; they walked on towards the Exchange, and passed muster in several broils in Paul's chain. But De Courci, instead, as he had been wont, was silent and thoughtful. Hawkesworthy ridiculed his mood, and determined, if possible, to laugh the Aldgate beauty out of his head. There was not a tavern of note they did not peep into, between Giltspur Street and Whitehall; they partook, also, freely of liquors, and wormed their ways through the night hours. But De Courci, almost maddened with the love of his adventure, resolved to make a more important figure in it, at no distant opportunity.

'He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle;
His polar star being one which rather ran,
And not the fixed—he knew the way to
wheedle.'

Meanwhile, as he meditated on his manifold vagaries, Miriam was somewhat thoughtful.

"And what kind of gentles were these cavaliers that dodged thee home, Miriam?" inquired her mother on the fol-

lowing evening, while folding up the garments which loaded the shelves in a back room, facing Aldgate church, "you say, they were none of the people—who and what were they?"

"Rather young and quite as troublesome as the fashionables of their kind; they dodged me like shadows, followed me like lapdogs of Charles's breed; and courted me like ruelings. One of them possessed an agreeable person, an elegant address, and an engaging manner. He was very witty and cheerful; the other, though less of the cavalier, was not less beseeching and palpable."

"But you know, Miriam, you must not be led aside from the tribes," said her mother.

"I am aware of that mother, but one cannot help noticing such politeness—such sweetheart gallantry."

"Such what, child?" roared her father, who had been combing out his beard, and peeped in at the door; "If thou follow not the steps of thy forefathers, thou shalt 'die the death'—Thou and thy mother have harassed me these latter years, since we left Frankfurt, with nothing but the 'fine men,'

but what of their 'fine clothes?' Have they sent any wardrobes?"

"Not so, husband." "Not so, father," said Miriam, and her mother in one breath; "but perhaps they will send us business, which is all we have to do, with either the roundheads or the cavaliers as you call them."

"Well, remarked the old Jew, rather pacified; "if they send business, all very well; but if not," shrugging his shoulders, "all very bad. D'ye hear, Miriam?"

"Yes, father, I do hear—but why call so loud?"

"Your father grows very peevish, my dear, in these times."

"Bless my heart, who would be otherwise?—the Oliver people wear their clothes threadbare—huckster a pair of hose—a James's hat, or a calfskin waistcoat, as if they were gold—bah! A poor Jew cannot make anything."

"We cannot help that, father."

"But you and your mother can help contradicting me, with your fine men at your heels."

No reply being given to the concluding sentence, Elamite snatched a lamp,

and went up stairs to bed. Scarcely were his rabbinical clothes and hat thrown aside, and his head comfortably clad in a large red cap, than, as he imagined, he heard a few taps at the window shutter fronting the street, and fearing his money or fire the cause, he stealthily pushed the casement aside, and gave his best audience. The tap was repeated. He could discern a person wrapped in a cloak waiting under the eaves, and saw a sword stretched out from under it, just reaching the window, and tapping it a third time. The front door was gently slid open from within, and Miriam whispered—

"Begone, you naughty cavalier!—don't you see my father watching you? my mother, too, is close behind me."

The figure, undaunted and civil, took a few paces forward; he caught Miriam's hand, and was about to serenade her as another Juliet, when a flower jar tumbled down from the upper window. Well for De Courci it reached the ground in a thousand pieces, instead of breaking his head.

The Jew called "Stop thief," might and main, and two persons ran up and secured the supposed culprit, promising to lead him to justice. They certainly did lead him to a Justice Shallow at an inn that was open all night, for they were no less persons than Hawkesworthy and a compeer in the freaks. But De Courci, on the eve of being discovered in his true character, retired in a boat to Hungerford stairs in the dawn of morrow—

'For the cock had crowed,
And light began to clothe each eastern hill.'

However boisterous Elamite the Jew proved himself to his wife and Miriam, of whom he was not a little proud, yet they knew how to pacify him. They united their powers, and fairly talked him into a belief that the previous night's fracas at the door was nothing more than a dream, arising from an over anxiety for his money and goods. Though they had played many successful gambols with the gallants, they kept the prerogative of the sex, however, in sheering off when any thing serious, as tending to attack their virtuous qualities, was likely to ensue. The mother had bred her daughter to toy and value her beauty too well to sacrifice it at the caprice of every admirer.

Miriam was beautiful, and sure to strike such a volatile creature as De Courci, whose time was principally filled by vagaries. He had seen and touched Miriam, and this was sufficient. The more the fair one he loved shunned him, either by compulsion or any other cause,

the more he desired the possession. Miriam knew her Jewish persuasion would always be a bar to his advances beyond the emotions of personal attention; she, therefore, rather to make something of him, than something with him, encouraged his follies—then checked them, for it fed her vanity. Yet, she flattered herself that De Courci, by his general manners and dress, was more than the common rank of those who came eastward.

'Gay and free—
A warrior and a reveller, who dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil; but a festal time
Merrier than day.'

In a few nights after their visit to Elamite's portals, De Courci and Hawkesworthy hit on a stratagem. They wrapped their cloaks round, and disguised themselves as well as they could be, in the hostel at the Aldgate Drum. The one in a tabard frock, and the other in a doublet of coarse cloth. Crossing the road, they knocked at the Jew's door, and were, at one word, in the presence of Ishmael Elamite.

"Your business?" said the old man.

"Yes, business—nothing like it, master Ishmael," said De Courci.

"Nothing like business," retorted Hawkesworthy.

"Our business," rejoined De Courci, "is to fit ourselves properly for the good king's approval—whom we must acknowledge as our lawful sovereign."

"Very good!" observed the Jew; and, taking a survey of their persons, size, and stature with a pair of barnacles striding athwart his full-dialled nose, he reached down from a recess what he considered to be a decided fit.

"But," said De Courci, as if recollecting himself, "the suits must be taken to the Drum over the way, and there they can be paid for."

Ishmael not willing to lose a liberal sale of goods at his own price, agreed to this, and calling his wife, she desired Miriam to be in attendance in the interim. De Courci, who had made himself known to Miriam, immediately the hopeful Israelites, laden with the clothes, were leaving the house in advance, and taking them as directed; but Ishmael had forgotten how long he was to stay there, and how soon his customers would follow him, suddenly bethought himself, and returned so unexpectedly as to witness Miriam in De Courci's embrace, and Hawkesworthy guarding the door. The old man became enraged, and suspected a robbery; his wife returned also, and, not knowing her customers, joined him in condemning their ill-intentioned assurance. Miriam

hung down her head, and ran out of the way to get rid of their ire, which was likely to come on her. De Courci affected displeasure at being suspected of dishonourable motives, and with an air of hauteur indifference, strutted out of the shop, saying, "My money is current all over the realm, and detest counterfeiting tradespeople."

Ishmael relented on their leaving his "change," as he called his stock, and abused his daughter in round set terms for being the occasion of his losing business with a liberal couple of flat and easy customers.

A minute past,
And she had been all tears and tenderness.

The next day was the Sabbath. Ishmael attended the synagogue in sackcloth. Miriam attended also. The young Jews often cast eyes of love up through the lattice at her beautiful face and form. One in particular loved her, Emanuel Israel; but he had not yet declared his love openly. He managed, albeit, to place himself so as he could see her with advantage, when he raised his eye and voice to the upper seats. De Courci, who never lacked invention or vigilance, attired himself in the disguise of a Jew, and waited about the courts to see Miriam, so as to propose her terms which he flattered himself she would accept. But, in this, he found himself deceived, and racked his brains how he should, *sans ceremonie*, bear her off at all risks of propriety, or discovery of his person.

In one of the Sabbath evenings he had learned that Emanuel Israel, who was cultivating further advances with Miriam, had agreed to make a more explicit declaration to her, and she was to meet him at dusk near the water-side below the Tower. De Courci, who could not get out of scrapes without the assistance of Hawkesworthy, had ordered a barge in waiting near the spot. When Miriam made her appearance, the bargeman, who had been instructed, walked secretly behind her, and bore her shrieking into the barge. De Courci and Hawkesworthy, pretending they were here by mere accident, offered her their honourable protection—the bargemen rowing fast away in the Thames, through London-bridge, and nearing to Somerset stairs. Miriam knew not what to make of this; she threatened, if she were not permitted to land, she would plunge into the water; and, suiting her action to her words, she stood up boldly in the barge, and forced herself half forward into the eddy, De Courci snatching at her apparel, and Hawkesworthy reaching over the side of the barge. So strong was Miriam at the

moment, that they with much difficulty saved her from drowning. As they drew her back, she heaved a sigh and fell in De Courci's arms. He now, for the first time, accused himself of an injury which he could not repay. His kindness in promised expressions would not justify his volatile disposition; and, for once, he looked seriously and felt thoughtfully. When Miriam's senses returned, she repeated the effort, but her strength failed her and she swooned again. A vehicle was waiting at the strand, and Miriam was insensibly handed into it. De Courci sat by her on one side and Hawkesworthy on the other. The horses were driven swiftly along till they arrived at the gate of ———. De Courci whispering lines similar to these:—

'Child of gentleness!
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell.'

Short as was the interval, and sudden as was the surprise, it is not possible to describe the confused distress which pervaded the nooks in Houndsditch, the Jewry, and St. Mary Axe, regarding Miriam's fate.

Emanuel Israel, however, who had kept his engagement rather later than he had expected, on learning by some bystanders that a young female was taken into a barge, and accompanied by two cavaliers, repaired instantly to Elamite's.

Miriam's father, on being informed of the circumstance, smote himself, and began his old tirade of complaint against his wife. She professed ignorance, and expressed mournful sorrow; yet she doubted not Miriam would yet be heard of favourably. But the old Jew put on his best robe, took a long purse, and leaving his house in the care of a neighbour, agreed with Emanuel, his proposed son-in-law in the camps of Israel, to repair immediately to the king for proper authorities for the restoration of his beloved and beautiful Miriam. At the very same time De Courci, whose conscience could not justify his conduct towards one of the persecuted Hebrew nation, despatched a messenger to wait on him instantly.

The afflicted parents, however, arrived at the king's palace. His majesty received them graciously, and sympathising with them in their loss, hinted that he was not rich, and could not prosecute such an enquiry without considerable expense. The hint was enough, the old Jew drew forth the purse and laid it before his majesty, declaring "that all the gold it contained should be at the disposal of the person who would restore his

daughter safely to his bosom." "Thou'rt sincere?" asked his majesty. "We are all!" they exclaimed. "And resolved to abide by the consequence!" rejoined the king. "Devotedly so!" they all repeated. "Then," said the king, "*I am the person* entitled to the purse. Hand it this way." "But your majesty has not restored our daughter," said Elamite and his wife. "Buckingham," observed his majesty; "desire the 'maids of honour' to lead forth 'Miriam, the beauty of Aldgate' unspotted, into the care and keeping of her parents and lover. And this purse I give her, for her goodness of heart as her marriage portion." As Miriam was conducted into their presence she knelt gratefully to his majesty in duty for her preservation. "Be a kind husband to her," said Charles, "she will be an ornament to her sex, as she is one of its distinguished beauties. Had I been one of the nation of people to which she belongs, I should not have so easily parted with her. But—" The 'merry monarch,' overcome by the imprudence of his ardour, and his attendants comprehending his situation, absorbed his thoughts in his handkerchief as the Israelites withdrew in gladness, and the old man, still grasping the purse he had saved in the restoration of his daughter. In the week following, the passover commenced, a fine parcel was delivered at . . . directed to 'His Majesty!' It contained the pledge of consolation, a pile of 'Passover Cakes' with a crown, and 'Carolus Rex,' pricked on each cake. EURUS.

THE BATTLE.

FOR THE OLIO.

The opposing armies halt in sight,
Each anxious for the lurid night
In hasty flight to wing its way
Before the approach of coming day;
Many an eye now drops a tear,
For those so distant and so dear;
And many manly hearts now sigh
Whilst thinking of their native sky!

When in the eastern hemisphere
The streaks of dawning light appear,
The god of war uprears his head,
And for the battle leaves his bed.
In silence deep the warriors stand,
Who soon, alas! with hand to hand,
Will each one strive, in deep-rate mood,
The earth to stain with crimson flood!

But now the distant deep-mouth'd gun
Tells of the mortal strife begun;
The trumpet's clang—the drum's deep roll,
And shrilly life, arouse the soul
From sense of danger, or of fear;
The rattling volley drawing near—
The crash of arms—the half-heard cry—
Proclaim the tide of battle nigh.

The soldier's firm and manly heart
In the death-strife takes active part,
He thinks of friends and home no more,
Nor of his fate in the next hour;

But, 'midst the brightly gleaming steel,
And life-destroying thunder peal,
Resolves, whenever danger's nigh,
In honour's ranks to stand or die.

The well-directed musket's round
With many corpses strew the ground;
And by the sabre's deadly blow
Is many a noble form laid low;
While the artillery's horrid glare
With sulphur fills the troubled air,
And, 'midst of life, the moving tide
Scatters destruction far and wide.

The foeman's wavering ranks now fall
In heaps, and form a human wall!
And their last hopes are soon destroy'd,
When, as with slaughter nearly cloy'd,
The god of war, with brazen throat,
Sounds to the charge in deaf'ning note!
And then the sword and bayonet's thrust
Level their victims with the dust.

Now the deep thunder of the gun
Is hush'd, and tells the victory won!
The air, in murky vapours drest,
Appears with heavy grief oppress'd;
The sun looks down, with face of blood,
Upon the field, where late there stood
A noble, brilliant, warlike band,
Whose sad remains now strew the land!

The strife is done—the battle's o'er—
The angry passions reign no more!
Upon the horrid gore stain'd field
The sterner spirits quickly yield;
And to some comrade's memory dear
The soldier drops a friendly tear;
And oft in sorrow heaves a sigh
O'er pleasures past and days gone by!

H. S.

THE ANCIENT GAME PENELOPE.

FOR THE OLIO.

This game, which it is said was invented by Palamades during the siege of Troy, has occasioned many disputes as to its precise nature. In the first book of the *Odyssey*, verse 143, it says, "*At Chess, they vie to captivate the Queen;*"

"Divining of their loves."

Athenæus relates it from Apian the grammarian, who had it from Ateson, a native of Ithaca, that the sport was in this manner: The number of the suitors being one hundred and eight, they equally divided their men or balls, that is to say, fifty-four on each side, these were placed on the board opposite each other. Between the two sides was a vacant space, in the midst of which was the main mark, or queen, the point which all were to aim at. They took their turns by lot; he who took or displaced that mark, got his own in its place; and, if by a second man, he again took it without touching any of the others, he won the game; and it passed as an omen of obtaining his mistress. This principal mark or queen, was called by whatever name the gamesters pleased, and the suitors gave it the name of 'Penelope.'

PYLADES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANUFACTURE.

For the OLIO.

THE art of weaving was, probably, derived from the web of the spider, or the silk worm. Spencer, in his "Faery Queen," says—

'Penelope, for her Ulysses' sake,
Devised a web her woovers to deceive;
In which the work that she all day did make,
The same at night she did again unweave.'

And Pope, in giving advice to industry, observes—

'Learn of the worm to weave.'

Spinning, by various insects, particularly in the eastern nations, must have originated with the curious examples set forth in the wonder working classes of instinct. These were regarded with envious eyes. The luxuries of desire called forth the ingenious in necessities from time to time, while art was yet infantile, and manufacture the younger sister to imitation. Success following trial, by degrees, the loom wrought many things, and enterprise gave strength to the courage and perseverance to the habits, till commerce offered a medium for consumption, and articles became staple commodities. Thus knowledge is enlarged, and mutual interest adopted for the adaptative conveniences of society in remote, as well as adjacent parts of the world in which civilization is identified.

The spinning and weaving of insects, however, from the beginning down to the present time, is perfect; no variation of the slightest degree is perceptible. The web or the nest, the fillet or the thread-chain, remains the same, as produced by the latest born as the first-born insect. This has not been the case with mankind. One improvement offers the way for another, and the progress of art or science is made in proportion to discovery.

Pennant says, "there was a weaver residing at Wick, in Caithness, who could weave a shirt with buttons and holes entire, without any seam, or the least use of the needle. The value of one of these garments was five pounds." A muslin shirt, without any seam, which was made in a loom in the East Indies, was exhibited in Parkinson's Museum. Our Saviour's vest or coat had not any seam, being woven from the top throughout, in one whole piece; and John Gore's tabarde was made at Gloucester, by a journeyman weaver, in one piece. The *Asbestos* is a sort of fossil stone, which may be split into threads and filaments, and wrought into cloth. Dyer the poet, says, it is an

Ingenious trade, to clothe the naked world,
Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, teeth, and stones,
Collects sagacious.

Cloth made from the extraordinary fossil production is endured with the property of remaining unconsumed in the fire. Hayley says—

The soft asbestos formed Serena's vest,
Whose wondrous folds, in fiercest flames entire,
Mock the vain ravage of consuming fire.

Huckaback is a kind of linen on which figures are raised. Allan Ramsay alludes to it in his 'Gentle Shepherd.'

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.

Darlington, Durham, has been noted for this manufacture. It is made from English flax, Yorkshire, and foreign flax imported at Stockton and other places.

Cambric, derived from Cambray in the Netherlands, is also made of flax.—Scotland and Ireland are now celebrated for fine white cambricks. Formerly, it was much used for ruffles and cravats, handkerchiefs, and doillys. Fine, however, as this texture is, a small piece of the finest that can be procured, is shewn at Messrs. Cary and Coopers, 'Solar Microscope superseded,' in a magnified degree, and it looks coarser than the coarsest hop sacking.

Irish Linen.—A colony of Scots, in the time of James I., and others of the Presbytery, who fled from persecution in Scotland, planted themselves in the northeast part of Ireland, and established that great staple of wealth, the "Linen Manufactory," which has been since not only brought to the utmost degree of perfection in that particular district, but has been extended over great part of the kingdom, and which, including the fabrication of thread, has given employment to an immense number of persons, and brought vast sums into the nation; it being chiefly by the exportation of this article that the Irish are enabled to pay for the great annual importation of others from England.

Scotch Linen, notwithstanding Ireland's sister-rivalship, is very flourishing as an article of exportation, in addition to cambrics, osnaburghs,* dornicks, damasks, diapers, &c. The word diaper is used by Shakspeare to denote a napkin, or towel.

Damask is a kind of wrought linen made in Flanders; so called, because its large flowers resemble those of damask, a sort of silk stuffs, having some parts raised above the ground, representing flowers, or other figures. They obtained this appellation from their having

* From Osnaburgh, Westphalia.—GERMAN

been invented at Damascus in Syria; a place, also, noted for its steel, its roses, and its damascene plums or damsons.

Holland, in linendrapery, is a fine, white, even, close kind of linen cloth, which in other countries than ours is variously used; according to Dryden—

Some for the pride of Turkish courts designed,
For folden turbants finest *holland* bear.

The chief mart is at Haerlem, whither it is sent from most other places as soon as woven, there to be whitened in the ensuing spring.

In Shakspeare, the hostess tells Falstaff that the shirts she bought him were 'holland' at eight shillings per yard; a high price at this day, even supposing, what is not probable, that the best holland at that time was equal in goodness to the best that can now be purchased.—Hence, Hume concludes (His. England, vol. 6, page 176) that the finest manufactures, by the progress of 'Arts and Industry,' have rather diminished in price, notwithstanding the great increase of money.

PYLADES.

THE RIVERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS. (FOR THE OLIO.)

In England and Scotland, in Ireland and Wales,
Are these Rivers, that pass through their woodlands
and vales:

Your Avon, Blackwater, Coldstream and Clyde,
The Cam, the two Dees, and three Derwents that
glide:

The Don and the Eden, the Ex and the Forth
Of the Frith, that runs far to the realms of the
North:

Yome, Hull, Irwin, Humber: the Kennet and Lea;
And the Leven and Liffey, like liberty, free!

The Lon and the Medway, the Merse and the Ouse,
The New River, to London from Amwell that flows:

The Ribble, the Severn, the Shannon and Spey,
Three Stours, Thames, and Tamar, the Tees and the
Tay:

The Towry, the Trent, the Tweed and the Tyne,
The Witham and Wyre, in their element shide.

J. K. P.

FEW REFLECTIONS ON POETRY.

BY HARRIET HARE.

For the *Olio*.

POETIC composition has been so intimately connected with the customs, manners, taste, and politeness of all ages, that its cultivation is sedulously attended to by those who aspire to an equality with the progress of education and refinement. The nightingale is allowed its song—the lark its matin, and the linnet its vigil. The psalmist conveys his emotions in the voice of the harp, and Ossian sends his warrior deeds on the thunder of the wind. Like Homer and Pollux, verse and sound are in rivals, pursuing the same course: rectifying the same cause, improving the elements, unisoning the spheres, arming the passions, exalting the sentiments of melody, genius, and inspira-

tion. The muse which this paper awakens, is to be considered as issuing from the genuine love of poetry.

Having ventured to say this, that love will not yield to any existing authority in the abstract, however incomplete its expression. Many love an object to adoration—to distraction, yet are never in possession of it. It may be so with the writers, but will that object be less worthy, because unpossessed? Surely not. Poetry, like party, has many names. The genius or gift of poetry is termed a muse, or hag.* Some have considered her a demon—others, an angel. Some have found her that never sought her; others seek but never find her. She is, certainly, a being of exquisite fancy—of peculiar existence—of rapt fantasy; a being of truth—of falsehood. Dear like hope and perplexing like difficulty; a being of application—of nature and art; of intense reason—extensive capacity—of distant demeanour—of intimate kindness, and abstract ideality. In fine, she is, and she is not. Her sacred temples, her whims, her charms, her tales and descriptions, her imaginings in real feeling, and with real splendour and genuine expression. She is matchless, exhaustless, and eternal. The rudest and earliest ages were visited by her presence—all countries have owned her dominion.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

For the *Olio*.

ON A FINGER POST.

Had you come these roads before they were
made,
You'd lift up your eyes and bless Marshal
Wade.

A wise annotator on the Pentateuch, Peter Harrison, has observed of Moses's two tables of stone, that they were made of 'Shittim wood.'

An advertisement, stuck on the wall of a British coffee house, says, "This coffee house removed up stairs." A Roman Emperor used to draw his stairs up after him every night in his bed-chamber; but drawing a whole house up into itself, is certainly novel.

In Suffolk, the following caution is presented to travellers about to cross the stream:—"When the water is above the top of the post, it is dangerous to cross."

An Irishman, at Buxton, declared, "that no English hen ever laid a fresh egg."

A poor mason said, "this house will stand as long as the world does, and no longer."

* Imagination.

A Frenchman, puzzled by the title of one of Cibber's plays, "Love's last Shift," has translated it, *La dernière chemise de l'Amour*.

A person asking a labourer in Essex the best way to a place near Romford, was told, "If you wish to go direct to the spot you must go round." X.

CONVERSAZIONI.

For the Ollo.

No gambling here—or drunkenness;
But interchange of thoughts and harmonies.

Nothing tends more to the improvement of human intellect than society; nothing tends more to the advancement of particular objects than the meeting of persons, desirous of giving their countenance to them who are pre-eminently distinguished, and for which they are most deserving. Patronage is certainly essential to the formation and well-being of institutions: but as patrons are not numerous, and when called away by various causes, their places are not always readily and efficiently filled; neither do committees always find it convenient to take active parts in the affairs which concern them.

Thus, while club-houses are occupied by political members' discussions, and lectures are given to polemic disputants, how grateful to the peace-loving, knowledge-seeking and social-acting classes that almost a fashion in our day, is adopting "Conversazioni." Drawn together for specific confab in any particular: ideas are started, suggestions made and gratuities offered, tending to the firmer establishing of the society in which the visitors are interested, and more than all, forming kindred friendships in similar pursuits, and effecting the most friendly purposes by the simplest and most moderate expenditure.—No philosophy is more to be approved than that in which "brethren dwell together in unity." We should, therefore, not forget the "assembling ourselves together." For, we are sure to meet with sympathies and habits our own. The fair sex have long set the example; and, as it is never too late to follow what is praiseworthy to be imitated, we conclude, that as 'Conversazioni' are becoming more and more popular, a proportionate increase of good will be done in the society in which they are held, and individual happiness promoted in those persons who attend them. We are not led casually into these remarks, but have felt their force by our presence recently at several of our institutions; and none with more pleasing evidences

than with the "Associated Painters in Water Colours," whose folios offered many specimens of talent in the drawing and colouring art. OLIO.

TO:—

(FOR THE OLIO.)

Ah! why art thou so glad, so fair!
Why must I love but to despair!
How hard my lot such worth to see,
And know it is not form'd for me.

Whilst on thee crowds of flatterers gaze,
And still thy form and features praise,
Silent I mourn, and silent bless
That beauty I may not possess.

While others at thy feet will kneel,
And tell of love they cannot feel,
My heart will swell as it would break,
Fraught with the love I dare not speak.

As on the anaconda's eyes
Its victim gazes till he dies,
So do I gaze on thine, that dart
Those looks of scorn that sear my heart.

May ne'er the sorrow shade thy brow
To love unloved as I do now!
If there's a man whose heart can be
To thee as cold as thine to me.

When life to me is all a waste,
May'st thou its choicest pleasures taste!
May he who'll share them with thee prove
Worthy the blessing of thy love.

Though hope's soft balm I must resign,
Yet is a pleasing sorrow mine
To sigh for thee—although in vain;
To love thee still—and still complain.

A. M. P.

CALYPSO'S BOWER.

FOR THE OLIO.

It is impossible for a painter to draw a more admirable rural landscape than the description of the 'Bower of Calypso,' by Homer in the *Odyssey*. This bower is the principal figure, surrounded with a shade of different trees, green meadows adorned with flowers, beautiful fountains, and vines loaded with clusters of grapes, and birds hovering in the air, are seen in the liveliest colours in the poetry. But whoever observes the particular trees, plants, and birds, will find another beauty of propriety in the description, every part being adapted, and the whole scene drawn agreeable to a country situate by the sea. This has been imitated by Milton, in the 'Paradise Lost,' and by Chaucer in the 'Romaunt.' PYLADES.

SCRIPTURAL PAINTING.

Christ raising the Widow's Son. By Mr. F. S. Thomas. No. 209, Regent Street.

So few scriptural paintings are now brought before the public, that we hail this first effort of the artist, on a large scale, with pleasure; and hope it will find a place as an altar piece in some of our new sacred edifices.

Our Saviour, the centre object, is in

the act of commanding the youth to rise from his bier. The mandate is obeyed, and the widow astonished. St. Peter, whose head is well drawn and countenance striking, wishing to fix the attention of a female with an infant at her bosom, grasps her right arm to behold the miracle. On the upper part of the canvas to the left, the scoffing Pharisees are near the portals, between which the light is skilfully thrown. Below, in the foreground, a lovely woman is supporting an aged and venerable cripple, whose faith is strengthened by the presence and power of him who said, "I say unto thee, young man, arise!" The other portions are creditably disposed and effective; and though so arduous a performance be not without defects, we believe Mr. Thomas will hereafter distinguish his pencil in this difficult line of laborious composition to the satisfaction of himself and critical examination.

Bew Music.

"*The Old English Gentleman*!" An old ballad, composed, written, and adapted by C. H. Purday. Z. T. Purday, High Holborn. New Edition.

Most of our readers must have heard of this beautiful and characteristic song, which now occupies so much of the public attention, in consequence of the dispute between the publisher and Mr. H. Phillips concerning it. It is not our desire to enter into the merits of the case; besides, the circumstances of it are narrated at full in the title of this new edition. For the song, we can only say that it is well worthy of the composer of the "*Maid of Llangwellyn*," and the "*Rovers of the Sea*." The music is of the inspiring and spirited nature of the "*old school*;" and of the words, we cannot speak in terms of too high praise.

MADAME VESTRIS.

For the Olio.

[See her picture, after Clint. No. 122, in Mr. Mathews's Portrait Gallery.]

Those eyes and dark gloss curls; the playful lip
That sports a dimple, and the cloven chin,
Full bosom, clear white neck; the waist so thin
And graceful arms, that, in the curtsy'd dip,
Give the small feet and ankles and the limbs
Their shapely forms. If Nature did not skip
Over the daintiest meadows, and the brims
Of brightest sunny waters, and away
From corn-fields in the rainbow's crystal drip,
And change their aspect—Beauty, thus, would stay;
This picture tell the truth; and Vestris still
Charm in the shine of youth's transcendent rill.
J. R. P.

REMARKS ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

THE instances of females acting in a body for the defence of their homes and household gods, are numerous and well authenticated. Pausanias and Plutarch, with some unimportant variations, relate that when Cleomenes, the Lacedemonian leader, endeavoured to make himself master of Argos, the Argive women, led on by Teterilla, repelled his attempts on that city with great loss on his part; and Pausanias elsewhere informs us, that when the Spartans were endeavouring to subdue the land of the Tegeans, the women of Tegea, while their husbands and lovers were engaged in battle, formed an ambuscade at the foot of Mount Philacris, rushed upon the enemy, and put them to flight with great slaughter. A similar feeling of contempt for danger enabled the female members of a tribe to rescue those they loved from bondage; for from Herodotus and from Valerius Maximus we learn the noble artifice of the wives of the Minyæ, who having obtained permission to visit their husbands, who had been imprisoned by the Lacedemonians, changed dresses with them, and remained in the place of confinement while the men made their escape in safety. For individual instances of courage and high daring, that would have done honour to an Alexander or a Napoleon, we need only mention Semiramis, Zenobia, Boadicea, Jean d'Arc, and the two Artimisias. As the latter are not perhaps so familiar to general readers as the others we have mentioned, we shall say a word or two on their separate histories. Both of them were queens of Caira, both eminent for their valour, and both celebrated for a masculine energy of intellect, for which they were feared and respected by the surrounding nations. One was the daughter of Hecatemnes, and wife of Mausolea; and at the decease of her husband she built a splendid monumental edifice, and dedicated it to his memory. She attempted the conquest of the island of Rhodes. Although the stirring eloquence of Demosthenes was exerted for the purpose of inducing his countrymen to assist the Rhodians, the Athenians left them to their fate; and Vitruvius relates that Artimisia baffled the stratagems of the islanders, and succeeded in her endeavours. The other queen was in the train of Xerxes, and distinguished herself in the important sea-fight of Salamis. We have the authority of Polyænus for stating, that, in consideration of her bravery, the Persian king rewarded her with a magnificent suit of Grecian armour; and, to mark

the cowardice or want of skill of the commander of his fleet, he sent him at the same time a distaff and spindle. Herodotus, in his description of the battle, passes many encomiums on her conduct—makes Xerxes an eye-witness of her heroism—and informs us he exclaimed, that “the men had behaved like women, and the women like men.” Artimisia was as much celebrated for the wisdom of her counsel as for the valour of her conduct; for after the disastrous result of the Persian invasion, the great king found safety for himself and a remnant of his army by following her advice, and retreating to his own dominions: and to mark his opinion of her worth, he afterwards intrusted his own children to her care, and made her his most confidential adviser.

We are not wanting in examples of female affection so strong as to induce women to accompany their husbands, or lovers, in perilous expeditions, in exile, or in death. Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, and the granddaughter of Augustus, followed her husband to the war in Germany, enduring all the hardships of the campaign with an exalted spirit above complaint, and sharing the privations of the army with a patient submission that gained her the admiration and respect of every soldier in the legions. From Tacitus, we learn that, during the absence of Germanicus from the camp a report prevailed among the army in Gaul that their fellow-soldiers in Germany had been cut to pieces by the barbarians; the men became mutinous, and left their quarters, with the intention of demolishing the bridge over the Rhine, to prevent the further progress of the Germans; but their ill-judged design was prevented by the bravery and presence of mind of Agrippina. “Superior to the weakness of her sex,” says that able historian, “she took on her, with an heroic spirit, the functions of a general officer. She attended to the wants of the men—she distributed clothes to the indigent, and medicine to the sick.” After having succeeded in her endeavours to suppress the insurrection, Pliny, in an animated picture which he gives of the scene, describes her as presenting herself to the soldiers at the head of the bridge, reviewing them as they passed, and congratulating them on their return to duty with the applause that was due to their former valour. One of the most beautiful passages in Tacitus is when he describes her return to Rome, after her husband had fallen a victim to the state policy of the emperor Tiberius. She carried an urn containing the ashes of Germanicus, and, with her children by her side, walk-

ed slowly through the crowds of citizens who thronged around her, expressing, with a respectable commiseration, their pity for her afflictions; but it was not long before she and her children met with a fate similar to his whom they mourned; they were sacrificed to the jealousy of Tiberius. As other instances, among many, of the devotion of a wife to her husband, and the strength of affection that prompts the female heart to spurn every idea of danger, we may mention Isabella de Bobadilla, the wife of Don Pedrarias Davila, who was sent by Ferdinand of Spain, with a magnificent armament, to supersede Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the brave but unfortunate discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, as governor of the colony of Darien. She braved the dangers of seas whose navigation was but imperfectly understood, and endured the difficulties of a long voyage which had but seldom been attempted, rather than remain apart from her husband in security with her children in Spain. Her devotion met with its reward; the voyage was unattended by any extraordinary difficulties, and she arrived at the colony in safety. Francesco Navella de Carrara lord of Padua, when exiled from his native city by the power of his enemies, and hunted from town to town by the enmity of Visconti, lord of Milan, the most revengeful of them all, was accompanied in the dangers and difficulties of his flight by his lady, Madonna Taddea; who although at an advanced state of pregnancy, often without shelter, and frequently without food, endured her sufferings with the spirit of a martyr; and, though more than once brought to a precarious state by the intensity of her agonies, she ultimately recovered, to possess in a still greater degree the passionate affection of her lord and husband, and to share again his crown and his enjoyments.

The exalted heroism of a woman's soul may be excited by love, religion, patriotism, parental affection, gratitude, pity; and, in fact, all the brightest virtues and noblest sympathies of human nature, have at times as great influence over the heart of a woman as they have ever possessed over the feelings of a man. These qualities are only evinced on extraordinary occasions, it is true, because it is only in situations requiring the exercise of the most powerful exertions that a female can divest herself of the retiring gentleness of her nature: but whenever an occasion has presented itself in which high powers and purposes should be developed, a predominating impulse has always directed the energies of her will,

and she has performed actions from the dangers of which men have thought it no shame to shrink. In savage life, circumstances occur which bring these virtues more generally into operation; for there, very frequently, the whole burden of domestic labour rests upon their shoulders, while the lordly master roams the uncultivated prairies in search of prey, or sallies out from the depths of the forest to waylay the enemies of his tribe; but, in a civilised community, the influence of a bad system of education, and the progress of acquired habits, which soon get too powerful to be laid aside, frequently bestow artificial and unnatural sentiments upon a woman, which neutralise, and sometimes annihilate, those exalted impulses with which she is endowed. It is only, then, in situations which seldom occur,—in shipwreck, in pestilence, in famine, in the battle field and besieged town, and in the convulsions of society and of nature, that the glory and the freshness of her soul can be known and appreciated. There are, in the annals of warfare, several instances of females, impelled by feelings of the sincerest affection, disguising themselves in the apparel of the other sex, and following their lovers, or their husbands, through battle and through bloodshed, till they either perished or triumphed with those they loved. Numerous are the female martyrs who with their death have attested the purity of their faith. Never has patriotism appeared so pure as when Charlotte Corday struck the infamous Marat to the heart; or so noble as when women beat back the invaders of their country from the walls of Saragoza, or perished in conflict with the spoilers of Poland, beneath the ruins of Warsaw. The love of offspring has induced females to the performance of actions attended with the highest danger: and feelings of gratitude and pity have frequently produced effects equally powerful. Nothing can be more easy than to bring forward instances of female heroism, of devoted attachment, and of endurance of suffering; but we imagine those we have already produced are sufficient to convince any reasonable mortal that such virtues are possessed in an eminent degree by women, and are not of less power than the same qualities when they have been evinced by men.

Fraser's Mag.

ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

A brief account of the most noble, sacred, and illustrious order of Knights Templars, translated from an authentic and ancient Celtic manuscript, found in

the year 1540, in a square oak box, under the high altar of the Templars' church in London, immediately after the suppression of the Knights of St. John Jerusalem, by Henry VIII., the 25th of May in the above-mentioned year. The Knights of St. John were successors to the Templars, after their expulsion by Edward II., in the year 1312, the time this manuscript was written and deposited; when found, it was carefully conveyed to the hands of Jacob Ulric of St. Clair, of Roslyn, in Scotland, whose family had the honour of hereditary Grand-Master of the kingdom conferred on them, and in which it continued uninterrupted for upwards of two centuries.

William St. Clair, of Roslyn, in the year 1736, gave it to his nephew, John St. Clair, M.D., of Old Castle, in the county of Meath (then at Glasgow,) from whom, and by whose assistance, I took this copy.

The original was written on a piece of skin resembling our parchment, but much thicker, the letters ancient Celtic, with a mixture of those Norman characters found in the doomsday book of William I.; some had been gilt, but are now black and chipped off. The whole seems to have been done rather with a painting pencil than any kind of pen; the colour mostly red, with some black.

The entire would have been unintelligible to me, but for the assistance of the above-mentioned Dr. St. Clair, who, during his stay at Leyden, where he resided some years, had made the Celtic and ancient Norman languages his study, for the better understanding several original papers preserved in the family, brought from Ruen, in Normany, by Geoffrey de St. Clair, soon after the Conquest.

This curious manuscript begins with the following address to the Divine Being. It certainly must appear an odd one to a common reader; but those who are honoured with the sacred order of the Temple will readily comprehend it.

"We, the trusty Champions of the Great — in this our day of tribulation (having with reverence and holy fear renewed on this spot our awful and glorious ties and ceremonies, whereunto appertaineth such things as the eye of man hath not seen, neither hath the heart conceived, save only those who have seen thy —, who have tasted of thy bitter cup, even from the valley of death,) think it meet to set down and commit to the earth, as a sepulchre, some things which may hereafter relight that sacred fire which for some ages we forsee must be hid in the hearts of a chosen few, as in a grave wherein resteth bones! and

rotteness! and wonder! and contemplation! yet at thy good time, those dry bones shall be clothed, and live, and rise even from the dust, and through weary pilgrimage arrive at the holy city, even the holy of holies—so he it unto us, we will bear thy cross—we have drank before thee; we have tasted out of thy cup—the cup of thy own workmanship; we have looked with our eyes, wonder! and astonishment! we have seen thy wonder of wonders! Our Lord, our head, remember us, shorten this our rough and rocky road, take this heavy burden from us.—Simon, we think upon thee, horror! awe! and silence! O quench not our glorious lights, nor extinguish us as the evil flame that told us. We die this day thy soldiers; we all perish together as we have lived, death cannot part us, yet spare a remnant somewhere, to lay up the sacred rules of thy servant Bernard in, nor cut us clean off, that thy soldiers fail not from thee for ever, and thy temple here on earth. O grant that these our last wishes here deposited in earth, may hereafter come to light, and bring us who suffered this day, to the knowledge of future faithful Brethren and Champions of thy Cross, Amen, Amen, Amen.”

Here follows an historical account of the order, their rise, progress, and sufferings, signed by Hugo de Paginis and Geoffrey de St. Auderner, Grand Masters, and one hundred and fifty-seven Knights.

As most of the historical particulars of this ancient Order have been largely treated of by several authors, I shall here only set down, in as brief a manner as possible, the mere heads of what this manuscript contains, and some annexed to it by Jacob Ulric St. Clair, to whom it was first delivered.

This order was originally founded by Pope Gellesius the First, anno. 1119. It is evident from certain ceremonies, forming a part of the rules of Knight Templars, that this Gellesius was a Freemason, who, in conjunction with Saint Bernard, formed those rights and ceremonies which constitute this order of Knighthood. There were originally but nine companions, and those of the first men then existing in Christendom. During the Crusades, their number was considerably enlarged as well as their business. The title originally given to this Order remains a secret to this day to all but those initiated. That which they commonly bear, viz. Templars, was given them by Baldwin the Fourth, when he subdued the Saracens, who appointed them a portion, and a house where the Temple of Jerusalem stood. There were a number of poor Knights whose office it was to

conduct pilgrims at that time safe through the Holy Land. The Council of Trent, 1127, fully confirmed all the vast privileges, honours, donations, and lands allotted by the several and Crowned Heads to this Order. In the year, 1186, Saladin, having taken Jerusalem, the Knights were dispersed over all Europe, where they founded large seminaries, famous for learning, wealth, valour, power, and an invincible love and adherence to each other; the Grand Master fixed his abode in the island of Cyprus; among the numerous houses founded at that time, that which is now called the Temple of London, and where this manuscript was found, was one of the noblest and most magnificent; Ireland, at that period the seat of piety and learning, was not destitute of this noble Order; near Dublin, where the Royal Hospital of Kilmahnam now stands, was a most superb edifice of the Knights Templars, which they inhabited until the reign of King Henry VIII.

It is evident from various circumstances of history, the great power and privileges this Order possessed. In signing Magna Charta, that great pillar of English liberty, in the reign of King John, A.D. 1215, we find the name of the Grand Master of the Templars in London, BROTHER AMYERIC, G. M. and T.C.M. immediately after the Archbishops; and Pandulph, the Pope's Nuncio before any of the Temporal Lords, though ever so high and potent. During the civil broils and disturbances of those days, all money, plate, and valuables, of London and Westminster, were deposited with the Templars, as they considered the valour and probity of those Knights their greatest safeguard and surety in those troublesome times. About the year 1309, Philip the Fair, of France, and Pope Clement the Fifth, plotted the destruction of the Order, fearing them too powerful, and finding them contrary to their political views. Three years after, A.D., 1312, they succeeded so far as to condemn and abolish the Order in a general Council held in Vienna, in Dauphiny. Philip treacherously seized on the Grand Master, who had been seduced from Cyprus to France, and accused him and the Order of the most unheard-of ridiculous crimes, such as worshipping an ass's head, trampling on the Crucifix, and denying Christ. The Grand Master and fifty-seven principal Knights were burnt on this extraordinary charge, because they would not reveal their most hidden and sacred secrets; nor did the fury of Philip and Clement rest here—they threatened both spiritual and temporal destruction to all who harboured

the Order; and prevailed on Edward II. of England, to put to death, and banish them from his dominions. It was on this occasion this manuscript was buried.—Edward's persecution was not so severe as Philip's, who suffered some of the Order to remain in his dominions, but under another name, as Knights of St. John. They held some lands and revenues till the suppression of Monasteries by Henry VIII. after which they were incorporated with the Knights of Malta, the only remaining branch of this famous Order, (except honorary Members,) who were formed in several parts of Europe, about the year 1540, and who still enjoy the secrets of the Order with all its mystic rites, though not its former power and grandeur.

Varities.

A CHARACTER.—One of the most remarkable in Havannah, was Nic, the keeper of a boarding house, frequented principally by English and American captains and supercargoes. He was a Yorkshireman of low extraction, vulgar in his appearance and language, shrewd and mercenary in character. * * * Nic was an undertaker as well as a tavern-keeper, and had a loft, or larder, as he called it, of ready-made coffins of all sizes, with which he could accommodate his guests at the shortest notice; and he had also a private burial-ground. 'Take care of Nic's stick,' became a current saying in Havannah, for when a stranger arrived Nic would talk to him, and all the while he measured him with a short stick, in case a coffin was required. An acquaintance told me that he lived for some time at Nic's house, and there got acquainted with a very pleasant young man, an English supercargo, who was full of health and spirits, and fondly anticipated the successful result of a mercantile speculation. One day my acquaintance missed him, and he asked Nic what had become of him. "He is in the next room," said Nic, coolly; "we'll go and see him after dinner." When the coffee had been discussed, and the cigar lighted, Nic asked the company to follow him: they did so, and found the supercargo a yellow corpse in his bedroom, and laid out for interment; he had just succumbed to the demon of the west. My acquaintance was shocked beyond measure at such a sudden and awful event, for he really had a regard for the young man. Nic made a joke of the matter, and, rubbing his hands, jeeringly said, "Well, who's for a rubber at whist?"

KILLING WIVES.—Bishop Thomas was a man of humour and drollery. At a visitation he gave his Clergy an account of his being married four times; "and," says he, cheerfully, "should my present wife die, I will take another; and it is my opinion I shall survive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of getting quit of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a very good husband; and so I am, for I never contradict them. But don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health, *et optima medicamenta*, to all women. But give them their own way, and they will languish and pine and become gross and lethargic for want of this exercise."

USEFUL HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

—It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamour of the multitude, but most distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much the loudest of the two; but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance to which the other cannot reach. Doctor Young, on the authority of Derham, states that at Gibraltar the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact, that the human voice may be heard to a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in an open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and, by that means, it reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of musical sound in the human voice," says the author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same service had been read, the sound would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to

have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourses in the House of Commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chat-ham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard; "his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing that great orator; "when he raised his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he desired to cheer and animate; and then he had spirit stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole house sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

PAGANINI.—It is asserted, (but the story is somewhat dubious) that he achieved the great consummation of his art in the silence and solitude of a dungeon, in which he endured many years of solitary confinement; his cruel persecutors, in order to deprive him of the solace the violin imparted, would not even allow cat-gut strings to be carried into his miserable cell, to replace those he broke; and thus he was reduced to practice on one string only.

AN ADVENTURE.—Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a stage coach. He was a young man just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of a long life, and the art of making old age comfortable; he addressed the one who was apparently the eldest, who told him he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who astonished him, by saying he had always eaten roast beef and gone to bed *regularly* fuddled, for seventy years, adding, that all depends on *regularity*. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political or religious controversies: and the fifth by getting to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was

less grey, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. 'How,' exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life?"—"It is no great mystery," said the old man, "I have drank water and drank wine—I have eaten meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I ALWAYS found my health good."

A YOUNG Irish man, (placed by his friends as a student in the veterinary college), being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, if a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise? After considering for a moment. "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell it as soon as possible."

FIDDLER'S PUN.—Paganini declared it was a *brilliant* thought of his Majesty to present him with a *diamond* ring.

GAMBLING.—There is daily seen in the streets of the metropolis an individual, hatless, shoeless, and friendless, in the utmost state of destitution, who was formerly a gallant and meritorious officer, but who, unfortunately, in the height of his prosperity, was induced by an acquaintance to enter one of the notorious gambling-houses at the west end of the town, where he lost all the money then in his possession, and by endeavouring to recover which he frequented the den of iniquity night after night, until he lost about 5,000*l.*, the whole of his property. He soon after experienced the greatest privations, and often when he rose in the morning knew not where he could lay his head at night.

ECCENTRICITIES OF LORD ERSKINE.—One morning I had occasion to see Lord Erskine, and went to his house. As I was standing at the door, after knocking, and before it was answered, a woman came to it also, with a tea-cup under the corner of her shawl, which the wind blew aside, and I saw and smelted that it contained about half a gill of rum; but before I could speak on the subject to her, his lordship himself opened the door, dressed in a pair of shabby pantaloons, besmeared with whiting, and wearing only a dressing-gown, without a waistcoat. Another time when my old friend Æneas Morrison was seeing the prerogation (his lordship was then Chancellor), observing Morrison below the bar, he

sent one of the messengers with his card to him, on which was delineated with a pencil the picture of a turtle, and written under it, "Ready at half-past six to-morrow—come." There's a Lord Chancellor of Britain for you on the Woolsack in all his dignity.—*Fraser's Mag.*

MEDICAL men in Russia are generally dirty in their own persons, and, of course seldom recommend cleanliness to their patients. It is a common saying in Russia, "that a physician wears his shirt 12 days."

THE LATE LORD MANSFIELD.—Doctor Turton attended Lord Mansfield in the latter part of his life. The physician was diverted from his attention to his patient's health by Lord Mansfield's turning the subject, and saying humorously, instead of dwelling on an old man's pulse, let me ask you, doctor, what you think of the wonderful French Revolution? The modest reply was, it is more material to know what your lordship thinks of it. Lord Mansfield, without the least interval of suspension, began—"My dear Turton, how can any two reasonable men think differently upon the subject? A nation, which for more than twelve centuries has made a conspicuous figure in the annals of Europe, a nation where the polite arts first flourished in the northern hemisphere and found an asylum against the barbarous incursions of the Goths and Vandals; a nation whose philosophers and men of science cherished and improved civilization, and grafted on the feudal system, *the best of all systems*, their laws respecting the descents and various modifications of territorial property—to think that a nation like this, should not in the course of so many centuries have learned something worth preserving, should not have hit upon some little code of laws, or a few principles sufficient to form one!—Idiots! who, instead of retaining what was valuable, sound, and energetic in their constitution, have at once sunk into barbarity, lost sight of first principles, and brought forward a farrago of laws fit for Botany Bay! It is enough to fill one with astonishment and abhorrence. A constitution like this may outlast that of an old man, but nothing less than a miracle can protect and transmit it to posterity."

MODE OF MAKING SOY.—Soy, the famous sauce for all kinds of food, is made from beans. The beans are boiled until all the water is nearly evaporated, and they begin to burn, when they are taken from the fire and placed in large wide-mouthed jars, exposed to the sun and air; water and a certain portion of molasses, or very brown sugar, are added. These

jars are stirred well every day, until the liquor and beans are completely mixed and fermented; the material is then strained, salted, boiled, and skimmed, until clarified; and will, after this last process, become of a very deep brown colour, and keep any length of time.—Many persons have thought that gravy was used in preparing this condiment; but this appears not to be the case, this composition being entirely a vegetable one, of an agreeable flavour, and said to be wholesome. There are two or three qualities of it; to make the best requires much care and attention. Japanese soy is much esteemed in China, on account of the superior manner in which it is made; perhaps they have a particular sort of bean for that purpose. Shopkeepers at Canton who sell soy have large platforms on the roofs of their houses, where the jars for preparing soy are all arranged and exposed to the sun, for the consumption of this article is enormous. Neither rich nor poor can dine, breakfast, or sup, without soy. It is the sauce for all sorts of food, gives a zest to every dish, and may be said to be indispensable at a Chinese repast.

SEA SICKNESS.—Ali Hazin, an eastern writer, in his autobiography, assimilates himself, while labouring under this unpleasant affection, to a *mill horse*—"my head goes round, puzzled to know why it goes round."

DOMESTIC LIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labours with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort to either his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home. How delightful is it to have a wife to cheer, and a friend to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds only an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

A GOOD WITNESS.—O'Connell was praising the humour of the "finest pisantry," and relating many instances of witty witnesses; "Unfortunately," said Stanley, "they sometimes prove too much; I remember one man who, having to swear to a coat, said he remembered it from the time it was a *jacket*."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A story is told of a dissenting clergyman of Edinburgh, in the persecuting reign of Charles II., whom the myrmidons of a savage prelacy were directed to apprehend. They accordingly repaired to his house, but were interrupted by the clergyman's servants, and a scuffle ensued, the noise of which attracted his notice. Listening overhead upon the stairs, he soon learnt the cause of the tumult, and bawling out loudly, "what the d—l is all that noise about?" passed down stairs, and very formally inquired what was the business of the intruders. Upon being told, he immediately told them to walk up by all means, which they did, never suspecting that the object of their search, and of whose piety they had heard so much, would have used the language which he had addressed to them; in the meantime he succeeded in effecting his escape.—A similar instance of presence of mind occurred to a friend of our own, a tradesman of considerable eminence, during the war. Adjoining to his shop was a private passage from the street, communicating by a door with the back part of the shop. One day, while in the shop, he heard a noise on the stairs at the head of the passage, and proceeding thither, perceived a man with his back to the door, having a feather bed upon his head, and apparently unable to go forward, or turn back. Mr. — hastily inquired what was his business there, and received the steady answer that he had been ordered to bring a feather bed to No. —, and carry it up stairs, but that he had stuck in the way. Mr. — assured him that he was mistaken, as no such thing had been ordered to his house. The man made no apology, and requested Mr. — if such were the case, to assist him out with his load. Mr. — did so, and it was not till his daughter went up stairs, that the truth was discovered. The rascal had taken advantage of the door having been accidentally left open, to get up stairs, and Mr. — helped the thief off with his own feather bed.

A CONFORABLE COMPANION.—A remarkably tall man travelling inside of a stage-coach, greatly incommoded the occupant of the opposite seat, by the disposition of his feet: for many stages the sufferer bore his fate with heroic fortitude, and no word of complaint escaped his lips, until the coach once more stopped to change horses, when the tall gentleman, unfastening the door, exclaimed—"Well! I shall just get out and stretch my legs a little."—"Don't, for God's sake, don't!" exclaimed his opposite fellow traveller, "they're by far too long already!"

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—In the Pottery Gazette appeared recently the following very singular announcement:—"James Scott, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster and watchman: teeth drawn occasionally; shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom and organ blower, keeper of the Town-hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter and bill-poster, fire-bucket maker to the Protector Fire Office, street-springer, assistant to a Staffordshire porter, fire lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll-taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of Stoke for the many favours already received, and begs to assure them it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage.—N.B A child's caul for sale."

A CONCERT ACCOMPANIMENT.—"That's a very bad cold you've got, sir," said a testy old fellow, at a concert, who had been much annoyed by the incessant coughing of his neighbour. "I am sorry for it, sir," replied the other, "but it is the best I have."

A ROYAL DOG-FANCIER.—Every year, in the month of July, Baden is thronged with company of high rank, who live on terms of the greatest familiarity with each other and all the visitors. One evening, while walking in the gardens, a gentleman took particular notice of a favourite little dog, my companion. "Monsieur," said he, "that is a beautiful little animal, would you be willing to sell him?" "No, sir, no price could tempt me." "I am sorry for it, sir; he would match admirably with some of mine." He whistled, and in a moment was surrounded with six little dogs, which gambolled around him. "You see, sir," resumed my interlocutor, "that I am a dog fancier. This is a pretty group, and I should like to augment it by adding yours to the number." "I repeat once more, that I cannot part with him." "Well, I will say no more about it. From your accent, sir, I perceive you are an Englishman. May I enquire your place of residence?" "Strasburg, sir." "Ah! Strasburg; I know Strasburg very well; I lived there myself for some time; I found it a very pleasant place. I amused myself, contracted debts, and lived very foolishly. However, I hope to repair all my extravagancies. Sir, I have the honour of wishing you a good evening." The individual with whom I maintained this colloquy was no other than his Majesty the King of Bavaria.

The *Olto* ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No XVII.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, June 8, 1838.



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Illustrated Article.

MARY'S LOVE.

MARY was thy simple name; but save in name and form thou wert unlike all other women. The physical organisation whence arose thy most uncommon sentiments and acts, I can as little unravel, as the combination of remote causes which gave thee thy common name of Mary. Enough for me that this was thy simple name, and that of thy strange wild acts it is truth that writes the record.

I first saw Mary some five or six years ago, just when having been first cast off by Caroline, my heart was wholly free. It was at a splendid ball. I had scarcely entered the crowded rooms, when mine hostess, with the customary salutation of "How do? dance this quadrille?"—seized my wrist and pulled me through the brilliant mob to where some half dozen ladies sat together, looking like a rich flower-bed. I scarcely dared hope that the grand and stately lily which eclipsed them all was my destined partner, but resolved that I would be introduced to her as early as possible. She was exquisitely fair,

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dressed wholly in white, and wore but little ornament. But on her black hair, which was dressed without ringlet or curl of any description, quivered a profusion of small delicate white flowers, which alone struck me as being of all adornments the least suited to her features, and the peculiar expression of her face. She was largely, that is, finely formed; her bust and neck rose splendidly from her dress, and were grandly white. With these the eye, instinctively travelling up, found the face in beautiful accordance. I have seen the mouth, and other features, and the lovely junction of the neck and cheek beneath the ear in the beaux ideals of painting and statuary; but for the eyes—the eyes! A hundred smiles come rushing, but dying in their insufficiency ere I can pen them. Who shall describe expression? They were bright as though formed of condensed light; the whole iris was so black as almost to look like one large pupil. Well, were they but black and bright? No; they were fierce and wild, yet beautiful and feminine. The eyelid, which was horizontal in the middle, hid nearly a quarter of the iris, as in the hawk or eagle;

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long and black were the lashes, and the black brow, also horizontal, was so close to the eye, as to suggest the likeness yet more strongly. What wonder then that her eyes were fierce and wild? But who could look on their exquisite light, and colour, and form, and not call them beautiful! or mark their sweet expression, and the almost constant veiling of their lids, and not call them feminine? That which I might almost call the contraction of her brows, but that all around them was unwrinkled, gave to her smooth fair forehead a nobleness and extra height. The plainly banded hair still spake the Sempronia or the goddess. Last came the profusion of small white trembling flowers, which harmonised with all the rest as would a modern French bonnet with the Greek statue of Juno; and, which, to my mind, suggested only the idea that they were there without her knowledge. Where was the circlet of huge gems, the coronet of gold, the gigantic plume, or grander than all, the unartificial beauty of her hair? These would have suited her form, her bearing, her expression; but the profusion of little temulous white flowerkins—some

one has 'just softly stuck them there as an excellent joke, and she has not yet discovered it.

I have said, I had hoped that it was to her I should be introduced—I was! In a moment she had uprisen, tall even as myself; who am no dwarf; her arm was in mine, but I was gently pushing people right and left out of the way to make her a passage to the dancing-room. I felt that a mighty treasure was in my keeping—a mass of precious silver, one large diamond; which thought made me feel so utterly earthly, and worthless, that my arm almost trembled under her long white glove. I literally dared not turn full towards her. With what new words was I to address a new style of being—on what theme sufficiently elevated engage one of the genii in converse! My feeling was that of being immensely patronised; to imagine myself a regarded animal was not to lower myself sufficiently in proportion to her; for animals are fondly caressed, and self-complacently feel such proud distinction their due; favour and patronage is to them enjoyment, to me it was all but pain. I felt suddenly ashamed of what I was feeling.

—Come, come; the very circumstance of my so greatly appreciating her proves that she throws not herself away upon me. Have I no manly pride? Look at that man with the spindleshanks opposite, that other with the bald head and champagne-bottle shoulders, or this little short fat full-faced object near me in the spectacles. If she were not mine, she might be partner to one of those, or some other not more worthy than I, one who would not appreciate her one tithe as much. I will speak—I will look—I will “take the good the gods provide me.” Yet ah! now that under pretence of admiring the decorations of the room, I snatch a sidelong glance at her, I cannot but inwardly exclaim—would thou and I had met in more poetical times, or in a more poetical country—some place where people do not crowd opposite each other to move in absurd figures with important looks—some time ere men wore coats-tails! Hark!—she speaks!—I’ll answer!

“Yes. It is rather warm—indeed, it’s been a warm day.”

“Yes, and the rooms being so crowded, make it very warm indeed.”

“Yes.”

‘Twas done—I loved her a quarter less! In this respect, at least, she was a mere common earthly woman, so we even fell to, and talked the common quadrille nonsense, about operas, fashions, plays, music, people and sights. But would she dance? Danced she however beautifully, dancing would as little harmonise with the identity of her beauty, as did the profusion of little white tremblers on her head. I would try not to look. And must I, too, anticross the room, manœuvring according to fixed rules, full in the sight of such a being as she! All this happened, except that I did look at her; and having duly twisted her round in the first balance, loved her another quarter less. The flowers, I thought, began to look remarkably well in character for a dance. I knew so few persons present, which was also her case, and the host and hostess were so busy, the one with cards, and the other with flying about, full of business, but doing nothing whatever, that Mary and I were scarcely separated the whole evening. Whenever either of us danced, which was not very often, it was with the other, and every available interim we filled up with converse. But lo! a general move netherwards! Thought I, as she speaks like an ordinary girl, and dances like an ordinary girl, I shouldn’t wonder if she even eat supper like an ordinary girl. *Nous Verrons.* No. I am wrong. An

ordinary girl generally gets the drumstick or pinion of a chicken with, in due time, a silver fork or spoon to eat it with, and having sufficiently chatted over it, proceeds with a little dab of trifle or other horror of the same class, which having duly contemplated, she concludes with a whole half glass of Madeira, or whatever is nearest, whereof she pretends to take one sip, and then sits deaf to all entreaties to “take something more,” in painfully anxious expectation of the presiding dowager’s nod. But Mary to whom, the tables being crowded, I administered at a side-board, continued to—I must write the words, there are no others—eat and drink, till yet another quarter of my admiration was butchered, and even the remaining one desperately wounded. I that night parted with her, full of the impression that she was not a woman who would either love or be loved with any reality of affection; and but that the true thorough vulgar saying (most vulgar sayings are true) occurred to me, that “there is never a Joan, but there’s a Darby,” I should have doomed Mary to the singular horror of an unwooded life. For me, I never loved her save for the few minutes wherein I loved not her flowers. Yet, is this a love-story? What follows. She loved me—intensely—madly loved me—loved me with a fierce passion worthy of her eagle eyes. God knows what moved and maddened her!—my person? I cannot think it. My converse? Pshaw! With her it was ever desultory. It was an infatuation; but whence born? How kindled?

“Why did she love me? Curious fool be still, is human love the growth of human will?”

If not, blame not her—no, though I record the very madness of her love.

Chance shortly after threw us together, and her parents, good easy sort of people requested me to call. I obeyed; but she would not let me go till I had named another day. I was flattered, and called very often. If her parents were from home it mattered not. If I was bid enter, was it for me to retreat? If Mary scrupled not to walk, to ride, to visit, to lionise with me, her parents never hinting nay, was it for me to shrink. She and her family loaded me with kindnesses, even to pain. I made what return I could, and Mary refused not my presents, though I offered them at first with the frightful fear of a repulse. At last came that young man’s bane, an album! “Did I write?”—“Not worthily.”—“No matter.” I was sent home with an album stuck under my arm like a gizzard. I wrote my best, and Mary was

the theme. She was delighted; but, "Oh that would not do." She had expected half a dozen contributions at least. They were written, and Mary was the theme of each. She was gorged with the compliments they contained for nearly a fortnight, and then more, and then more again were required, till her album might almost have been published with my name as the author of its contents.

But four years I continued my visits, and my presents; and when I occasionally left town for the sea-side, or the continent, letters and more verses even in them were exacted. She was a sufficiently agreeable acquaintance; but what more? The thought of love had never once, in the whole four years, occurred to me. The very circumstance of our extreme familiarity kept that utterly at bay. Our intimacy did duty for love so very well, that love was never sought for, or thought of. I felt somewhat proud and vain at being so regarded by one who was not a relation—but love!—there was positively nothing to excite it. My friends all knew how often we were together; but no one who knew me ever coupled my name with Mary's. Four years of constant visiting, and no talk of love! How could she deem I loved her!—but I cannot think she did. Mary herself had never spoken, nor even looked—"Frederick, I love you." No—maiden modesty forbade it. Had she so looked and spoken when my heart was disengaged, what a revolution might not have been suddenly worked within me! Is not to love the natural consequence of being beloved! Observe that I speak not of admiration, esteem, regard, affection, but of love—fervent love from the soul, not hinted or reported, but spoken from the lips of her who feels it! Resolution, coldness, or policy, by the action of such a charm, were as snow in the furnace. But Mary had never spoken to me on this theme, or written to me on any, except twice or thrice on the veriest trifles, during the whole four years, so that I did not even recognise her writing when opening one among a heap of letters one morning presented to me. I merely glanced at it; but in throwing it aside as too long to read before the rest, the following words caught my eye:—"Your attentions to me have been of a nature"—and just as I had set it down, as some long letter of thanks, such as I am in the frequent habit of receiving from some one or other with a string of acknowledgments, and requesting some new and slight attention, the rest of the sentence caught my eye—"which it is impossible to misunderstand."—What is this! thought I, glancing about

the letter at random, and lighting on the words "your own heart must incessantly reproach you"—"injustice"—"dishonourable." Let me see the beginning! "After a painful struggle"—The end—the end—good God! "Your madly doting Mary." Am I awake? Let me make a violent effort, and slowly and deliberately read and digest it all, sentence by sentence word by word—I did.

"After a painful struggle I feel compelled to the last—the humiliating resource of writing to you. I had resolved the last time I saw you to speak, but could not. I write to charge you with that wanton cruelty wherewith I hold it impossible but that your own heart must incessantly reproach you. Injustice is too mild a word—your conduct is utterly dishonourable. For four years your attentions have been of a nature which it is impossible to misunderstand, and now at last comes blight instead of fruition. This I cannot bear—I must not, Frederick, beloved Frederick! I must not be forsaken at last for another! I will not! for after I shall have committed myself by thus addressing you, I am undone for ever in your eyes and my own. unless—unless—you know the resource—my happiness—my right. Are you not mine, or have you been all along the specious cheater of a confiding woman's heart? Is it the pleasure of your vanity to work out a series of wicked triumphs? Once for all I charge you—I command you to tell me, if so you have willed it, that I am to be given up and discarded for this new person—this Louisa, with whom I have heard, oh, God! your actual, your near approaching *marriage* spoken of! Let me know it—confirm it—tell me—tell me that I may wrench you from my heart. No, no, I cannot—*never! never!* Oh Frederick! how will you answer me! Will you utterly destroy your madly doting Mary?"

My hand holding the letter slowly descended to my knee, and I sat looking at the wall. I could not see the case clearly at all, "specious cheater"—"wicked triumphs," and other odd words in the letter in turn seemed to glide through my brain again and again without leaving any available impressions. A painful sense of the general wildness—no madness—of the letter was palpable within me and soon my heart began to beat violently, and my face to grow distressed. I got up and walked up and down my room. I wanted a counsellor, and a true and succinct laying down in writing of all I had ever said or done in my acquaintance with Mary, that I might see if it really all amounted to the warranty of

such a letter. I next began to feel a most overpowering vexation at the turn things had taken, and even stamped upon the floor. Her misconceptions of my feeling towards her was an enigma that puzzled me to very dizziness. But suddenly there burst a ray which while it illumined me, exhibited Mary in a ridiculous light—yet it was positively the only solution. Those cursed verses had done it all, their flattery was translated into admiration! their inflated sentiment into pure love and true devotion! But was it possible that there could live at the present day a woman who could put credence in the fervour of a rhymester, or suffer herself to be seriously wooed and won by stanzas. Was I Petrarch, or one of Virgil's shepherds, or what other lover who set his pangs to measure and sighed in jingles. Besides most of my effusions "To Mary" were on tinted and embossed paper. If poetry were truth, surely fancy papers are not the field it would choose for its development. A lady once made me her confidant, requesting my opinion as to whether her lover was sincere, and delivering to me at the same time a packet of his letters. I returned them unopened with the confident answer "No, he is not;" for they were variously and fantastically folded. They were on yellow, blue, pink, buff, green lilac, and salmon-coloured paper; in their corners were little Cupids and hearts, and love sentences ready cut and dried, and each was fastened with a medallion wafer. Whenever I have written loving lines or letters to a lady I did not love enough to marry, I have always, to avoid danger, used tinted and embossed paper, holding such course ever as an available and undeniable argument of the absence of all intentions beyond pretty compliment. But I repeat, that verse-making itself is alone sufficient proof of the absence of love. Many are the names might have been added to these records, but that the flame died ere it blazed, and in most instances my having found myself rhyming has been token of its waning, and my intimation that I had only thought myself in love. Lived there a woman who could at once feel love, and not know that to the real greatness of that sublime passion, verse-making is contemptible. Would the sentiments created perhaps by the necessity of modulating, or ending a line with a particular sound, pass as argument in a court of justice? Would a man solicit the hand of his adored, but in the plain unvarnished eloquence of prose, eloquent for its very simplicity? Why we should have the very contracts and certificates in metre next; we should be coupled in couplets. Would I have written or at

any rate have presented love verses to my angelic, my adored Louisa! No, though true love may feel poetry, and is itself poetical, it shrinks from that mechanical process which is its self-immolation, for its beauty and intensity mocks at the poor expression which words can render. With these feelings I shrunk in thought from Mary for her folly, while I pitied her for her infatuation. But I felt more than this; the tone of the letter—the desperation that could prompt her to write—and the firmness that would urge to send it, alarmed and sickened me. What was to be done? I dared not laugh at her, nor pass the matter in silence. Her love for me, so fervently expressed, would have kindled an answering passion in my breast, and I would have been her's for ever, but Louisa and her parents had already accepted me, and our marriage—as Mary called it—"our actual, our near approaching marriage was spoken of." I felt that I must at once decide upon my course and resolutely hold to it. She had never spoken as she now wrote—she was on the verge of assuming a new and frightful character. Yes, too true were my fears that repulse however gently contrived would change her to a fury—I thought of her eyes and brows, and figure—but most of her eyes, and literally trembled for fear. I sat and wrote. I chose a calm, but resolute and unequivocal tone; expatiated on my sense of the honour which her preference would confer on even the most worthy, distinctions for which feeling myself unfitted by my lack of worth, I had never dared to hope, and urged her to forget one who thus proved himself so blind, so dull, so cold. I would not be vain enough to express a hope that she would feel no sorrow or anger at my frank and honest avowal, nor be guilty of that great vanity of deeming it necessary to beg that she would withdraw from me the distinguishing preference I so little merited. "No," I concluded, "when you have read this letter you will feel no love, nor sorrow, nor even anger, but pity for my blindness, and happy contempt for my apathy; and in this conviction I shall dare to present myself before you no more. Farewell. Forget you ever knew me. Frederick." It was not the letter I had intended to write. I had thought to have cleared myself from the charges of "injustice" and "dishonour," but I feared by establishing my innocence, to make her foolish in her own eyes. My strongest argument of all I feared to use—the name of Louisa. A few weeks would tell her all. I had not even intended to bid her farewell for ever, but I felt as I proceeded

with my letter, that it was necessary for her peace and mine, that we should never see each other again. My hand, while it sealed it, shook so violently with actual terror at the thought of her eyes when she should read it, that I made what is called a kiss, with the wax, and the outside not being an envelope, was of course obliged to re-write my whole letter—Having accomplished a seal without a satellite, I resolutely despatched it at once; deposited the other in my desk, as a copy, in case of reference, and myself on a sofa, to think with all my might, whether or not I had adopted my only course. So, I should see Mary no more. But was it not best it should be so?

Strange and important as is the sequel, it will not occupy much time in the narration. My blood all rushed to my heart when the very same evening, a letter was presented to me, with a superscription, the fac-simile of the foregoing one. Its style was so different that I was at once positive, that either it or the other was assumed and unfelt.

"It is enough. The shock is already over, and I look with wonder, but calmness on all that has preceded and caused it. Of course, I cannot cringe, and your delicately conveyed avowal, that you have not all along loved me, has wrought my complete cure. Forgive me that I so committed myself. Burn my last letter and this; forget that they were ever written, and, on your honour, never breathe of them to a third person, or even to me: my parents, who know nothing of what has transpired, cannot afford to lose you as an acquaintance, and I shall expect you to come, as was before arranged, to-morrow night. Bring my letters, I will produce yours, and we will burn them together. Do not fail."

I did not fail, but my heart sadly mis-gave me. I knew not what to anticipate—could imagine no evil that could possibly arise, and yet dreaded the encounter. Once I thought I would not go, but this was cruel, nay, unmeaning, for what should I fear? besides, her parents would be present. I went at eight, the usual hour of my evening visits, and was shown into the parlour, where Mary was sitting alone, at a table covered with a dessert, decanters and glasses, all in disorder. "Sit down," said she. "I never go up stairs when I am alone. My father and mother are at the theatre."—Why did I gasp for breath, and even bless the presence of the servant, who was clearing the table! "Never mind the table, John. Don't let any one in, or come up till I ring."

He left the room, the click of the door-

lock seemed to stab me. Without looking at me Mary inclined her head forward to listen to the servant's retiring steps: why did I grow faint and chilly as they died away? The moment all was silent she started up with a suddenness that convulsed me, and turning full round at me, stood as I had seen her in a dream the night before. Her large form dilated, and her fierce eyes glared! I had always shrunk even from the thought of seeing those eyes lighted up with the expression of strong passion, but now they rolled and blazed in anger upon me. Ere I could speak she had advanced towards me, and I mechanically rose. She stretched out her arms as though to place her hands upon my shoulders, but they fell at her side. With a short gasp she seemed to clear her voice, and then exclaimed, "O, Frederick! you must have known this would kill me. Give me the letters. (I obeyed.) Here are yours, but they must not be destroyed. They will explain when—when—it is impossible for me to live, (she placed them on the mantel-piece), but I cannot bear to die of the agony I am now in. No one hears me now. I love you. I have felt that I was growing mad with my love, and know that I am mad while I am speaking to you and looking at you. I will not live, but my death, my murder in my youth be upon your head! But you will not feel it—you stone—you rock—you will live to triumph and to laugh at me. Oh wretch to do so—but no, no, gracious heaven! no, no! I say he shall not—he shall drink too—he shall—he shall—" and while I looked on in all the calmness of stupor; (for at about the middle of her speech we had stepped beyond the bounds of reasonable and real things and impressions) she snatched up a phial which I had not seen till now, lying on the table near where she had been sitting, and poured its whole contents into a glass, against the rim of which it knocked all the time so violently with her emotion, that I fervently hoped both would break. She seemed not to be aware that the glass was overflowing. I was convinced that, as actual madness could not have arisen so suddenly, she must have prepared herself for her desperate scene by some mighty stimulant, the effects of which would again leave her. Thus alone could I account for the cool resolution which could, ere my arrival, have laid the phial ready on the table. Of the two, I alone knew that I was closeted with a maniac resolved upon the death of herself and me in youth and health, not feeling or knowing of a world or being, not even her own parents, beyond the four walls

of the room she was in. When she had emptied the phial, her fever attaining to a more frightful height, she looked at me with dilating eyes, and screamed in a voice that I hoped would alarm the servants—"Drink, devil! you shall, and revenge me on yourself! take it, devil!" and she thrust the glass towards me with the gesture of a Medea, and with such energy, that about two-thirds of its contents jerked over its side. What hellish liquid it was I know not, but wherever it fell upon her dress, it blackened and burnt it into large holes. She thrust it close to my face, and in the desperate fear that that also would be blackened and burnt into large holes, I answered violence with violence, and dashed the glass out of her hand upon the hearth-rug, from which its contents instantly generated a noxious effluvia. Then fell her under jaw with despair, and fixing her hands like talons in her hair, some of which fell over her face, she said, with stifled gasps instead of words, "I'll have you killed for this!" and turned round to see at which side of the room the bells were, was rushing towards one of them, when I followed, seized her wrists, and urging her backwards into a chair, forced through my scorching throat the sounds which, from agony, I knew were scarcely words, "Mary, Mary! for God's sake! for God's sake! — Mary!" I was obliged to struggle with her as with a wild beast, when, suddenly disengaging her right hand, she grasped up one of the gold dessert-knives from the table, and struck it vehemently against her waist; but, thanks to the thickness of her ribbon-band, and the bluntness of the weapon, it did not inflict even a mark. I seized her right hand, knife and all, with both my own, and tried to repeat my prayers, but could not—I was dumb with horror. She lay back in the chair—her hair wholly undone, and nearly reaching the ground behind her; her eyes fixed and fiery, as those of the fabled basilisk; her mouth open in a manner that frightfully displayed her under teeth alone—she uttered low groans in quick succession, as we struggled still for the knife, which with her right hand she clutched, while with her left she endeavoured to keep me at bay, now clenching it in the bosom of my shirt, now in my hair, or thrusting it flatly against my face. She seemed resolved on death, for she ever and anon managed to jerk the knife down the bare portion of her bosom—that white and beautiful bosom! As my hands descended with every decent of the knife, to a third person it would have seemed that I was endeavour-

ing to stab her, or to force her to stab herself. The horror struck me that this frightful contest would end only in her death, and even with that thought, with a strength above her sex, she rapidly dragged down my arms so far that the end of the knife penetrated her bosom—that white and beautiful bosom! It was the force of the blow, not the sharpness of the instrument that made the wound; it was only a slight one; and but little blood issued from it; enough, however, to rekindle my waning powers into all their force; and, seizing the knife by the blade, I wrenched it with a sudden twist out of her grasp, and flung it into a distant corner of the room. Before I could prevent her, she snatched another, and starting towards me with blazing eyes, extended arms, and her white dress floating around her, she seemed some supernatural thing of prey about to annihilate me. She aimed a desperate blow at my breast with the knife, but I suddenly retreated, and her powers, now wrought beyond their utmost pitch, forsaking her with her failure, she fell forward on her face: the knife still clutched in her hand, and her hair extending on the floor like gigantic rays round her head. Almost immediately, with a movement that seemed her last, she rolled round on her back so that part of her hair extended quite across, and streaked her face; and there lay Mary the beautiful! looking like a fiend upon the floor of hell!

With bended knees, and holding by the tables and chairs as I went, I reached the parlour door, opened it, and staggered along the hall; but as I was closing the street door after me, a thousand thoughts and terrors rushed in, as it were through a suddenly made breach in my confused and almost deadened brain. I gently reclosed the street door and re-entered the parlour; there she still lay. I took the knife from her hand, and hid it, together with the one I had flung to the corner of the room, and two or three others on the table, in one of the side-board drawers. I next raised up Mary in my arms, gently laid her on a sofa, and with quivering fingers tried to readjust her hair. I cursed fate that I had not been bred a barber's apprentice, while I fixed it in two large clumsy bows in front, and then twisting the rest round like a rope, secured it behind with her large comb, which I found under the table. The wound in her bosom had already ceased bleeding. I washed it with my handkerchief and some water from the sideboard, and hid it with a scarf which was lying on the sofa, and which I adjusted in a loose knot round her neck.

I then transferred the letters from the mantelpiece into my pocket, and, ringing the bell, posted myself outside the parlour door to wait the arrival of John. As he appeared I shut the door, forcing out with a violent effort the words, "Good night, Mary; remember me to your parents when they return." As he opened the street door, I said, "Miss Mary does not wish you to go in till she rings again. She is slightly indisposed, and will, I think, endeavour to sleep till Mr. and Mrs. — return."—"Very well, sir."—The street door closed behind me, and I sat on the step and groaned; but could not weep—all was arid and parched within. I felt, however, that I had done wisely. About an hour and a half would elapse before the return of her parents. If sleeping when they returned, she would, I knew, be hurried unquestioned to bed; but if, as was most likely, she soon awoke, our terrible scene would, I hoped, affect her only as a dream—its horror and remembrance would work a reaction within her. Madness would successively yield to wonder, regret, and perfect sanity. Yes, yes, all would yet be well with her by the morrow; and her ingenuity or mine would immediately devise some plea to excuse the total dropping of our acquaintance to her parents.

With these thoughts I so calmed myself as I walked slowly towards my home, which was at a considerable distance from Mary's residence, that my greatest woe was the present burning thirst I endured; my tongue almost clave to my mouth, and my very breathing was painful, so that at last turning into a street where I saw a pump, a thought suddenly struck me. I looked up and down the street, and discovering that there was no living soul in it but myself and a watchman in the dim perspective, I walked up and examined it. There was a large iron ladle hanging to it by a chain. I actually seized and plied the handle—out rushed the water, and I seven times emptied the large iron ladle without a moment's pause, blessing, for the very first time in my life, nature for her invention of water, and art for her's of a street-pump. Neither from, or even of, Mary or her parents, have I since heard of. *Court Mag.*

THE SUNDIAL'S REFLECTION.
CONTAINING SCRAPS FROM STOWE'S CHRONICLES ABRIDGED.
For the Olio.

1093—*A Famine.*

This year was a great famine, and so great a mortality, that the *quicks* were scant able to bury the dead.

1100—*Marvellous Blood.*

In this summer blood sprang out of the earth at Finchamstead in Barkshire.

1128—*Men's Hair.*

At this time men had such a pride in their hair, that they contended with women in length of hair.

1161—*German Publicans.*

There came into England thirteenth Germanes: as well men as women, who called themselves publicans; they denied matrimony, baptism, and the Lord's supper. Being apprehended, the king caused that they should be marked with an hot iron in the forehead, and whipped, and that no man should succour them. Thus being whipped and thrust out in the winter, they died for cold.

William with the Beard.

William with the beard moved the common people to seek the liberty, and not to be subject to the rich and mightie, by which meanes he drew to him many great companie. The king being warned of this tumult, commanded him to cease from those attempts, but the people still followed him. He was taken in Bow church in Cheape, but not without shedding of blood, for hee was forced by fire and smoke to forsake the church. Hee, with nine of his adherents, had sentence of death, and were hanged.

Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

King John granted the Shirifewicke of London and Middlesex to the citizens thereof for 800 pound yearly to be paid, as of ancient time.

1232—*Impostor Enthusiasts.*

A young man was brought before the Archbishop of Canterbury, who suffered himself to be crucified, and to be called Jesus. And an old woman that had bewitched the yong to such madnes, and procured her selfe to be called Mary the mother of Christ. They were both closed up betwene two wals of stone, where they ended their lives in misery.

Wrestling.

The citizens of London, falling out with the baylife of Westminster, and the men of the suberbes, at a game of wrestling, made a great tumult against the abbott of Westminster, for the which theyr captain, Constantine, with others, were hanged; the others that were culpable had their feet and hands cut off.

Rowing in Westminster Hall.

Thames overflowed the banks so that in the great pallace of Westminster, men did row with wherries in the midst of the hall.

Oxford Scholars.

Octobon being lodged in the abbey of Osney, the scholars of Oxford slew his master cooke; and the legate, for feare,

got him into the steeple of the church, where he held him till the king's officers coming from Abbingdon, conveyed him to Wallingford, where he accursed the misdoers. Otho de Kilkenny, a standard bearer to the scholars, was taken, with twelve others, and cast into prison, and long after went from Saint Paul's church in London to the legate's house, barefooted and bare-headed, where they asked him for forgiveness. A scholar of Oxford enterprised to have slaine the king in his chamber at Woodstocke, was taken and plucked in pieces with horses.

1240—*Earthquake.*

The stone gate and bulwarke, which the king caused to bee builded by the Tower of London, was shaken with an earthquake and fell downe; but the king commanded the same to be builded againe. Many strange fishes came ashore, whereof eleven were seabuls, and one of an huge bigness passed through the bridge at London unhurt, till hee came as farre as the king's house at Nortlake, where he was killed.

Overflow of the Thames.

The Thames overflowed the bankes about Lambeth, and drowned howses and fields for the space of five miles; and in the great hall at Westminster men tooke to their horses backs.

1252—*Fate of Shepherds.*

A great drought from Easter to Michaelmas. The shepherds of France and England tooke their journey towards the Holy Land, to the number of 30,000, but their number banished in short time.

Religious Punctilio.

A Jew at Tukesbury fell into a privie upon the Saturday, and would not for reverence of his Sabbath bee plucked out, wherefore Richard of Clare, Earl of Gloucester, kept him there till Munday, at which time he was dead.

1263—*Seven hundred Jews slain.*

There was Jewes slaine at London to the number of 700; the rest were spoiled and their synagoge defaced, because one Jew would have forced a Christian man to have paid more than three pence for the usury of twentie shillings a weeke.

1269—*Severe Frost.*

The river of Thames was so hard frozen from St. Andrewes tide to Candlemas, that men and beastes passed on foote from Lambeth to Westminster, and the merchandise was carried from Sandwich and other havens to London by land.

1275—*Large Ewe.*

A Frenchman brought into Northumberland a Spanish ewe, as bigge as a calfe of two yeares, which ewe being rotten, infected so the country that it was spread over all the realme.

1280—*Crossed Penny.*

Whereas before this time the pennie was wont to have a double crosse with a creast, in such sort that the same might be easily broken in the midst, or in foure quarters, and so to bee made into half-pennies or farthinges, it was now ordained that pence, halfpence, and farthinges, should be made round. And at this time twentie pence waighed an ounce of Troy weight.

1282—*Bakers drawn on hurdles.*

The bakers of London were first drawn uppon herdels by Henry Waleis, maior, and corne was then first sold by weight. This Henry Waleis caused to bee erected the Toune upon Cornehill, to be a prison for night walkers, and other suspicious persons.

1300—*Coiners.*

This realme was troubled with false money, called crockden and pollard, coyned in partes beyond the seas, and uttered for sterling.

Scarcitty.

The dearth increased through abundance of raine that fell in harvest, so that a quarter of wheat or salte was sold for eleven shillings.—There followed this famine a grievous mortality of people, so that the quicke might unneath bury the dead. The beasts and cattell also, by the corrupt grasse whereof they fed, died: horse-flesh was counted great delicates, and the poor stale fatte dogs to eate; some in hid places did eate the flesh of their owne children. The theeves that were in prison did pluck in peeces those that were newly brought amongst them, and greedily devoured them halfe alive.

Oxen and Kines' Heads.

The new worke of the chappell, on the south side of the church of St. Paul in London, being begunne, there were found in the foundation more then an hundred heades of oxen and kine, which thing confirmed greatly the opinion of those who have reported, that of old time it had beene the temple of Jupiter, and that there was the sacrifice of beasts.

Charter House founded.

Gualter Mannie founded the Charter House beside London, near to Smithfield, and was there buried. The pestilence began in England about Lammas, so that very many that were whole in the morning died before noone: in one day there was twentie, fortie, threescore, and many times more dead bodies buried in one pit. About the feast of All Saints it came to London, and increased so much, that from Candlemas until Easter, in the Charter House church-yard, neare unto Smithfield, more than 200 dead corpses (beside the bodies that were buried in

other churchyards) were there every day buried.—(*To be continued.*)

A DAY OF ENJOYMENT.

LATE in the month of September, 188— I was kindly and pressingly invited by my old and worthy friend, A—, to make one of a party that had for many successive years, on the first day of each October, honoured his woods by killing a reasonable quantity of his pheasants. I had never been where they were plentiful, and fancying myself a pretty good shot, I chuckled not a little at the execution my double barrel, (which was, of course, as whose is not I—the best gun in England,) was likely to make among my friend's long tails. I planned the whole day, anticipated every shot, had a panoramic view of my start in the morning, my success in and out of cover, of bagging at least six brace, of lurching upon dry cheese, brown bread, and sour beer, and enjoying these as luxuries at the wood-looker's cottage (my friend did not aspire to a keeper); of sallying forth a second time, and causing the dinner to wait a good half hour for my august presence. When it was time to depart, I saw three brace and a half of the sacrificed birds safely deposited in the gig, all of which I had pre-engaged for particular friends in town. I felt the hearty hand of my jovial host squeezing mine, and heard the noisy "Good night, Jack! good night! we shall see you again at Hockitt's Wood before the season's out." In short, after spending a glorious day, I got safely home. All these things, or something very like them, I read in my mind's eye.

The 29th of September arrived, and with it a note from an old uncle on the borders of Essex, informing me that my cousin Ned was to be one of the party at Hockitt's on the 1st; and as I was going, and my gig might as well carry two as one, he advised that I should immediately drive down to his own farm, which was only eight miles from the scene of my hopes, where I might take a few hours' practice among his own coveys the next day, and lessen the distance I had to travel on the following morning. At any other time, an invitation from my uncle would have been hailed with delight, and the idea of his coveys rising thickly and topping the bright yellow stubble, would have begotten a corresponding flutter in my own breast; but I know not how it was, I could not account for the disappointment; I felt it was a disappointment, at least an interruption, and for a moment I was vexed. I had made up my

mind to one grand day, and did not like the intervention of this new day's amusement; besides which, my gun had just undergone a very scientific cleansing by the maker; Cato and Don were fresh, and would evidently suffer from this previous day's use;—however, the same evening found me comfortably seated in the little back parlour at Crombie Farm. After a good night's rest, I journeyed forth with Ned in the morning. It is needless to recount the various scenes of the day; it is sufficient that we returned home satisfied with our sport, and immediately set to work to prepare for the coming morn. I managed to leave my gun in rather a slovenly condition, for I was rather tired, and felt slightly annoyed, as I sat down to dinner, that my gear was not in the apple-pie order it would have been in had I started direct from town.

After supping too heartily upon dry hard hung-beef, and drinking more than was prudent of my uncle's sour ale (forgive me, uncle, but thy beer is sour!) in conjunction with a very small portion of whiskey punch, I went to bed slightly discomposed. I had a frightful dream. I fancied the morning to have arrived; that I was already on the road to Hockitt's, when my progress was arrested by the appearance of a little, lean, ugly, old woman, who in a croaking voice asked for alms. I felt for my purse; it was gone! I had not even a halfpenny to give. She muttered a low curse as I rode on; and the next moment my distempered imagination placed me at the cover side. I was alone there; the pheasants rose and chattered at me with a friendly laugh. I attempted in vain to shoot them; I fired fifty, nay an hundred times, without effect, and my gun seemed loaded each time by a supernatural agency. I determined on ascertaining the cause by drawing the charge. I did so, and found instead of shot, molten gold, with the purest brimstone I ever beheld in the place of powder. I looked to my flask and belt, and saw Hall's own unrivalled grain, with the same No. 4 patent shot I remembered to have got in readiness the night before. With these articles I re-loaded one barrel. As I was doing this, the screaming and chattering of the birds increased almost to stunning; thousands crossed me in all directions; I fired at random. There was a momentary cessation of noise, and then, with one tremendous shriek, the flight betook themselves to the wood, all save one, which, as it fluttered down and fell about an hundred yards from me, I perceived was a beautiful hen bird, as white as driven snow! I approached

nearer to pick it up, when, instead of the head of a pheasant, I saw the face in miniature of a most lovely female. The bird was smaller than usual, and the head, which was perfectly human, corresponded in size with the body; thus it was a pheasant in all but the head. A momentary thought of the ignorance of the Zoological Society flashed across me, and the wonder this rare bird would excite if presented to them. I was standing with my right hand on the muzzle of my gun, when suddenly I heard a wild hollow laugh, and—

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the ugly old woman; "Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the little white pheasant. I awoke, and "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the boisterous voice of my cousin Ned, immediately under my window. I sprang out of bed and threw up the sash. It was daylight; and there stood Ned, still laughing, and pointing to his gun, which was smoking from a recent discharge. "I thought," said he, "a little powder would do it. I knocked at your door till I was tired, and so hit upon this plan." "But, Ned," I asked, "have you been shooting all night?" "Certainly not." "Then I have," said I; and promising to be with him in a few minutes, I slammed down the window. As I did this, I felt a numbness in my right hand: I seized it with the other, gazed upon it—it was cold, white, and lifeless: but suddenly a pricking sensation revealed the cause. I had evidently been lying with it under my head, or in such a position as to stop the free circulation of the blood. Life gradually returned, and it was the same as before. Not so was I; my spirits had received a shock, and I could not rally them. I was unrefreshed by sleep, and dressed slowly, like a culprit for execution, rather than one in the hey day of youth, who had a bright morning and a brilliant prospect of a day's sport before him. I trod heavily down the stairs; and, as I learnt afterwards, my aunt remarked my leaden step. But for Ned's interference (who wondered at my apathy), I should have taken my uncle's old flint gun, in lieu of my own percussion double barrel, which had caused me so much anxiety the evening before.

We were hospitably received by our friend A—, and after discussing a hasty breakfast, at which Ned was a better performer than I, we started for the woods, which were two miles distant. On turning the sharp angle of a lane, my attention was roused by the figure of an old woman, certainly nothing like the personage in my dream, but my blood curd-

led as her eye met mine. Dropping a curtsey with a supplicating look, she presented her lean withered hand, but said nothing. I thrust my own hastily into my pocket, and desired Ned to stop; he said we were behind time enough already, and he wouldn't stop for all the beggars in Christendom; I implored him; he laughed and drove on; I seized the reins and pulling the horse almost on his haunches, leaped out, and ran back to the spot. She was gone; I called, but received no answer. I peeped over each hedge, she was not to be seen; I pondered a moment, was vexed with myself, and laughed at my own superstitions. I returned slowly to the gig with a puzzled look, which Ned (no dealer in physiognomy at any time) did not attempt to expound. He growled something about "more old women than one," and shortly after we arrived at Hockitt's.

Our party consisted of eight. It was settled that, to beat the covers thoroughly six should go inside with the dogs and beaters, while two remained out. I was an outsider for the day, and consequently got very little shooting. Twelve o'clock arrived, and I had not killed a bird. I was leaning on a gate at the corner of a small cover, when I heard bang! bang! bang! inside—and then the well-known cry of 'Mark!' which proved that the bird, a hen, was still on the wing. She flew at a considerable height over my head, and when she had cleared the trees, I fired; she fell—it was the longest shot I ever saw. My dream still clung to me, and I walked up doubtfully towards her; but she was not a white pheasant, nor a pied pheasant, nor different in the least from a dozen other pheasants I had seen killed in the course of the day. I obtained no other shot.

While on our return to friend A—'s, we had not proceeded far when Ned suddenly pulled up, and whispered me, there was a pheasant just through the gap, not three yards from us. Without making him any answer, I cautiously loaded one barrel, and got through the hedge, but as I sprang into the field the bird rose a hundred yards before me. Of course it was useless to fire, I was back again in an instant; but in the short interval two of our friends had overtaken us, and the lane being narrow, were waiting till we should proceed. The presence of two horses prevented my discharging the gun, while the eagerness of three bipeds to assail friend A—'s eatables, effectually put a stop to my withdrawing the charge; so I popped the hammer down, jumped into the gig, and away we went. At the identical angle

of the lane, where I had seen her in the morning, stood the little old woman. "I am determined I will not be balked this time," said I; and recollecting there was a shilling in the cushion pocket of the gig, I turned quickly to get it, when my right hand coming in contact with the muzzle of the gun, the same instant it exploded, and my hand was blown to atoms.

"God of heaven!" cried I, "what have I done?" but it was the only exclamation I made. In a moment I was calm; in a moment I was resigned; and in one little moment I knew the worst. On being conveyed to a surgeon's, immediate amputation was found necessary, and it was a relief to my friendly operator, that I felt as much aware of the necessity as himself. In a short half hour I had lost my dearest limb; but I have said I was resigned—I will not therefore attempt to excite those feelings in others which I felt it my duty to subdue myself.

From the surgeon's I was taken to my friend A—'s. I remembered the pleasure I had promised myself at this hospitable board, and contrasted it with the sorry figure I made above stairs. Instead of asking the lovely Mary A— to take wine with me, she was administering a cup of thin gruel to me as a patient; instead of the jovial song, the friendly toast, and noisy jollity that I had pictured, all below was silence, sorrow, and sadness—and I the cause! I felt this more than all the rest. At an early hour the guests departed with heavy hearts, and broken was the rest of poor A— and his household that night.

It would be tedious to recount my gradual return to health, though gratifying to express my sense of the kind care and solicitude with which I was tended at Hockitt's Hall. In a week I was enabled to leave my room; in a fortnight declared well enough to journey home; and in a month become reconciled to my new self, thankful that the reality, though stern, exceeded not the warning of my dream.

Mon. Mag.

BYRON'S OPINION OF HIS OWN SANITY.

"You have heard, of course, (said Byron,) that I was considered mad in England; my most intimate friends in general, and Lady Byron in particular, were of this opinion; but it did not operate in my favour in their minds, as they were not, like the natives of eastern nations, disposed to pay honor to my supposed insanity or folly, they considered me a *mejnoun*, but would not treat me as one. And yet, had such been the

case, what ought to excite such pity and forbearance as a mortal malady that reduces us to more than childishness—a prostration of intellect that places us in the dependence of even menial hands! Reason (continued Byron) is so unreasonable, that few can say that they are in possession of it. I have often doubted my own sanity; and, what is more, wished for insanity—any thing—to quell memory, the never-dying worm that feeds on the heart, and only calls up the *past* to make the *present* more insupportable. Memory has for me

'The vulture's ravenous tooth,
The raven's funeral song.'

There is one thing (continued Byron) that increases my discontent, and adds to the rage that I often feel against self. It is the conviction that the events in life that have most pained me—that have turned the milk of my nature into gall—have not depended on the persons who tortured me,—as I admit the causes were inadequate to the effects:—it was my own nature, prompt to receive painful impressions, and to retain them with a painful tenacity, that supplied the arms against my peace. Nay, more, I believe that the wounds inflicted were not, for the most part, premeditated; or, if so, that the extent and profundity of them were not anticipated by the persons who aimed them. There are some natures that have a predisposition to grief, as others have to disease; and such was my case. The causes that have made me wretched would probably not have discomposed, or, at least, more than discomposed, another. We are all differently organized; and that I feel *acutely* is no more my fault (though it is my misfortune) than that another feels not, is his. We did not make ourselves; and if the elements of unhappiness abound more in the nature of one man than another, he is but the more entitled to our pity and forbearance. Mine is a nature (continued Byron) that might have been softened and ameliorated by prosperity, but that has been hardened and soured by adversity. Prosperity and adversity are the fires by which moral chemists try and judge human nature; and how few can pass the ordeal! Prosperity corrupts, and adversity renders ordinary nature callous; but when any portion of excellence exists, neither can injure. The first will expand the heart, and show forth every virtue, as the genial rays of the sun bring forth the fruit and flowers of the earth; and the second will teach sympathy for others, which is best learned in the school of affliction."

New Monthly Mag.

ARTISTS.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, while engaged in the portrait of Lord Thurlow, painted thirty-seven hours without ceasing. He began at seven in the morning, painted all day and all night. "By this time, (said he), I could not distinguish one colour from another: remember, too, that I was standing or walking all the while, for I never paint sitting."

Sir Thomas Lawrence required ten sittings of three hours each to finish a portrait. Jackson dashed off a portrait in six sittings of one hour each, and yet omitted nothing which a finished performance required.

Northcote, for practice, painted one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's female servants. The likeness was so strong, that it was recognised by a large Macaw. The bird had no good will to the servant, and the moment he saw her portrait, spread out his wings, and ran in fury, and bit at the face. Perceiving that he made no impression, he struck at the hand, and then looked back, and, lowering his wings, walked off.

Sir George Beaumont carried his admiration of Claude so far, that it almost amounted to idolatry. The "Narcissus," by that great master, he commonly carried with him, like a household god, when he went to his country seat, and brought it back to its place when winter recalled him to London. Sir George went to Paris in 1790. While he was one day walking with Lord Beverly, the "sovereign people" came forth, seized a victim, and hurried him off to execution. The two Englishmen gazed on the victim with astonishment and horror; but looks were understood as well as words and deeds by the friends of liberty, and Sir George and his companion were in a fair way of being hanged as unceremoniously as the man they pitied, when a citizen fixed a tri-coloured cockade in their hats and aided their escape. Sir George loved liberty, but not such liberty as this: he set a guard on his looks, and took the first opportunity of returning to his native land.

Cunningham's Lives of Painters.

Varieties.

FATAL ERRATUM.—A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve in Genesis, chap. iii. ver. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word *Herr*, and substituted *Na* in their place,

thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy *lord*," (*Herr*), to "and he shall be thy *foot*," (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

AN ORIGINAL PLAY BILL.—The following was printed at Messina during the time the English were in Sicily:—Theatrical Advice—Mr. Anthony Abbate Clarinet Professor of the Munizione Royal Theater in this Capital resign to this respectful public, that Saturday 8 of current June has been destined at his particular profit. The said professor much more declare the senses of his gratitude in that Evening, besides of the usual Play entitled *The heir without Inheritance*, he shall execute after the first act a beautiful symphony by Mr. Fioravanti, a great many with the Clarinet alone, and a Rondeau it has been done in Vienna city, entitled *The Departure of the Lovers* executed by the said Mr. Abbate. He is sure of the generous public intervention, so of the high patronage in such happened occasion, whilst protest himself his true and humble acknowledgement towards them noble Gentlemen and Lady. The Theater shall be enlightened, and will begin just at nine o'clock in the night."

THE MOB, like the ocean, is very seldom agitated, without some cause superior and exterior to itself; but (to continue the simile) both are capable of doing the greatest mischief, after the cause which first set them in motion has ceased to act.

NEW BANKRUPT COURT.—Recently one of the inferior Judges, whose salaries are by the Act to be paid out of the fees, seeing that the whole amount was absorbed by the chief, observed to an associate on the bench, "Upon my word, R., I begin to think that our appointment is all a matter of moonshine."—"I hope it may be so," replied R., "for then we shall soon see the first quarter."

SUPERSTITION.—Not many years ago, some property, where unnatural sounds were reported to be heard during night hours, descended to a branch of the female line (one of the heroes of Waterloo,) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to banish these superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found, except the one occupied by the old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and he ordered his camp-bed to be put into that apartment. It was in the autumn, at night fall, that he repaired to

the gloomy abode, leaving his servant, to his no small comfort, at the village inn; and after having found every thing comfortably provided, turned the large old rusty key upon the antiquated pair, who took leave of him, to lodge at a farmhouse hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind. He slept well for the two first hours; he was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accounted. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which on coming to the ground floor cast a gigantic shadow of himself upon the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened; when presently a hollow moan ran through the long corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sound, he found himself in the great hall of his ancestors, and vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for the appearance of all that was terrible. The night which had been stormy, became suddenly still; the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and he fell asleep on the table. His dream was short, for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan; amazed he started up and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing with a powerful blow his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment the moon shot a ray that fully illumined the hall, and showed that behind the waving folds there lay the curse concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps. When morning came, a welcome crowd greeting, asked if he had met the ghost? "O, yes," replied the knight, "dead as a door-nail behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast; bring the wrenching bar, and we'll haul the disturber out." With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen where the organ was fixed; when lo! in a recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks made for hal-lowed sounds were used as props, to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious cause. It was the northern blast that

found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groaning pipes that alarmed the country round for a country post.

THE STUDY OF NATURE AND OF MAN.—The means of cultivating the mind are numerous, and vary in their nature and importance. By social intercourse and extensive reading much information may be obtained. But it is impossible to be acquainted with human nature without close observation, study, and meditation. Amongst natural things, the observation of mankind is pre-eminently important. Unless we become familiar with the lives of others, we shall be ill-prepared to regulate our own. Unless we notice the vices and follies by which others are influenced, we shall enter upon the indispensable duties with but little probability of success, and obtain but a scanty knowledge of our real character. Unless we observe in others the evils arising from improper indulgences in any preponderating passion or habit, we shall not be sufficiently emulous to obtain that self-control which is essential to the consistent discharge of the most common duties of life. In proportion as we become expert at the analysis of other characters, shall we be sagacious and discriminating in the detection of what is wrong in our own.—Human nature, like a vast machine, is not to be understood by looking on its superfluous, but by dwelling on its minute springs and wheels.

ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN CLOCKS.—It is the same cause (that which produces the deceptive appearance of a progressive motion in the waves of the sea), which makes a revolving cork screw, held in a fixed position, seem to be advancing in that direction in which it would actually advance if the worm were passing through a cork. That point which is nearest to the eye, and which corresponds to the crest of the wave in the former example, continually occupies a different point of the worm, and continually advances towards its extremity.—This property has been prettily applied in ornamental clocks. A piece of glass, twisted so that its surface acquires a ridge in the form of a screw, is inserted in the mouth of some figure designed to represent a fountain. One end of the glass is attached to the axle of a wheel, while the clockwork keeps in a state of constant rotation, and the other end is concealed in a vessel, designed to represent a reservoir or basin. The continual rotation of the twisted glass produces the appearance of a progressive motion, as already explained, and a stream of water continually appears to flow from the fountain into the basin.—*Dr. Lardner on Hydrostatics.*

THEATRICAL PROPERTY, in the 17th Century.—In Shakspeare's time the nightly expences for lights, &c. were but forty-five shillings; and having deducted this charge the residue was divided into shares (forty in number) between the proprietors and the principal actors. In 1666, the profits arising from acting plays masques, &c. at the King's theatre, were divided into twelve shares and three quarters, of which Killigrew, the manager, had two and three quarters, which produced him two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. In Sir William Davenant's company, from the time their new theatre was opened in Portugal-row, the receipts, after deducting the nightly expences, were divided into fifteen shares, of which Davenant had ten, and the remainder was divided among the male members of his troop, according to their rank and merit.

ABYSSINIAN BARRISTERS.—In courts of law, whether held by the governor of a province or by a subordinate magistrate, the plaintiff and the defendant stand up with their dress tied round their middle, leaving the upper part of their body naked, a custom which is observed even in the severest weather. The *tuvverkas*, or lawyers, stand on either side of them pleading in a loud tone of voice their several causes; during which process wagers of mules, cows, sheep and gold, are continually laid by these orators that they will prove such and such charges contained in the libel; and in all cases the forfeit becomes the perquisite of the presiding judge. They also bind themselves in a similar way not to speak until their antagonist has finished his address; but, as often happens, the falsehoods related by the one incense the other to such a degree that, although he holds his mouth with his hand, he forgets himself, and exclaims, "A lie!" He is instantly addressed by the governor's servant, whose office it is to watch for such slips, and is obliged either to give bond for the payment of his bet or submit to personal restraint."

SHE-GOATS.—I believe the best method of rearing children when their mothers cannot nurse them, is by allowing them to suck a domesticated animal. I know a fine healthy young lady, now about seventeen years of age, who was thus reared. A goat is the best animal for this purpose, being easily domesticated, very docile, and disposed to an attachment for its foster child; the animal lies down, and the child soon knows it well, and, when able makes great efforts to creep away to it and suck. Abroad the goat is much used for this purpose; the inhabitants of some villages take in children to nurse; the goats when called, trot away to the

house; and each one goes to its child, who sucks with eagerness, and the children thrive amazingly.

PEARL-FISHERIES.—The pearl fisheries of Ceylon are among the most noted. The most skilful divers come from Collesh on the coast of Malabar, and some of these are alleged to have occasionally remained under the water during the lapse of seven minutes. According to the testimony of Mr. Le Beck, this feat was also performed by a Caffre boy at Carical. The following is the usual mode of diving for pearls:—By means of two cords, a diving stone and a net are connected with the boat. The diver, putting the toes of his right foot on the hair rope of the diving stone, and those of the left on the net; seizes the two cords with one hand, and shutting his nostrils with the other, plunges into the water. On gaining the bottom he hangs the net around his neck, and throws into it as many pearl-shells as he can collect while he is able to remain beneath the surface, which is generally about two minutes. He then resumes his former posture, and, making a signal by pulling the cords, he is instantly hauled up into the boat. On emerging from the sea, he discharges a quantity of water from his mouth and nose. There are generally ten divers to each boat; and while five are respiring, the other five descend with the same stones. Each brings up about one hundred oysters in his net at a time, and if not interrupted by any accident, will make fifty trips in the course of a forenoon. The most frequent and fatal of the catastrophes to which they are subjected arise from sharks, which, by biting the divers in two, prevent his re-ascending to the surface.

LORD CHATHAM.—When this great statesman had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary arrangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the order, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them. He found his lordship in the most excruciating pain, from one of the severest fits of the gout he had ever experienced. "Impossible, my lord," said the secretary. "Don't talk to me of impossibilities," exclaimed his lordship, and raising himself upon his legs, while the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead with excessive pain, "Go, sir," said he, "and tell his lordship, that he has to do with a minister who treads on impossibilities."

A HEARTY COCK.—A curious circum-

stance is related of the 'Colossus', at the battle of Trafalgar, in which she suffered so severely. In the heat of the action one of the hen coops being shot away on the poop, a cock flew on the shoulder of Captain Morris, then severely wounded, and as if his pugnacious spirit had been roused by the furious conflict he witnessed, flapped his wings and crowed lustily, in that situation, to the no small encouragement of the seamen; who, determining not to be outdone by the gallant little bird, swore he was true game, and giving him three cheers, continued the engagement with redoubled alacrity.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.—The minister of a parish in Scotland was called some time ago to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman of a certain village and his helpmate. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly in him to chastise manually his beloved *cara sposa*, the minister concluded—"David, ye know that the wife is the *weaker vessel*, and ye should have pity on her." "Confound her," replied the monose fisherman, if she's the weaker vessel she should carry the less sail."

WOMEN, THE SOURCE OF EVIL.—It is an article of faith with the orthodox in the east, that no evil can take place of which a woman is not the first cause. "Who is she?" a rajah was always in the habit of asking whenever a calamity was related to him, however severe or trivial. His attendants reported to him one morning, that a labourer had fallen from a scaffold when working at his palace, and had broken his neck. "Who is she?" immediately demanded the rajah. "A man, no woman, great prince!" was the reply. "Who is she?" repeated with increased anger, was all the rajah deigned to utter. In vain did the servant assert the manhood of the labourer. "Bring me instant intelligence what woman caused this accident, or woe upon your heads!" exclaimed the prince. In an hour the active attendants returned, and, prostrating themselves, cried out, "O wise and powerful prince!" "Well, who is she?" interrupted he. "As the ill-fated labourer was working on the scaffold he was attracted by the beauty of one of your highness's damsels, and gazing upon her lost his balance and fell to the ground." "You hear, now," said the prince, "no accident can happen without a woman in some way being an instrument."

A GOOD KING.—Ant. J. C. 283.—Towards the close of this year died Ptolemy Soter, King of Egypt in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and two years after his resignation of the empire to his son.

He was the most able and worthy man of all his race, and left behind him such examples of prudence, justice, and clemency, as very few of his successors were industrious to imitate. During the space of near forty years, in which he governed Egypt after the death of Alexander, he raised it to such a height of grandeur and power, as rendered it superior to the other kingdoms. He retained upon the throne the same fondness for simplicity of manners, and the same aversion for ostentatious pomp, as he discovered when he first ascended it.—He was accessible to his subjects even to a degree of familiarity. He frequently ate with them at their own houses; and, when he gave any entertainment himself, he thought it no disgrace to borrow plate from the rich, because he had but very little of his own, and no more than was necessary for his common use. And when some persons represented to him, that the regal dignity seemed to require an air of greater opulence, his answer was, "That the true grandeur of a king consisted in enriching others, not in being rich himself."

GREEN-ROOM MORALITY.—Some accident having happened in the dressing-room of an actress of known intrigue, she ran to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, the mistress of Capt. Topham, who shocked at the intrusion of a woman of worse character than herself, ran to Miss Farren's room, crying, "What would Capt. Topham say, if I were to remain in such company!" No sooner had she entered the room, than Miss Farren flew out of the door, exclaiming, "What would Lord Derby say, if I should be seen in such company!"

IMPERTINENCE PUNISHED.—One morning last sporting season, the son of an Ayrshire baronet entered the traveller's room of a hotel in Glasgow and joined the breakfast party, then at table; but being afraid, that some one would make off with his "shocking bad hat," he kept it stuck on his head while occupied with repast. With the eatables, &c. he found many faults, and after giving the waiter considerable trouble, cried out,— "Waiter, bring in my dogs to breakfast." Before the waiter had time to reply, an elderly gentleman, who had in common with the other gentlemen around him, been much annoyed at our hero's impudence, called out in a loud voice—"Waiter, you bring no dogs here; we can tolerate a puppy, but no dogs." Our poor sprig of nobility was immediately struck dumb, and in a few minutes very quietly slunk out of the room, amidst the jeers and laughter of the party assembled.



See page 275

Illustrated Article.

THE SAUT WIFE: OR, MARIAN THE DEMENTED.*

"She tried to weep, her burning eyes
Refused a tear to shroud,
Then Reason shook upon her throne,
And Sense and Memory fled."

MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

"Wha'll buy saut? Buy a forbit o' saut," was the cry, heard at the peep of day from the water yett. or the gate of Canongate, up to the hill where, frowning in stern magnificence, stood the castle which, for ages scarcely to be traced, had been the mighty bulwark of defence to the ancient town of Edinburgh. The voice which cried this useful commodity was neither loud nor shrill, but it was clear, and had something inviting in its sound; and though many cried louder, and many were heard, poor Marion "was weel kent and weel liked," and Marion's creel was aye so clean, and her salt so white, and so nicely packed and secured from wind and wet, that, low as was her

cry, her creel was the soonest emptied. Marion was encouraged and assisted in her humble avocation. Several families employed her as carrier of light articles from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, where she dwelt; and in doing these "errands" she secured to herself homely comforts, for she was too proud to accept alms while she could work. Marion had known better and happier days; and though she had now only a wee bit biggin with a but and a ben, if her feelings were not those of contentment, they were those of resignation assuming its appearance. She strove to be cheerful, and when any of her customers would make her sit down and rest her, and eat a bit, and speak to her of things gone by, things still living in, and gnawing at her heart, she would close all with "ay, its owre true; mony a gude has departed frae me, but His name be praised the saut hasna lost its savour, and I ha'e my strength."

It might be said that good fortune had forsaken Marion in her cradle, and she verily felt that, "we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." At the period we write of, vaccination was unknown, and inoculation was not patron-

ised by the lower classes ; they considered it as provoking Providence to plague them with divers diseases ; so that, among its numerous obstinately prejudiced victims fell the father and mother of Marion Scott, before she had attained the sixth month of her age. Her father had rented an inconsiderable farm on the lands of Dalkeith, and, with his wife, was leading an honest laborious life, when the dreadful malady, in the same day, made poor Marion an orphan. An old aunt of her mother took compassion on her infant helplessness, and brought her up ; and Marion, or, as she was usually called, Maron, in process of time could knit and spin, and bake and brew, and could turn her hand in the house and out of the house, and never thought labour hard. Above all Maron could read her bible ; nay, had gone a quarter to the writing-school, and her pothooks and hangers did "unco weel ;" and forbye all that, Maron, without either rule or method, had a very useful arithmetic in her own mind, which answered all the purposes of her simple mercantile traffic at the fairs and market. She had numbered eighteen years ; her aunt was grown old and crabbed, and ill to please,

and for all that Maron could do she got neither smiles nor good words. Not far from aunty's habitation there lived a man, rather stricken in years to be sure, but he had a lease of an improving farm and, as the folks said, was "unco weel to do." In this man's eyes Maron found favour. "The bonnie blythe busy bee," as he called her, he began to think would look weel at his ingle side, and keep his house rad up and in order ; and then her cantie cannie ways would make his auld days something like his younger days : and Maron thought it better to be the dawted wife of auld Archie Proudfoot, than the dependent lassie of an auld angry flyting aunty. So in a short time, for there were few preliminaries to retard their humble nuptials, she became the gudewife of Dunwoody Muir farm. The old man never repented a young wife ; Maron never repented taking an old husband ; every thing was left to her guidance, and she managed all with prudence and active industry. Frugal plenty and good humour reigned within the house ; and thriving corn fields and healthy increasing flocks without the house did credit to Maron's economy and management. She had become the mother

of three children, a boy and two girls, when her dear auld Archie Proudfoot, full of days, and his heart more full than ever of love for his gudewife, his bonnie Maron, was gathered to his fathers, leaving his lease and all possessions to her who he said, "deserved it a', and would need it a' to comfort her when her auld man could na longer daunt her." Tears of genuine sorrow and regret bedewed the cold face of her husband, and had Maron had time, and been high and rich, she would have yielded to despondency; but her duties to the dead were to be transferred to the living, and best testified by performing them well to the children of him she had really loved in life, and lamented in death. Maron proved as good a mother as she had been a wife; she rose up early, and late went to rest, and laboured hard, both in the house and out of the house, "to keep her bairns," as she said, decent, and gi'e them schooling; and "though braws wad ill become the like o' them, dirt and duds wad as ill become them." So none went to kirk or market more trimly busked than Maron's bonnie lassies; she loved her children, loved them well; but Archie, her laddie Archie, was the pride of her heart, and the light of her eyes, and she never prayed to God without praising him for having made her Archie's mother. They lived in and for each other; Maron thought no one equal to her Archie, and Archie thought no equal to his mother.

Archie had now completed his twenty-first year, and the lease of Dunwoody Muir farm had nearly expired. What was to be done? The Laird, and he was a Lord, too, and he wanted money; fair Scotland could not content him, and his fine woods and forests, and his well covered hills and castles, were all as nothing; he must visit London; and the consequences were, he began building up houses, and cards and dice soon knocked them down; honest debts were unpaid; debts of honour must be paid, money must be had, and the Scottish factor was commanded to raise large sums how and where he could; forests were to come down, rents to be raised, and leases sold to the highest bidder. Consternation and dismay seized the tenantry; home and happiness seemed departing from them; and poor Archie felt the heaviness of despair, felt the heaviness that would fall on his mother's heart. The weel biggit dykes, the bonnie corn-fields, the healthy flocks, the warm thicket bield, were a' gaun; all were fading in the mind's eye of Archie; all his hopes were falling like the leaves in a November

wind, and Archie's honest soul had not one hope left to cheer his poor mother. The day had been tempestuous, the driving sleet was beating on the casements at Dunwoody Muir farm, and the wailing of an old watchful colie, listening for his master's step, added a saddened sound to the wintry blasts as they blew over the house. The night was now far spent; a slow and heavy foot was heard, and the yett of the farm-yard was opened; it was Archie himself. "His presence be about us, my bairn," cried his mother; "but ye're as wan as the snaw, and as cauld too! what can ail ye? Come here's a bleezing ingle — and, Katty, Isbell, haste ye lassies, take up the haggis, and bring the gigot, and is the strong yill broached? and — but Archie, just tak this wee drap; gude guide us a', my bairn, swallow this; wull na ye speak, Archie?" "Ay, mither," he said, swallowing her cordial with difficulty, "I maun speak, I ken I maun speak; a' the gude things here are gaun frae us, and we maun be gaun ourself frae our ain bonnie bonnie warm cosy build; the lease ye ken is out, the factor wull do nothing, we maun gang; sair, sair is it, but, we maun a' gang; we ha'ena the siller; it wad tak hunders; ay, we maun gang, we maun gang." The mother looked in his pale agitated face, she took his hands within her own; they were cold and shaking; she repeated his words — "gang, maun gang." "Ay, mither, but dinna ye be dowie, ye ha'e me, ye ha'e yer ain Archie; and lang and sair ye ha'e warked for me, and I'll wark for you noo," and he buried his face in his mother's bosom. There was something about his mother that Archie could not understand. "The Lord is a rich provider," she cried, putting him quietly aside, and climbing upon a high stool, "His name be praised, He is a rich provider." She opened a little sort of cupboard in the wall, and extending her hand to a far-in nook, she took out a little brown pig with a hole in it; our more southern neighbours give things similar to it the name of money-box. Maron wiped the dust off, and then smashing it on the hearth it broke in pieces, and she eagerly grasped some bits of paper which fell out. But who can tell the dear, the rich, the high thoughts, that at that moment were in the mother's heart, as she crushed the papers into her son's hand, saying, "the Lord is a rich provider; take thae bits o' paper, an my blessing; the bank 'll no refuse ye gowd for them." The sum was more than enough; it was the savings of care and labour for many years; and the mother felt richer, and

prouder, and happier in giving "*the hunders*" to her darling than she could have done in retaining them. The youth gazed in his mother's face; his heart filled with a high and holy devotion, as, in a voice which reached the throne of the Highest, he cried, "mother when I forsake you God will forsake me,"—"and mine"—he would have added, but his mother, with a beaming brow and shining eye, interrupted him, crying, as if nothing had occurred, "whar are ye, ye tawpies? whar is the haggis and the gigot? I'm sure Archie maun be hungered, for trowth I'm hungered myself." The tawpies had heard all that passed. True "the bits o' paper" could have tochered them both, but they were given to Archie, and he was the hope and delight of them all; and this family of peace and love sat down to the haggis, and the evening closed with God in thanksgiving and praise.

The lease, by the express desire of Maron, had been renewed for twenty-one years in Archie's name, and Maron was as happy when the deeds were signed and sealed and delivered into his hands, as if the title deeds of a principality had been given to herself. Maron had her own pride too, a pride peculiar to herself and to the land that gave her birth. Her maiden name was Scott, and she, and her fathers before her, had been born on the domains of Buccleuch. Genealogy she knew not even by name; heraldry she had never heard of; but nothing could persuade Maron that she was not a far-off bairn of that illustrious house. Yet she neither assumed or presumed on her fancied honor, but simply told her children, "never to discredit gude bluid, for it wad be an awful thing to throw slur or shame on a house as auld as the ark, and higher up than William Wallace, or the Bruce either."

The daughters of Dunwoody Muir farm were now marriageable. The young men of the neighbourhood knew them to be "birds of a good nest;" they saw that they were fair to look upon, that they had been well brought up, and, from the prosperous appearance of every thing about the farm, it was the general opinion they would not go to their husband's trocherless. Two young men had been successful wooers, and Marion had offered no objection; when the expiration of the lease, and the unexpected and exorbitant demands for the renewal, called forth the hidden treasures her frugal carefulness had accumulated; and her affectionate heart was meditating how to do for the lovers of her daughters, without impoverishing Archie, when she was struck speechless by his

telling her that he was betrothed, and had even taken out the lines to marry. Nay, before she could speak, he owned that he was already married to bonnie Maggie Monro! What! without her knowledge, without her leave, without "the blessing:"—it was awful; for in those days, and in that land of early adherence to the moral duties, no good was to be expected without the father's blessing or the mother's prayer to hallow the bridal. To Maron's mind it was indeed awful, it could augur nothing but scath and ill, from such dark unholy work. Archie became terrified, for she shook and grew deadly pale, and never had her much composed nature experienced such excitement before. At length the gushing tears relieved her full heart: his own beloved face was covered with tears; he kissed her, pressed her in his arms, and soothed her with that sweetness of temper which had so endeared him to her, and which will ever be found to mitigate resentment. "Ah, Archie" cried she, when she could speak, "what's this ye tell me, and is it sae indeed; oh! my bairn, it will be a sair weird for your mither to dree. Ay, as ye say, Maggie is bonnie and blythe, and kens a' the kittle words she learnt at the school; but isna she owra fond o' flashy doings, and wears the braws ilka day which should be kept to gang to the kirk in, and do credit to the sabbath; and I kenna Archie, but the folks in her ain arte-end ca' her proud and wilfu', and if sae, when she becomes the gudewife o' bonnie Dunwoody farm, she'll mak ye as bare o' breeks as a highlandman, and she will wear them, and syne a gudeman 'll dangle in the submiss o' a petticoat."

"Dinna fear, dinna fear, mither," interrupted the enamoured youth; "ye are the mither that worked hard and warstled sair for me; ye're in my heart wi Maggie herself, and we'll baith love and serve ye, and we'll a' live thegither, and the cantie lassie will mak us a' cantie and keep us cosy."

Soon after this, Maggie came home a bride. Isbell Proudfoot had been cried in the kirk, and was to marry a thriving miller; but he was worldly minded, and as everything about Dunwoody farm led him to expect something with his wife, great was the disappointment; but he might take her or leave her, there was nothing to spare. Isbell heard this mortifying truth; and, in the bitterness of her disappointment, she exclaimed indignantly, "mither might as weel lia'e tochered us as gien 'the hunders' for braws to busk Maggie Monro." Poor good-humoured Kate, she had her swain also, and he would have been glad of some tocher

with his lassie, and had assured his father such would be the case; and when the truth burst upon him he was obliged to confess to his father the melancholy tidings, who commanded him to think no more of Katty of Dunwoody farm. But love, not gold, was the cement which united their hearts; and the rose on Katty's cheek grew pale, the blind of her laughing eye grew dim, and she whined and pined so that her faithful Sandy told his father if he had not Katty he would go for a soldier, and then at least he should not see her die. The father held out in obduracy, but at length he granted a reluctant consent, on Kate assuring him she had herself gathered up a trifle, which could buy "a wee pickle meal, and mant forbye, and Maggie was na that ill to her—there war waur folks than her when she was let alane." They were betrothed, and a penny wedding was proposed, but Maron would not hear of that: Dunwoody Muir farm, if it could na give a tocher, could weel gi'e a gude dinner to the bairn that was leaving it." So Sandy and his Kate were married, and soon were settled in her father-in-law's warm, comfortable, substantial farm, at some miles distance from Musselburgh. But the day of reckoning came to poor Kate: the father was going to a great cattle fair, which was held at Martinmas, and in a very kindly voice asked her for the promised trifle. "Deed," cried Kate, with the sly queer look she always wore when about to play any of her innocent pliskies, with which she often delighted her Sandy, and not seldom drew a smile from her douce demure father-in-law. "deed, gudeman, and dear daddy o' mine, I hae been sae cantie and cosy sin I was yer ain bairn that I had amaist forgotten this same trifle, but noo its coming, and may yer lassie's wee pockie, like the widow's cruse, never be empty." Sandy grew very fidgetty upon his seat; he wished himself any where but where he was, beside his father, for he felt sure that his daft Kate was at something as daft as herself. "What keeps our gude wife," said the father; "she hasna mislaid the siller, has she?" "Deed I ken na, I ne'er speired," replied his son. But Kate made her appearance; she went up to the old man, and putting one arm round his neck, drew from her bosom the foot of an old stocking; "war the wealth o' the world in this," said Kate, her face flashing like crimson, "it couldna buy siccan a man as my Sandy; and gowd an jewels couldna buy you; war it fou o' them I'd gi'e them a' to please sic a father." She laid the stocking on her father's knee, and, in a voice rather tremulous, while

a tear started in her eye, added, "na, father, a' the warld itsel' would be a trifle, nathing coud buy you an' Sandy." The old man was astonished, he knew not what to think, if he thought at all; but he very leisurely untied the stocking-foot, and emptying it of its contents, beheld three pence and one half penny. "Ye gipsey, ye fause quean, ye deil's buckie that ye are." The old man's "deil's buckie" told poor Kate that her ruse was forgiven, but she hid her face in his neck, and then, between laughing and crying, she kissed his brow, his eyes, his cheeks, his lips, while she said, "I'm yer ain lassie, an I'll sarve ye, and love ye, and wark for ye till I dee." Thus we find Isbell and Kate were provided for and had left Dunwoody Muir farm, and bonnie Maggie Monro had for some time been its gudewife. Truth obliges us to own, that her reception had not been too gracious; for blythe and bonnie as she was, Maron, in the pride of her heart, had anticipated greatness and goodness, and sense, and beauty, and wealth, nay all the attributes of human perfection as they classed themselves in her mind, and all were not thought too much for her Archie. Maggie fancied herself every way Archie's equal, and Maron thought nothing on earth could equal her Archie; but poor Maron's heart soon, soon yielded, soon softened and warmed, and she began to love what Archie loved, and every thing that was braw and bonnie she liked to see about Maggie. But, alas! Maggie could not forget, must we say nor forgive. Nothing Maron did could please, ill tongues and false tongues came between them, prejudice strengthened into hatred and bitterness, and even Archie himself seemed to grow cold towards his mother. He longed for peace; Maron prayed for peace, for that peace so dear to God himself that he calls it blessed, and in that peace invites the children of the earth to his eternal beatitudes. Maron long lamented every ill-natured word she had spoken; it caused uneasy thoughts to Archie; and by prayers and cares, and every kindness her honest heart could think of, she wooed Maggie to be friendly. At length, hopeless and spiritless, and scarcely able to bear the heaviness, the bitterness, of thought herself, she grew burthensome to others. When neighbours would notice the changes at the farm, she would say, "'Deed Maggie's no that ill, she's gude till Archie, and weel minds the bairns, and she works for her braws, and we maun say weel they set her, and scot and lot is aye paid, and wad she but believe that I am leak in heart and

could love her noo, wha wud be sae happy as auld Maron?" But time went on, and sour grew the looks and cold grew the words of Archie to his mother, and in anguish of heart she felt there was a blow impending. Maggie told her plainly, "that, tak it weel or tak it ill, trowth she found it mair than a saying, 'that the gudeman's mither was aye in the gadewife's gate.'" Maron felt herself about to become a deserted outcast, an outcast from that home and heart which she had fondly believed would have sheltered her old age. She shivered in the intense anguish of her feelings; she could not speak but she looked in her Archie's face as if her heart would break. He spoke not, his eyes were cast down: the warm soft sympathies of nature were all striving within him, he loved his Maggie, loved her dearly; he had loved his mother as son never loved mother before; with difficulty he began, "weel, when I am deeing—" "Whisht," said his mother, putting her cold hands on his colder hands, "whisht my bairn, dinna ye be irreverent to yer mither, dinna ye forget to mind the only command that has a promise o' gude upo' the yearth; I am gaun, an' may yer bairns never mak ye ken what I ken noo; fare ye weel, fare ye weel baith, and His blessing be upo' ye an' yer Maggie, an' upo' yer bonnie bairns; and when we a' stand in His presence, in the awfu' day, may He remember what ye ha'e been to me, an' no mark what ye are not to me noo?" Maron left the farm, the long-loved farm of dear Dunwoody Muir. Like poor Lear, she had given all; and now in the winter of her days she had to toil as well as pray for a bit of bread to sustain a weary life. She hired a small hovel, containing a but and a ben, at a place called the Brigend in Musselburgh; one person gave her a little press-bed, another gave her a table and chairs, &c., and when all was done that could be done by others, she began to think what she must do for herself. The salt pans were in the vicinity, so Maron bought herself a creel and a measure, and commenced the humble occupation of crying salt in the streets of Edinburgh. She was lowly and resigned, active and industrious, submissive and obliging; Maron was respected in her station, and had she moved in a higher grade of society she would have been termed high-minded. She was never heard to complain; her spirit was chastened, her pride was gone, and the warring tempers of nature were stilled in her bosom, and none would have known Maron had been other than a creel-wife, except

when neighbours would casually say, they had seen Archie and Maggie Proudfoot in their whiskey at the market, and how brawly they were buskit, and how weel they lookit; and then dear and bitter remembrances of the past would swell her heart, and she would cry, "wae's me wae's me. I canna, canna, do what I will, I canna forget what he was once to me; na, na, I canna forget that till the yearth is my bed, and the green divots my covering."

It was a bright sunny day, when Maron had disposed of her creel of salt and had filled it with the "errands" of her customers, when she left the town and pursued her way home to Musselburgh. She often returned by the sands, being easier to her feet and not much further than by the high coach-road. Maron's heart felt heavier than usual: some one had spoken to her of Archie, and the thought that many saw him, and many heard him, and shenever saw him, never heard him, never heard that voice so sweet to her ear, seemed to lengthen her journey, and wearied, and indulging her melancholy, she loosened the loaded creel from her back, and seated herself upon the sands. The sun's last beams were now setting in the ocean and had shed a softened radiance over the quiet scene. Buried in her own thoughts, she heeded not the passing time: it was now the gloaming, and she was going to resume her burthen, when she beheld two men on horseback galloping towards her. As they drew nearer she discovered one was a tall majestic figure and well dressed, the other apparently was his groom; when opposite to Maron the superior of the two stopped his horse, and for a moment gazed with earnestness in her face, and then rode on, but he soon returned alone, and dismounted. Maron felt uneasy, without knowing why she did feel so uneasy. The sea had far receded from its boundaries on the sands on one side; whins, and fern, and thistles covered the wide waste, far extending on the other towards the high Edinburgh road; all was solitude and stillness around. Maron's heart beat, and sunk within her—alarm seized her—what was, what could be her alarm? Did the conscious spirit intuitively dart into the recesses of futurity, to see the evils that human strength and intellect, and human precaution, could neither avert nor control nor mitigate? Let philosophers determine, and casuists explain. Maron was no fine lady; nerves, blue devils, *les vapeurs noir*, and all the list of fashionable trepidations were unknown to Maron, yet she felt an alarm never felt before. The gentleman had dismounted: he stood before her and

gazed with more intenseness than ever in her face, which face, though it had never been beautiful, was fair and well-featured, mild in its expression, and with eyes that lighted up the whole countenance with love and loveliness; it was then what this stranger thought it and felt it. He took both her hands and clasped them in his own.—“Eh, Sir,” cried the poor Maron, “what wud ye ha’e! I’m an auld woman, a widow, and a mither, and a grandmither.” His looks—he looked as Maron had never seen man look before, he grasped, he wrung the hands he held. Maron shrieked—struggled—but he was powerful; her strength, her struggles, her senses—all went from her.

When poor Maron’s consciousness returned she was alone, and it was quite dark; she felt very feeble, and the feebleness overcame her, and she grovelled in the sands, and groaned in the utter agony of hopeless, hapless, and helpless, irremediable oppression and injury. She raised herself on the sands, and spreading out her hands felt for her creel. “The thief!” fell indistinctly from her cold parched lips: but whether she suspected that the creel was robbed, or that her mind only dwelt on what had been, she never told, nor was it ever known. She crossed her arms upon her breast, and for a time was lost in the depth of her reflections. To the refinements of the highly cultivated intellect Maron was a stranger; to the subtleties of the reasoner, to the nice distinctions drawn by the casuist between the narrow line of *right* and the broad path of positive wrong,—of them Maron knew nothing; but she did know, and did feel, that there had been *sin*, and discomsolately she raised her hands, and, speaking her own thoughts, she cried, “Ay, sin indeed! but the wae and the wail are baith mine, the Lord help me!”

And the Lord did help her.

She now rose up, and though scarcely equal to the exertion, tried, and did fasten the creel to her back. It was very dark, a heavy rain had fallen, and the wind blew fearfully around her, but weather she little heeded at any time, and now Maron feared nothing. A watery moon was rising and struggling through the black and stormy clouds, but it lighted Maron on her way; and as the hour of midnight sounded on her ear she reached her lonely hovel at the Brigend. She threw the creel down as she entered, and without taking off her wet clothes, or approaching her bed, waked and wept the live-long night upon the clay floor. But the morning

came, and cold and dreary she arose, and bethought her of her gude customers’ “errands” in her creel. She was unpacking it, when, in one corner near the top, she discovered a small leather purse, and within it seven guineas: she dashed it on the ground: bitter recollections swelled her heart to bursting: she almost shrieked—“fiend, fiend! and did ye think that could pay—did ye think to buy the honest woman’s gude name!—But there is a day.” And the innocent and the injured meditate on that day as a day when retribution and remuneration will be dealt to every one, whether it be for good or whether it be for evil.

Maron communicated the secret which gnawed at her heart to no one, but she prayed to him that seeth in secret to forgive what could never, never be forgotten.—It was at length noticed by the more meddling and curious gossips of the Brigend that “Maron looked unco ill, no like hersel, and she didna sing her auld liltis while radding up the hoose as she used to do.” “Deed,” said one, who was always more busy with other people’s affairs than with her own, “deed that’s nae great ferlie when she thinks o’ bonnie Dunwoody Muir farm, and the crying saut fair day and soul day in *Endorrey streets*. But poor Maron grew ill, very ill indeed: she felt the consequences of her misfortune: she was no wife, but every feeling told her that she would soon be a mother; and when she could no longer hide her condition from herself she determined to disclose the agonising secret to the excellent minister of Inverisk kirk.

This excellent man, Dr. C——e, had always noticed her family, and, as maiden, wife, and widow, had approved of Maron’s conduct, and since her departure from Dunwoody farm had bestowed many kindnesses on her, and recommended her little services to others, and often had his judicious counsels and pious exhortations under her many distresses tranquillised her mind, and ameliorated and relieved her necessities. To this worthy man the poor creature now resorted in her strange and sore affliction. But she went not to the manse with her usually light quick step and open brow. The sin was ever before her: she was “weary and heavy laden,” and, with looks abashed, and spirits bowed down and subdued, she fell on her knees before him, and covered her face with her hands. The strange, the uncommon wildness of her demeanor alarmed and astonished the good man, and he would have raised her, saying, “What so disturbs you, Maron?—Have you lost?”—

She drew a deep groan—“I—I ha’e lost

a' that woman should value." She continued kneeling reverently before him, while, with burning cheeks and bursting heart, and nearly sinking beneath the weight of shame and the weight throbbing within her, she poured out the sore afflictions of her soul.

The worthy minister shuddered in the horror of hearing such a crime was possible. The outrage was far beyond what he could have imagined of human atrocity; and as the unhappy woman modestly described all that had happened, he poured the wine and oil of compassion upon the wounds of her spirit: pardon she needed not, for most blameless had been poor Marion.

"In your involuntary, your enforced participation of the guilt, you have no blame; you will find compassion; and the God of justice, who from evil bringeth good, will sanctify the trial to your soul."

He detained her some hours that she might acquire some composure, and she left his hallowed presence comforted, composed, and resigned. Such had been the fair report of her whole blameless life that the truth of her story was little doubted by any; and what confirmed the opinion of her integrity, and raised her in the estimation of the good was, that when she communicated her sorrowful tale to Dr. C——, in the honest pride of a virtuous heart she gave the seven guineas found in her creel to him for the use of the poor. He gently hinted that in her circumstances she might want it; but she answered, "Na, sir, na, wi' reverence for your word, I canna keep it—it's the wages o' sin—I ha'e weight enough to bear without that; Gehazi's sin would be little to mine gin I keepit it."

Maron's principle would not allow her to keep the gold; she shrunk from it as if the cause of her sorrow and her shame: but the purse it had been in, that she kept and preserved with care, and she sewed it up in a piece of parchment, secretly intending to give it to the child she then carried within her, if it lived, and to tell it the story of it's birth before she herself died. Maron needed not the gold she would not keep; the integrity and industry of her whole life was well known; the extraordinary circumstances in which she stood excited a commiseration as generous as it was general, and presents of every kind and necessities of every sort poured in upon her; and Maron, at dear Dunwoody Muir itself, had never known more care and comfort during her confinements than she experienced in giving birth to the babe who had no father to own or bless it when born. Her little house had been repaired and made comfortable; a

good bed and warm blankets had been sent in, and her clay floor was well covered with a thick matting, and Maron gratefully owned "that a' was owre gude for her." Her hour of peril now came on: it proved lingering and severe, but it passed, and Maron was safe, and the mother of a little girl—little indeed she was, for the folks of Fairyland might have taken her for one of their own green-robed gentry. When the poor babe was placed before her she seemed to shudder, and her nearly worn-out spirit shrank within her. "Poor thing o' sin and shame, what are ye! I ken na, I kenna, but wae's me, wae's me, I ken mysel yer mither;" and while she spoke she wildly clasped the ill-welcomed child in arms that shook with anguish, while showers of tears fell from her eyes, and bedewed the little unconscious face of the sleeping babe: "ay, ay, I find in my heart," she continued, "that a mither canna be ill to her bairn, though the father o' the bairn has been ill to her."

Meanwhile the fatherless, nameless, unknown creature grew in strength and beauty: she was small in form and feature, even to a degree of diminutiveness; but she was cast in the very mould of symmetry itself, and fair as the fairest lily of the garden, and so soft was her sweet blue eyes, and so faultlessly lovely was every delicate feature, that painters and sculptors might have taken the innocent being as their model for cherub beauty.

The mind of the poor abused Maron sustained such a conflict of opposing passions, that at times life and reason seemed leaving her: she would at one moment kiss and clasp the infant with a wild rapture, and the next throw it from her as something detestable to her touch. She had abandoned her salt trade; the commiseration of the many who knew her supplied all her wants, and kindly endeavoured to compose her more stormy sorrows, and to mitigate her unmerited calamity: on these occasions she would withdraw from her humane benefactors. Maron was now no longer heard to sing her auld lilt, and though, as she said, she tried to keep her wee hoose clean and rad up, that the gude christians that pitied her should not think her ungrateful, still no human hand, no human comfort, could reach a heart so torn and wronged as hers. While her wee bairnie slept in its cradle she would spin or knit, but she would while doing so speak so strangely, and look with such wildness at the cradle, that the neighbours expressed fears to each other that "Maron in some of her 'demented' moments would do an ill turn to the bairn."

(To be continued.)

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

The red sun brightly glows,
And his splendid beam throws
On England's sweet isle, so lovely and fair;
And its emblem the rose,
As it blushingly glows,
With heavenly fragrance scents the pure air.

The bells blithely ringing,
The birds sweetly singing,
As if thoughts of grief and sorrow they'd spurn;
And nature is flinging
Her sweets, and is bringing
Fresh beauties to welcome the soldier's return.

Now fond hearts beating high,
As the moment draws nigh,
When the wanderer they'll greet, so weary and worn;
And the tear in the eye,
With the sweet happy sigh,
Shall welcome with joy the soldier's return.

Oh, what raptures when prest
To affection's dear breast,
And from its embrace no more to be torn!
And supremely we're blest,
When we find that sweet rest,
To which the soldier with joy doth return.
H.S.

WINE BIBERY.

For the Ollo.

"Mat said the parson loved a sup,
And eke also the clerk;
And then it kept his spirits up
'Mongst spirits in the dark:
Another cup and then—What then?—
Another!"

BE not deceived, thou *drum-drinker*, that payest thy Sunday morning orgies to the Temples of Gin; nor do thou chuckle who art the member of the Temperance Society, and wilt scarcely allow the cordial for the stomach's sake. We are not soliciting votaries for eulogising either of your shrines; but, in the true spirit of our monthly nurses, aunt *Blackwood* and cousin *Fraser*, and assisted by some of our brethren and sisters, who, though *weakly* in constitution, are of our calibre in body and mind, advocates of Bacchus,

Steering between the hottest and the coldest,
And giving crutches to the very oldest.

In our parties (and nothing succeeds with Englishmen without a touch of *party spirit*) we always manage to get a classical chairman as our guide, for *he* is sure to make us drink like Greeks, in imitation of the Scythians, who would get *cosey ad diurnam stellum*—till the rising of the sun, and drive dull care away.

Hippocrates asserts it with gravity, that it does a man good to be inebriated once a month—sufficient authority for our aunt's *Noctes*, our cousin Regina's 'Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters;' and

our more frequently indulged potations, to drink copiously in bumpers:—

'Fecundi calices quem no fecere disertum.'

'Whom hath not an inspiring bumper taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?'

We leave the dangerous practice to our diurnals, of falling beneath the bumper, who are persuaded of the necessity of closing every day with something levelled *below* the brute, and proceed in confirmation of the ancients. Horace, for instance, says, that poets who drink water can never make good poetry; and Athenæus assures us, that Alcæus and Aristophanes wrote poems when they were intoxicated. The worst of Ovid's poetry is that which he sent from Scythia, where never *vine* was planted. What were the subjects of Anacreon, but the *grape* and *roses*?—Every page of Pindar is redolent of wine. It is when warmed with the mellow cask that Horace sweetly chants his *Glycere*; and again—

Quid non ebrietas designat! &c.

Socrates, whom all agree, wrote like one always in his *sober* thoughts, was, according to Lucian, 'very comfortable;' and in conformity with his own freshness of expression, saw all things double. The word *methè*, the son of Bacchus, signifies 'mirth and inebriety.' Flaccus affirms that wine makes us eloquent.—Kotzebue says that 'fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water.' The German's prayer is, 'Give us this day our *daily drink*!'—How would the duties of charity be enforced, unless we were 'half seas over?' 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' is but a parody of

Tipple me only with thy lips,
And cool my thirsty throat.

Hogarth, a close observer of nature, observes, that 'all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in plain or straight lines; but that all the graceful and ornamental movements are made in *curve lines*. Such are the movements of a man when he is full primed, and beheld meandering his way in graceful poise of head, light-heel'd,' and with reposing eyes, such as even the somnambulist might envy. We know that Erigone was deceived by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes; but she is not the only one that has loved the *grape*. But was not Hermagoras banished Ephesus, for too great *sobriety*? Let us rather say:

Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us—
Drink, Old Rose, and burn the bellows.

For Swift, a good authority, says:—

Who by disgrace, or by ill-fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
TEIPI.*

THE POPISH PRIEST.

THE following interesting sketch is from the *Dublin University Magazine*.

"Like a crusader of old, no man fought with a more desperate courage than the Rev. Caleb Rousewell, mounted on a strong but a small horse; he led the left wing of the foot, and exposed his person to imminent hazards, from which, however, he escaped uninjured—in one of the last charges which was made to possess the wood, this enthusiastic impetus had carried him far a-head of his division, to where a deeply interested but self-collected spectator of this bloody tumult, sat Father Dennis, mounted on De Lacy's tall, pie-balled, Hungarian stallion, armed with no other weapon than his long stout staff, his constant companion, and ornamented, as we have mentioned in the early part of our story, with a small silver crucifix. No sooner did this strange object meet the eye of Rousewell than he dashed at him, exclaiming, 'Vile pander of the scarlet whore, sittest thou there with thy symbolic craft, to encourage the blood-shedding of the chosen? Verily, I will smite thee. Yea, with the sword of the Lord will I utterly destroy thee!' But the peaceful habits of a whole life had not quenched the natural instinct of self-preservation—the monotonous career of the monk had not destroyed the courage of man—seeing himself thus attacked, the old man grasped his long staff with both hands at the bottom, and as the fierce fanatic rushed on, he struck the uplifted arm of his assailant with such force as to cause the sword to fly from his hand, but with the blow the staff broke in the middle, and the crucifix flew far on the point. The Roundhead, on the instant, discharged his petronel, and Father Dennis fell to the ground. 'Lo! the Philistine is fallen!' exclaimed Rousewell. 'The Lord hath given him to my hands, and verily I will despoil him of his harlotry.' With

that he dismounted, regained his sword, and rushed towards the prostrate old man, over whom, as to guard his person, the Hungarian horse stood firm and quiet. To the ignorance that is incapable of thought and inquiry, every thing out of the ordinary course of things, and not understood, becomes a miracle; and, if not explained, what we are about to relate, would be considered more astonishing, and startling to credulity, than any of the feats of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg. The furious Republican, as we have said, ran at the fallen priest to despatch him, if not dead, or bear away the '*symbol of his craft*,' as he termed the crucifix, as a triumphant spoil. He perceived motion and life in Father Dennis, and uplifted his sword to inflict the *coup de grace*, when piebald, his eyes sparkling fire, his nostrils distended and glowing, his tail set, and his upper lip curled, seized the ill-fated Rousewell by the uplifted arm, cast him to the ground, and with his forefeet almost instantaneously pressed the life out of his body, and sent his spirit in search of that glory which he had promised to those of his recent congregation who should courageously perish in the fight. Father Dennis had only been stunned; and here we have to recount that which, if not miraculous, might be received as proof of an all-ruling and watchful Providence. The ball from the petronel struck against the Bible which the pious old man carried in a side-pocket of his coat; but its force threw down, and for some time deprived the priest of sense and of motion. Whilst the graven image was cast down, the Bible was his armour of defence, and he proved that the word of God was even here the Word of Life. On recovering his senses, what was his astonishment—nay, horror at seeing the extended and yet convulsed body almost beside him, one foot of the horse still pressed on the breast of his victim. Father Dennis arose, spoke soothingly to his preserver, piebald, who on the instant removed his foot, and allowed the good Samaritan priest to endeavour to administer aid and comfort to the fierce fanatic who would have destroyed him. Mindful of his ministering offices, and not yet wholly a convert from the erroneous doctrine of Transubstantiation, the well-intentioned old man was determined that his enemy should die with a wafer in his mouth, while the firm set teeth and started eye-balls of the fanatic Roundhead seemed at once to resist the idolatrous profanation, and as if a feeling of indignation and horror was not yet extinct, but struggled with death in order to resist the pollutions of Papi-

* The OLIO does not subscribe to all Teipsi's views, which are open to animadversion. Our doctrine is the *happy medium* in every thing which concerns us, and which, if practised, will hold out longest. If liquor be exciting—and who will say it is not?—in proportion to the excitement, it follows, will be the proportion of sadness or apathy. Believing that Teipsi is not serious in his defence, we leave him in the care of our *pages* and P.O., who will render him an account for his swigging propensities, *bibere mandata*, to drink away his errand.

try. In this position, kneeling and praying over his enemy, Colonels Webb and De Lacy, their forces joined in pursuit of the Republicans, returning, found Father Dennis, while the Hungarian steed was quietly grazing hard by."

STANZAS.

(For the Oilio.)

The painful chains that absence bound now riven,
Again thy feet impress their native shore:
Once more we breathe the same pure air from
heaven,
And meet—but not as we have met before.

In other days, like this had been our meeting.
The tears I've wasted ne'er had learned to
flow;

Oh! happiness, thy blissful reign is fleeting,
But long and wearisome the hours of woe.

Say, didst thou not, whilst tearing from thy
bosom

The wroath affection had so dearly twined,
Think, while thy wavering heart refused to loose
them,

Upon the thorns those flowers must leave be-
hind.

The unconscious blush that first on love was
dawning,

Betrays no heart that knew a wish to rove;
'Twas but the happy glow of childhood's morning,
Which thy warm heart soon ripen'd into love.

But, like the same early tree, the blight has
perish'd,

Ere nature's hand its leafless branches covers,
So thou hast killed the hopes I fondly cherish'd,
For now thy heart and hand are both another's.
H.F.S.

Fine Arts.

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS IN WATER CO-
LOURS, OLD BOND-STREET.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

Would that our pages could conduct them all
Before the public, and convert their worth
Into bright ore that tinkles in the ear,
And drives away necessities.

No. 1. *Portrait of Alfred Woolnoth, Esq.* By T. Woolnoth.—A vigorous production.

12. *Study of Shells.* C. Woolnoth.—This conchological theme is well grouped; the shells are suitably contrasted, and the colouring is delicate.

115. *Study of Birds.* Same.—Like its shelled predecessor, very natural; but richer in the hues, and more feathery in the executive.

Mr. A. Clint has No. 33, *Waterfall, near Dolgelly, North Wales*—a clever illustration of that exceedingly romantic part of the principality; and No. 289, *Landscape Composition*—a soft and reposing situation, in which the poet and painter reciprocally feel the beauty of nature's works.

96. *The Poacher's reflections.* J. Phillips.—The poacher has at length arrived

at his reflecting crisis. His years and countenance bear the mark of his having been a common and powerful enemy of every thing in the shape of game; the instruments of destruction are within his reach, and he thinks himself, no doubt, singularly fortunate to escape the county gaol.

350. *The ominous pulse.* Same.—A Daniel Lambert sized personage is evidently near that "bourne from which no traveller returns." His debility and swollen limbs are naturally set off in effect to those who are consulting with time and duty round his hydropical person. This picture, like that of the poacher, is sentimental and instructive.

312. *A bird's nest with flowers.* Miss Bowley.—This is a delicious cluster of rich flowers: the nest is quite satisfactory for repose, and the eggs are laid in their regular order.

317. *The Holy Family.* Miss L. Burbank.—This is a cabinet group, fit to hang in a devotional nook.

320. *Fruit and flowers.* by the same lady, has the advantage of situation, and is very neatly finished.

330. *Fruit from nature.* Mrs. Dennis Dighton.—Might be titled, fruit almost nature.

311. *A lady and her children.* J. P. Davis.—If domestic happiness be not present here, we know not where to look for it.

323. *View of Venice*—and No. 336, *Sketch of Portraits*, are also excellent and graced by the artist's usual skill.

105. *Manor Place, Chelsea, Labourers refreshing.* G. Zobel.—Much to praise, but the height requires a ladder to reach its merits.

174. *Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel.* No 221. *View on the Thames, near Putney, painted on the spot*;—and No. 222. *Edinburgh Castle, from the Grass-market.* T. Maisey.—These are three well drawn and well toned pictures. Those which refer to the northern Athens are views readily recognized;—and the view at Putney is decidedly accurate.

234. *Interior of the National Gallery of Prac. Sci.* G. Scharf.—A correct drawing and suitable illustration.

306. *A mother instructing her children.* By the same.—A more wholesome example than this cannot be conveyed in a water-colour drawing. The duties are maternally offered and the acquiescence is reciprocally conveyed.

315, 316, 322. *Fruit—Flowers—and Flower Piece.* Are in the natural keeping and finished taste exercised by Mr. W. Spry.

331. *Children at the fountain.* J. Fussell.—A very pretty picture.

332. *Kingston on Thames.* J. Harrison.—A universally admired production.

108. *St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.* C. Bentley.—Of six pictures by this gentleman, this is a *chef d'œuvre*.

Our silence of many others, equally meritorious, is not wilful; but the want of room—the will must be, therefore, taken for the deed. OLIO.

THE ROSE.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

Array'd in nature's vernal bloom,
Sweet flower, thy dewy leaves uncloze,
And shed thy fragrant rich perfume,
My lovely rose!

Yet go, enchant my lady's eye,
And on her snowy breast repose,
Like thee, her charms were born to die,
Poor fragile rose!

And there my lady's face thou'lt see,
There thy honied sweets disclose;
Her lovely cheeks can blush like thee,
My blushing rose!

Go, and enbale her balmy breath,
Ere thy frail career shall close,
How sweet to die thy happy death,
Oh, envied rose!

J.C.

NAMES ASSIGNED TO PERSONS FROM THEIR SHADOWS.

For the *Olio*.

So much has been said and written of persons and things without shadow or 'variableness of change,' we give a definition of the kinds of shadows which appertain to natural causes and effects.

The *Ascii* are those who have no shadow at noon-day, the sun being then vertical, which can only happen in the torrid zone:—

When his beams at noon
Calminate from the equator, no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall.

Milton calls the sun's culminating, being in his 'meridian tower;' a metaphor also used by Virgil, who is followed punctually by Spenser in his translation of the passage:—

The fiery sun was mounted now on high
Up to the heavenly towers.

The *Amphiscii* are those who cast their noon shadow sometimes northward and sometimes southward, according as the sun is either to the north or south of them, which is likewise peculiar to the torrid zone.

The *Heteroxii* are those whose noon shadow is always projected one way; but this may be either north or south, according to their situation, which must be either in the northern or southern temperate zone.

The *Persecti* are those whose shadow moves in a circular direction quite round them, which is peculiar to the inhabitants of the frigid zones, where the sun does not set for a considerable period of the year, but moves round the horizon.

These terms are of Grecian origin; the first signifies 'without shadow,' the second 'with shadows both ways,' the third 'with shadows only one way,' and the last 'with shadows round about.'

ALDOMEK.

THE CANADIAN NUN.

"You'll not have my niece, Chillers, though, I promise you that, without the dollars."

"Pray, may I have the girl if I get the dollars?" So spoke a rich Canadian concerning the disposal of his ward, and thus answered a well-built lively native of Charleston.

"Why, as to that, Mr. Chillers," replied the uncle, "I think I may safely say yes," and he smiled very complacently; "but, besides, I have some notion that Louisa will take the veil."

"Take the veil, that is what she never shall," said the American briskly: "I'll go and talk to her."

"Well, well, young man," resumed Mr. Pipon, "but where are the dollars to come from?—why you're not worth a quarter-dollar at this moment."

"Softly, softly," returned the South Carolinian, "don't think so hard of me, I can soon work it out."

"Work it out!" said the Canadian, "why you know that there is scarcely a planter in your country who doesn't borrow upon the faith of the forthcoming crops; why you are smoking cigars, and drinking sangaree all day long under your piazzas, instead of minding your business—work it out, indeed!"

"I wonder when you will have done with your objectings," replied the American, coolly; "for my own part, I shall set off directly to New York, and then take the Calypso on to Charleston."

"The Calypso?"

"Yes—surely you know—not hear of the Calypso!" resumed the American.

"Why you'll be lost in the water-courses, Mr. Chillers," continued the inflexible merchant.

"The water-courses?" exclaimed the youth of Carolina, "didn't I tell you I was going to sea? and besides, they are bridged over."

"Well, good by friend," said the Canadian, stretching out his hand, "I hope that you'll look spry when you come back this way."

"Good by, Mr. Pipon," returned the American. "Listen a moment though; I shall be back with ten thousand dollars — now I'm off for Charleston; if I don't suit myself there, you may hear of me in Georgia. If that won't do, I move along westward, for I detest Florida; and rather than not have your niece, Mr. Pipon, I'll start up the Mississippi in a steam boat, and then I don't much care. The land is noble, and the crops plentiful, old gentleman, and any body may have the territory. So now I shall go and talk to Louisa about the veil."

"And I must go after you," cried the Canadian, hastening as well as he was able in the rear of the nimble and care-despising Yankee.

Nearly three years had passed away after this conversation, when it was currently rumoured in the circles of Quebec that an interesting and lovely young woman was on the point of sacrificing the world, and retiring, her noviciate being completed, to the neighbouring convent. There was an unusual bustle amongst the gossips upon this important occasion, and it was not long before the niece of our Canadian, Mr. Pipon, was singled out by universal assent as the intended victim to Roman superstition. And not only was this approaching solemnity discussed in the ball-room and at the feast, the whole city also rang with expressions of curiosity and commiseration. For it most rarely happens in Canada that a young woman takes the popish vow unless her charms have lost their day, and the tide of fortune has left her without a cheering helpmate. Such things will sometimes happen through resentment or caprice, but they are most unaccustomed sights. No wonder then that the tale should go forth; that the *habitant*, with his cherished spouse and chubby children, should startle at the news; that he should snatch his everlasting pipe from his mouth, draw down his *bonnet rouge*, and lengthen still more his lean and meagre visage. The very cariole drivers, wont to speed their cashes to many joyous marriages, espoused the cause with zeal, and coveted in their hearts to overturn the churl of an uncle, for Mr. Pipon had, naturally enough, incurred the general blame.

And now the fatal morning had arrived when the white veil, the emblem of probation, was to be exchanged for the darker head-dress which shuts out the victim from human smiles and joys for ever. There was no tarrying. The imposing preparations went forward with freezing accuracy. The superior of the convent began the procession, the nuns

succeeded according to their order, next came a lady clad in the white garb of the noviciate. All eyes were fixed upon her, accents of pity burst forth on all sides, and many tears flowed freely for one so young and yet so early doomed to solitude. The crowd would have gladly stayed the group, but this was not the march of a criminal to the place of execution, for whom delay might gain a chance reprieve; the cause was without hope; the cortège moved on. The bishop was in attendance at the chapel, robed in his lordly garments, and prepared to begin the rites. Beneath, on the sacred floor, were newly-gathered flowers and evergreens, strewed by the novices, and in front was the altar where Louisa, according to the law of priestcraft, was to be wedded to her Saviour. These was a dead pause. The bishop drew aside the uncle of the devoted, as if to ascertain more particularly the certainty of her consent. The conference was prolonged, and many were the neighbouring spectators who indulged a distant hope from this delay.

"But are you quite sure, quite satisfied?" the prelate was heard to ask the pointed question at the hands of the wealthy Canadian.

"Much more of late, my lord," said the merchant.

"And her property?" continued the bishop.

"Her little means?"

"Her rather ample means, Mr. Pipon," returned the prelate with a searching smile, "will be——"

"Mine, of course," replied the uncle with a faltering accent. "But what then? the will is free."

The bishop bowed, but again resumed the inquiry, "She has a dear friend, sir, at least, so the report is?"

"She had, my lord," replied the Canadian; "but all worldly affections are now sacrificed to the cause of God."

"There is no doubt, then," observed the bishop; "but these things are not usual with us." And the kind-hearted man bent a scrutinizing eye upon his companion, as he slowly uttered these last words.

"Think of her noviciate, my lord," returned the merchant.

The bishop retired, with dignity, and took his station at the altar. It was evident that no change had taken place. The charge was now delivered to the future nun; and she, in her turn, repeated her profession; but, at this moment, Mr. Pipon was so much staggered, that it was generally thought he had relented at the last moment. The organ, however, struck up, and the dress of the order was

calmly placed upon the table by the prelate, who advanced to take off the sign of the noviciate, and replace it with the black veil. The white cloak, the belt, the beads, the brush steeped in the holy water, lay ready in his hand. The high mass, with the consecrated wafer, the tinkling of the bells, the incense and sacrifice, carried only for the investiture of the destined nun. The bishop slowly withdrew the white covering from the brow of the maiden; and was raising the deeper shroud with sober ceremony, when the uncle uttered a cry, and seized the altar for support.

"'Tis not my niece," he exclaimed, with agitation. He was borne out of the chapel.

"Sister Cicely," said the prelate, turning to the supposed Louisa, with a serious and fearful gaze, "what means this?"

"I personated the poor novice, upon this occasion," said the nun thus appealed to, "out of compassion for her sorrow—I am willing to submit to the penance of holy mother church." She raised her eyes to heaven, and an air of resignation sat on her roseless cheek.

"We shall see to that hereafter," said the bishop—"but where is the novice?"

"She has fled, fled to the woods," said the nun, a slight flush (as it were of triumph,) overspread her features.

There needed no more. The ecclesiastical dignitaries instantly retired; the procession moved hastily, and in disorder towards the convent; the people burst forth in tumultuous acclamations, and blessed the sinning daughter who had risked so much; the city was in motion, though there were some who whispered that the track of the pathless wild would be more fatal than the sealing pageant of the Roman faith. We need hardly say, that the uncle had no sooner heard the news, than he ordered a vigilant and unceasing search. The heart of the merchant, indeed, had smitten him, and he vowed, whilst the multitude without were execrating his name, that if his niece should be again restored to him, herself and her affections should thenceforth be free. Torn by doubt, dismay, and remorse, he sought the secrecy of his chamber, whilst the eager Frenchman, the patient Briton, and eagle-eyed Indian set forth with one common zeal to redeem the truant.

Louisa, shuddering at the near prospect of utter seclusion, had indeed closed with the offer of her friend, the sister Cicely, and when the representative of the pontiff was lifting the holy vestments, she was gathering the spontaneous fruit

which lay beneath her feet, and though pinched by want, was still joying in her liberty. She had fled in the direction of *Les Trois Rivières*, and although a friendly shelter was afforded her on the first night of her travel, the curiosity, with which she was regarded, alarmed, and agitated her. The next was a bright and cheery morning, and Louisa, refreshed by the kindness of her hostess, strayed unconsciously into the lofty forest, which towered behind the house. The spark of freedom still glowed within her breast and she rambled on amidst the dusky shades, thoughtful only of this, that she had escaped the withering grasp of the priesthood. But the most buoyant hours fleet along too swiftly, and the most exalting passion which can glow within the human bosom soon wanes, and yields to sadder destinies. Hunger reminded the wandering maid that it was time to seek again the dwelling-place of man, but though the wild strawberry might decoy the careless foot within the groves, the pine, the oak, the chesnut, entwine there those giant arms which cloud the beams of day, and mock the sight which strives to peer beyond their fastnesses. It grew very dull for poor Louisa. In that dark wilderness no sweet notes of woodland birds sound from above, no cheerful robin sings the parting lay of evening, nor sprightly linnet "pours his throat." Red-breasts, indeed, there are, and thrushes, and wrens, and linnets too, but their music is mournful, and their "cadence sorrow." Night at length came on, and it was vain to hope for deliverance from the mazes of the forest. The brightest morn would have shown no path which the traveller could have trod with hope; no, not the Canopus, whose flashing light steals along the southern sphere. A bed of leaves in a deserted hut was Louisa's portion, and the scattered fruits her sustenance, but even yet her soul, chastened by the austerities of the Carmelites, yielded not to the terrors of her condition. Had she known on this night that the skilful pioneers of the woods, who had been sent in quest of her, had returned in despair, (for her journey had been far and rapid,) her spirit might, indeed, have cherished the bitterness which is without hope. The morning came, and the sun once more mounted on high, and topped the loftiest pines; and then again, as time rolled on, his brilliant orb declined, and the girl yet lived, unharmed indeed by bear or wolf, yet patiently abiding the death her reason told her must soon wind up the scene. But we must turn from the dismal spot.

It chanced about this time that a tribe of

American Indians had set up their wigwams in the outskirts of these gloomy wastes. A large party had assembled towards evening, and fires were blazing in every tent. Here was a group devouring their dried salt-fish, and there one might see numerous squaws, with their children, eating bullock's head soup, a dainty dish they had derived from the dirty shop of some house in the neighbouring city of Quebec. When all had been filled, the calibash sounded, and the dance began by the light of the birch bark. It was the dance of peace; as such, distinguished from the war step, grim forerunner of the whoop, the tomahawk, and the scalp. Slowly burnt the torches, as the musician hummed his tune and shook his calibash, and the crowded dance went on with varied tread and gesture; but not so sparingly did the rich rum flow, the special present of the chief. From his vast kettle he replenished each glass, gave it round to the men in the ring as they sprang nimbly by, and to each pretty squaw who chose to taste nectar. On went the dance without a check, and the wary chief stored the remnant of the liquor in his tent. And now the play had been going on for some hours, and the loud yell of pleasure had gone forth without ceasing, and the swarthy limbs of the Indians began to totter beneath the steeping juices they had swallowed, when a lightsome youth, armed with a rifle, came bounding in amongst the multitude. His frank countenance bespoke his welcome; he leaned his gun against a tree, and before he could speak his wishes, the hospitable chief had grasped his hand.

"Pretty considerable of room," exclaimed the American, (for a sallow visage, tanned by the climate, pepper, and burnt brandy, proclaimed him such.) "I've lost my way coming from Charleston, must be near Quebec, I went by sea, and have come back by land." The chief contrived an interpreter, and assured him of his welcome, and of his near neighbourhood to Quebec.

"I loved a girl at that place some years ago, and here I am to claim her," said the traveller, whom sundry glasses of rum had roused beyond the usual flow of American talk. The chief began to rally his guest upon his wealth.

"Scarce a quarter-dollar in my pocket; that's what I can promise you," said the American. The Indian was curious to know how his intended uncle would receive him at Quebec, and the reader needs hardly be informed that the visiter of the encampment was no other than Chillers.

"That is what I cannot tell," replied the

guest, whose coolness attracted the especial wonder of the chief.

"But what have we here?" cried Chillers; "a woman in white too!"

A girl, apparently worn by fatigue now staggered towards the spot where the Chief and the South Carolinian sat, and instantly sank upon the ground.

"It is not, it cannot be Louisa," exclaimed the youth, gazing on the pale features before him; "It must be." He knelt by the side of the stranger, whilst the cordial efforts of the friendly tribe were united to revive her.

"That voice calls me back to life," she said, at length, as the American was pouring forth his vows that she might yet be spared.

"Then it is the same whom my soul has loved!" and the man of Charleston leaped up with frantic ecstasy.

"But how came she in this place, and in this condition?" He almost instinctively looked towards his rifle as he spoke, and for a moment suspicion of the Indians crossed his mind. But Louisa Pipon gained strength to tell her simple tale, and to explain how the shoutings of the dance had reached her in her desolate home, how her heart throbbed between hope and fear, how she at length went desperately forth, to trust the strangers or to perish.

And what were not the feelings of the Canadian when he saw his niece again, and in safety! What could he have set in array against the pleasures of that moment! He would scarcely hear the self-accusing story of the American how, at first, Chillers had put up with a bad "location" in South Carolina; how he had got a better "pitch" afterwards, and at last determined to go in search of his bride, without the certainty of a hundred dollars. It did not signify to Mr. Pipon; he had learnt a serious lesson; his heart and purse opened lavishly at once; there was enough for all. He gave the young couple his blessing, promised to surrender his niece's fortune, and never repented when his transports had passed away.

The bishop married them, (the same prelate who was to have fulfilled the ceremony of seclusion,) and whatever his ideas of monastic virtue might have been, a satisfaction beyond all guile gleamed on his countenance at these nuptials, which shed honour on the man, because it was true to nature.

Court Mag.

ANCIENT MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Here lies the casket, but the jewel's gone,
Guarded by angels to the Almighty's throne,
To live for ever with the Three in One.

Varieties.

THE PORTFOLIO.—"Many have fallen sacrifices, not only to the love of the world, but to a conformity to it: These are not the same thing though frequently found in the same person. The object of the one is principally the acquisition of wealth; the other respects the manner of spending it. That is, often penurious; this, wishes to cut a figure and to appear like people of fashion. The former is the lust of the eye; the latter is the pride of life. We need not affect singularity in things indifferent; but to engage in a chance of fashionable appearance, is not only an indication of a vain and little mind, but is certainly inconsistent with pressing towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. The desire of making an appearance has ruined many people in their circumstances, more in their characters, and most of all in their souls. We may flatter ourselves that we can pursue these things and be religious at the same time, but it is a mistake. The vanity of mind which they cherish, eats up every thing of a humble, serious, and holy nature; rendering us an easy prey to temptation, when solicited to do as others do in an evil thing."—*Fuller*.

DOE SMITH, alias Henry Smith, Esq. an alderman of London, born at Wandsworth, in Surrey, who died in 1697, gave in his life-time £,000l. to several market towns in Surrey, and vested the whole remainder of his estate, which was very considerable, in trustees for charitable purposes, the most of which is disposed of in Surrey. He was called *Dog Smith*, from an idle groundless story of his having been a beggar, followed by a dog. His story says, he was whipped through one parish in Surrey, and therefore left nothing to that parish. If there needed a confutation of the story, it may be found in this, that there is *not one* parish in the county which does not partake of the bounties of his estate.

R.F.J.

MAIDS' MONEY.—1674, Jan. 27, John How, by will, left 400l. The mayor and magistrates of Guildford to choose two poor servant maids, within the said town, of good report, who have served master or mistresses two years together. Which said servant-maids should throw dice, or cast lots, as the said mayor and magistrates shall think fit; and the maid which throweth most on the said dice at one throw, or to whom the lot falleth, to be paid one year's clear profit of the land to be purchased. With some restrictions as to the choice of the maid, and the number of times each maid may throw, or cast lots.

R.F.J.

URNS, OR CUPS, FOR CRIMINALS.—Plato has accused it as an impiety to say that God gives evil; but it seems borrowed from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture: thus, in the Psalms, "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them."—It was the custom with the Jews to give condemned persons, just before execution, wine mixed with myrrh, to make them less sensible of pain. Thus Prov. xxi. 6. 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.' This custom was so frequent among the Jews, that the cup that was given him before execution, came to denote death itself, as in that passage—'Father, let this cup pass from me.' Some, and Pindar with them, have supposed there were *three urns*—one of good and two of evil. But the Greek word *eteros* shews that there were but *two*, for that word is never used when more than two are intended, as,

'Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood;
The source of evil one, and one of good.'

JOIDA.

ORIGIN OF DOLBADARU CASTLE, N. WALES.—On a rocky eminence, between the two pools, stands Dolbadaru Castle. This is about nine yards in its diameter, and, with a few shattered remains of walls and offices, occupies the entire summit of the steep. Its name of Castell Dolbadaru, the Castle of Padarus Meadow, is supposed to have originated in its having been erected on the verge of a piece of ground called Padura Meadow, to which a holy recluse of that name retired from the world to enjoy religious meditation and solitude.

PROFESSIONAL WEEPERS.—This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the Hebrews to the Greeks, Romans, and Asiatics. They were *weepers* by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes around the dead. 'When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him weepers.' Children were also employed in this office. Those who observe the manner in which funerals are conducted in many parts of the country, will feel the full force of the meaning of the *weepers*, both regarded in the dress, by funeral hymns and anthems:—

"They weep and place him" on the bed of state;
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their weep;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art!" J.

A PIERCING SUBJECT.

"Eats pierced"—by jewellers is a favourite art;
But who can pierce that jewel, woman's heart?—Q.

* The corpse.

The Olto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No XIX.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, June 22, 1832.



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Illustrated Article.

MACHINE DESTROYERS ; OR, THE BURNING OF AVON MILL.

For the Olto.

I well remember the time, for I was young and ardent ; the weather was cold, the nights dark, and the lanes dirty ; the waters on the Avon roared in the blast, and the white foam dashed against the floodgates at the mill. The mill stood a mile from four villages. One of these was as neat and cheerful as any in England till disturbed by the threats of wool-combers, shearmen, and yarn-spinners. The two snug inns, (one at each end of the village of S —), in which hitherto but few brangles appeared, not even excepting the annual wakes and club and venison feast carousals, were at this period (17—) in constant broils. The constabulary force being insufficient to quell them, soldiers were sent for by express, and when they arrived were quartered on the houses of the landlords.

The mill, called 'Avon Mill,' to which I have alluded, and of which I am prepared to speak for the elucidation of my tale, was the spot which drew the excite-

ment of the men, and for the protection of which the soldiers were immediately in the vicinity. The flash was often observed in the dreary roads which led to the mill ; the reports of pistols and carbines alarmed the timid, and the peaceable inhabitants, consisting chiefly of farmers, were glad to house their cattle and leave the protection of the yards to their dogs. The miller, whose shoulders were rounded by labour, and his life verging into the vale of years, could not enjoy this quiet. His family consisted of himself, his daughter Alice, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and his man Jonas, one of the best specimens of a stout-limbed and stout-hearted Englishman. Though the miller, honest, old John Cornforde, as he was called at the market and fair, had saved a trifle from the wreck of a litigious Chancery suit ; yet he received certain intimations from the lord of the manor, as the day had gone by for keeping the mill entirely for grinding corn, that he must content himself with only one pair to work, and submit the remaining uses of the mill for the purpose of manufacturing broad-cloth. Necessity compelled him to resignation : a clothier took possession ; machines were brought, and

skillful men erected them. They worked a few days, and hopes were entertained of their success. As the miller and his *suite*, however, were not disturbed from their humble dwelling attached to the mill, consolation was derived; Alice, moreover, who was of a lively turn, flattered herself in the enjoyment of more society, and calculated on learning a branch of employment by the clothing process, which would keep her father and herself, perhaps, out of the reach of misfortune, should they be driven for a home to the next village. Jones loved her, poor fellow! heart and soul; but Alice was not yet so earnestly persuaded she loved him, even *with her heart*.

As they sat ruminating one evening over the ashen fire, in one of the dark nights in the close of winter, and were twirling their fingers in stooping postures, reading legends of fairy lands and romances in grottos in the bright and flaccid embers which dissolved in slight cracks; the clock and the cricket were conversing; the cat purring at ease, half stretched over the paws of the friendly and drowsy greyhound—suddenly a noise of horses hoofs passed the door, and faces were staring in at the window. Two

dragoons entered. The miller rose, and they addressed him; but scarcely had one of them intimated his business than a bullet was shot through the casement, and rebounded with such impetuous force as to excite momentary consternation. A laugh loud and long, outside, was raised. The dragoon who remained within doors gave "orders" to the other, and he departed. Alice, on whom the dragoon was looking in intense abstraction, moved from the fire-place, and Jonas prepared himself for the worst. At length the young soldier, who was handsome and richly dressed, as he flung his cloak aside, said, "My orders are to protect your mill; for this purpose my men are arriving. Your machinery is in danger."

"All this I am prepared, sir, to expect," replied the miller; "but our enemies are numerous."

"True; but my men are courageous," the dragoon added—"Your daughter, I presume?"

"Not the worse for that, *I* presume," said Jonas, in a menacing attitude, ere the miller could reply in the affirmative, and looking as well as speaking sternly.

"Not in the least," said the dragoon; "but none can be blind to her beauty."

"That I know, sir, also," reiterated Jonas.

"D'ye hear the firing of guns?" observed the miller, directing his thoughts to a weightier subject.

At this moment the moon cleared from a dark cloud; a file of dragoons drove a knot of cloth-working men into the yard, and bursting the mill-door open, a general skirmish ensued; the light of the fire and auxiliary flambeaux discovered the shining blades, the large clubs and grim visages opposed to the horses and their riders. Alice seemed to be sought after by one of the miscreants,—one whose addresses she had discouraged. Here was a contention between him and Jonas, on one hand, while the dragoon officer slid his arm round her waist as she stood before her father to save him, and adroitly drew them indoors from the danger which threatened their lives. They, escaping up through the passage into the mill, discovered that it was on fire. The dragoons although arriving in considerable number, were nearly surrounded by the hundreds of men, women, and children, yelling victoriously, and throwing missiles in all directions. As the flames ascended, water in plenty though there were, the oily materials facilitated the ruin, and the countenances and attitudes of the motley multitudes formed a striking but interesting contrast with the noble horses and their mounted military heroes. Some of the unfortunate creatures were driven into the water; their cries were heard, and their heads and arms were seen outstretched, as they struggled to be saved from drowning.

Jonas and the miller were discovered wringing their hands amid the quenchless flames. Alice was missing, and the bright element drawing the neighbourhood, proceeded fast in conflagration. The young dragoon officer was observed on the top of a ladder, tearing the miller from a scorching rafter, and succeeded in snatching him from death. Jonas had disappeared.

Cornet Hendon, the name of this enterprising young officer, addressed the mob from a part of the mill on their folly; telling them the machinery was entirely destroyed; and having in some degree appeased them by offering a flag of truce, by way of a *ruse de guerre*, induced all hands to extinguish the remaining portion of the mill by the help of buckets and any vessel that conveyed water to the spot. But the most efficient assistance in this effort was rendered by some gypsies, who respected the miller for his licence towards them in the lane adjacent, skirted by a sheltering copse and

aged elms. After some time, the flames grew dimmer and smoke increased. A violent storm fell. The mob dispersed, and few besides the dragoons remained to protect the mill. The skies cleared during the night and the succeeding morning discovered a ruin. Pele mele materials, furniture, sacks, wheels and black stones were discernible on the spot: but the miller's domicile, which had been built with a party wall, was yet but little injured. The miller and his *suffs*, for I still found none of them absent, were sitting at a quiet breakfast. Jonas, who claimed the honour of saving Alice, was still urging the miller to be more cool to the *coronet*, as he denominated Cornet Hendon. "For," said he, in his own peculiar way; "these officers, master, be d——d kind, when they want their purposes answered." Alice glanced at him, but said nothing, the meaning of which, Jonas fully understood:

"We ought to be grateful to any one," said the miller, "in these disturbed districts that assists us."

"Good! master," Jonas rejoined; "but you would not thank the officer for carrying away A——."

"Hold your peace!" said Alice, interrupting him and anticipating the sentence. But the cornet entered with a cheerful smile and good morning salutation, congratulating the miller, that the fire might have been worse. Jonas muttered, left his seat (which the cornet took) and went out to his labour.

"After all," said the cornet, taking breakfast at the solicitation of Alice, who looked "unutterable things" in the freshness of health and loveliness, notwithstanding her loss of rest and anxiety, "the gypsies saved this part of the premises; and to give them the common justice but too often denied them, in this case they have proved their friendship in the hour of trial."

"I will not forget them," said the miller, and rising to leave the room, observed he would return presently.

The door was scarcely shut, than the cornet stole a 'chaste salute' from the lips of Alice. He declared his love for her. He proposed a plan for her immediate elopement. She was silent. He stole a repetition of lip pressure. His arm was round her neck—he pressed her cheek to his. As still as silence suppressed, Jonas, descended from the stairs, which extended into the room, he had been watching his domestic interests by getting in up stairs by a ladder, and rushing forward, grasped the surprised cornet as he rose from the chair, as though he were in a vice. "D—— ye,

sir officer!" said he, "*is this like a soldier?*"

The cornet drew a pistol from his side, and putting it to his jealous adversary's ear, said "strike!" for Jonas held a tremendous stick over the cornet. Alice screamed and ran to the door. Suiting the action to the word, Jonas *did strike!* the pistol and the cornet to the ground, and stood over him like a lion shaking his locks in his active strength. Fortunately, Alice returned with her father—an explanation ensued. This opened the miller's eyes, and Alice, however flattered on the prospective offer, had sufficient sense, for the first time, to appreciate Jonas's passion for her. Finding this, the cornet yielded to his better judgment, and honorably gave up his pretensions, very properly remarking, that Jonas, who held him no other ill-will than protecting a virtuous maiden, had acted the part of a man, and offered a lesson to more distinguished persons. The disturbances abated. The dragoons called into other parts. The mill was repaired. Machinery reconstructed. Prejudice subsided. The miller died. Jonas became foreman. A wedding was realised. Corn grinding very rarely practised. And the mill is yet like an ark dividing the waters, with not half-sufficient work to keep the wheels in harmony.

EURUS.

STANZAS ON AIR.

Friest to the mainer, hail!
Thou waftest his bark
O'er the waters dark;
Oh, bliss'd be thy ringing gale!
Thou lovest to fan the ringlet fair
Of some gleeful Highland maid,
On stern Ben Lomond's fastness, where
Her heedless foot has stray'd.
Thou lovest to float at the evening hour,
With spicy sweetness laden,
The Rose's bloom from Shiraz' bower,
And the Jasmine of Arab's maiden.

Anon thou'rt changed—thy voice is wild;
The seaman bends his brow;
A frown is seen where he lately smiled—
How alter'd is Nature now!
Still on that cliff the maiden stays
The flash of his snowy sail;
Nor heeds she of the sun's past rays,
Nor the swelling of the gale.
Oh! wherefore dost so wildly dash
O'er foaming sea, and land?
Why 'gainst his sail thus harshly crash,
That sail so lately fann'd?
Why press that brow o'en now but kiss'd,
With such rude, chilling hand?
'Tis strange, this change on Nature's form,
Where all, so late, was fair;
What time thou lead'st the whirlwind-storm,
Thou'rt terrible—oh, Air!

The Wreath.

THE BOLD DRAGOON, OR, HEIRESS HUNTER.

SUCH a set of fellows as the —th Dragoons, I never met with in the whole course of my life. Talk of friendliness and hospitality! they would beat old Solomon, who had a table that stretched from one end of Palestine to the other. Their invitations are not given for certain dinners on certain days, but for weeks, and months. "There, now, there's a good fellow, you'll dine with us till Christmas; we've got a new messman, and the claret is fresh from Dublin." I accepted the invitation, and intend paying it off by instalments of a week at a time;—no constitution could stand their hospitality for a longer period without a little repose. I am now resting on my oars, and getting quit of a slight unsteadiness of the hand in the mornings, which made the eating of an egg as difficult an achievement as any of the labours of Hercules. In about a month I shall be equal to another visit, but in the mean time I will just take a little memorandum of what occurred while I remained with them, by way of keeping their memory green in my soul. The first day nothing remarkable occurred during dinner. The colonel was in the chair, and a jollier-looking president it has never been my luck to meet with. Large, soldierly, and somewhat bloated, he formed a famous combination of the Bacchus subduing lions and conquering India, and the same Bacchus leering into a sagon and bestriding a cask. I am bound to confess, that the latter part of this resemblance is suggested to me by the sign-post of this very decent hostel in which I write, where a prodigious man, without any particular superfluity of costume, is represented sitting on a puncheon of vast size, with a face so red, so round, so redolent of mirth, and with such a glance of irresistible whim in his eye—I'll bet a hundred to one the painter of that sign has had the honour of an interview with the gallant Colonel O'Looney. There never was a man more popular in a regiment. On parade or at mess he was equally at home. Not one of those mere boon companions who swallow potatoes pottle-deep, and are fit for nothing else, but a man armed at all points, one who "the division of a battle knows," as well as the flavour of a vintage. He seemed somewhere about fifty years of age, with a considerable affectation of the youth about him. The baldness of his crown was scrupulously concealed by combing the long straggling side locks over it; and his allusions

were extremely frequent to those infernal helmets which turned a man's hair grey in the very prime of boyhood. He had never left the regiment, but gradually climbed his way up from a humble cornetcy to his present lofty rank, without however losing the gaiety which had made him so much liked and courted in the first years of his noviciate. Such was the colonel when I saw him ten days ago presiding at mess. His tones were delicious to listen to. The music of five hundred Irishmen distilled into one glorious brogue, would give but a faint idea of his fine rich Tipperary,—and all so softened by the inimitable good-nature of his expression!—Upon my honour, a story, without his voice to tell it with loses almost all its value. When the bottles began their round, the usual hubbub commenced; but after one or two routine bumpers, my attention was attracted by a conversation at the foot of the table.

"Faith an' yere quite right," said the colonel in answer to some observation, "in what ye say about marriage. There's a stark-staring scarcity of the commodity. Here have we been stationed now in this city of York for six weeks, and divil a young fellow of us all has picked up an heiress yet. Now, mind me, when I was here about thirty years ago, it was a very different story. We had something or other to laugh at every day in the way of the ladies,—either a start off to Gretna Green, or a duel, or a horse-whipping. But now, by the sowl of me, there's no sort of amusement to be had at all."

"Pray, colonel, are there any heiresses in this neighbourhood at present?" drawled forth a young cornet.

"Faith, surely," replied the colonel; "ye ought to be on the lookout for that yourself. I've enough to do to pick up information on my own account."

"I merely wanted to benefit a little by your experience," rejoined the other.

"Experience! is it that ye're wanting? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a secret. That same experience is the very divil in a man's way when he thinks of doing the civil thing to a young lady that has the misfortune to be rich. Young fellows like you are trusted by guardians and mothers, and cattle of that sort, and even by the damsel herself, because they see no danger in a youth with so little experience. I found it so myself when I joined the regiment first. Never was known such a set of fine frank open-hearted creatures as I found all the young darlings at every party I went to. No shyness, no fears, no hurrying away at my approach in case I should ask them

to dance with me; but now that I have had about thirty years of this same practice in the art of courtship, there's no such thing as getting near the sweet creatures even to whisper a word. Every mother's son—daughter I mane—of them, gets away as soon as possible from such a dangerous divil as a young fellow with so many years experience. Mothers and aunts throw themselves into the gap to cover their retreat, and lug me off to the card-table that they may keep their eyes on me all the night. Ach, when we were stationed here in the glorious eighteen hundred, mothers and aunts never troubled their heads about such a sweet little inexperienced lambkin as I was."

"But you were talking of heiresses, colonel," said the cornet, hiding a laugh at the jolly commander's attributing the change which he perceived in the reception he met with from the ladies to any thing rather than its right cause, "you were talking of heiresses, were there many of them in this neighbourhood at that time?"

"Och, plinty; they either were or pretended to be; so the honour of carrying them off was all the same, ye know. Whenever an officer got three day's leave of absence, he was sure to bring back a wife with him; the postillions on the north road grew as rich as nabobs, and their horses as thin as lathes; all that a girl had to do was to say she was an heiress! nobody ever asked her what it was of; whether an estate or a lawsuit—off she was to the ould blacksmith before the week was out, and married as fast and sure as her mother. Then came the cream of the joke, for there was always some insolent brother, or cousin, or discarded sweetheart, to shoot immediately on your return, so that the fun lasted very often as long as the honey-moon."

"And how many of the officers were lucky enough to get married?"

"Och, every one of them, I tell ye, except myself and Jack O'Farrell. Did I ever tell ye how nearly ould Jack and I were buckled?"

"No, colonel," cried a great many voices, "let us hear."

"Gintly, my lads, gintly. I'll tell ye first of my friend Jack. I'll take a little time to think of it before I tell ye my own adventure." Here the colonel sighed, and said something about agonized feelings and breaking hearts, which contrasted so ridiculously with his hilarious countenance and Herculean figure, that we could not avoid bursting into a very hearty laugh. The colonel, after appearing a little discomposed, for I believe he considers himself no contemptible per-

former in the art of pathetic story-telling, joined in our laugh, tossed off a bumper and began.

"Well, — Jack O'Farrell was the most gallant-looking fellow I ever saw—great red whiskers, shoulders like the side of a house, bright fiery eyes, and a gash from a shillelah across his brow that made him look a handsome copy of the devil, as a soldier should. He was a Galway man the best-tempered fellow that ever was seen in the world, and had been out five times before he was twenty. One of them was with his uncle, fighting Dick Callaghan of Oonamorlich, (he was shot afterwards by Sir Niel Flanagan in the thirteen acres;) so, said Jack—"I only took him in the shoulder, for it's unchristian to kill one's relations." Jack came across and joined us in this very town. In a moment he won every heart at the mess-table; he drank four bottles of claret, thirteen glasses of brandy and water, and smoked 22 cigars; and then saw the chaplain safe to his lodgings, as if he had been his brother; it did us all good to see such a steady fellow. Well, just at this time, we were in the heart of running away with the women, fighting the men, and playing the devil entirely; and Jack resolved to be equal with the best of us. There was to be a ball, a public ball of some sort or other at the County Hall, and I saw my friend Jack particularly busy in making his preparations. He packed up his carpet bag, dressing-case, and a brace of horse-pistols, and having got a week's leave of absence the day before the dance. 'And what's all this you're doing, Jack?' said I. Now, my lads, I've been so long away from owld Ireland, and rattled so much about the world, that I've lost the Irish intirely or I would try to give you an imitation of Jack's brogue, but that's impossible for a tongue that has the trick of the English."

The colonel luckily did not remark how some of us were amused with this apology, for not being able to speak like an Irishman, and went on—

"An' what's all this you're doing, Jack?" said I.

"Doin' an' what should I be doin'?" says he, 'but puttin' up my weddin' garments!'

"Your wedding?" says I; 'are you going to be married, Jack?'

"Faith, an' I hope so," says he; 'or what would be the use o' this wonder o' the world?' holding up a beautiful coloured silk nightcap between his finger and thumb.

"And who is the lady, you sowl?'

"How the devil should I know?" said

Jack. 'I haven't seen her, nor asked her yet; but I suppose there'll be plenty at this ball. I'm goin' to have a post-chaise at the door, an' I'll bet ye I'll shew ye Mrs. Cornet O'Farrell before ye're a week owlder.'

"Dome," and 'done!' we said; and it was a wager.

"Jack and I went into the ball-room together.

"I wonder if Mrs. John O'Farrell is here," said Jack, as he looked round among the ladies.

"Faith," said I, 'it's not for me to answer ye; ye had better ask them; but I truly hope Mrs. Cornet O'Looney is not in this collection, for such a set of scarecrows I never—'

—"Och, allaloo, man, hold your tongue; it's not for the beauty of them one cares, but just the fame of the thing, to have carried off an heiress; and an heiress Mrs. O'Farrell must be, that's a sure case; for ye see, barrin' my pay and a small thrifle I owe my creditors besides, I shall have nothing to support the young O'Farrels, let alone the wife and the maid.'

"Just at this time a rich owld sugar merchant, with a whole posse of daughters, and other ladies, came bustling into the room.

"There now, Jack," said I; 'now's your time. Here comes owld Fusby, the sugar merchant from London, and half a dozen heiresses pinned to his apron. Off with ye, man. Ye can't go wrong; take the very first that will have ye. I tell ye he's rich enough to cover the Bog of Allan with melted gold.'

"Then he's just the sort of fellow I want—so, wi' yer lave, I'll go and do the needful to the tall young woman in blue. If he gives her only a thousand a foot, she'll be a very comfortable companion in a post chaise.'

"Jack was introduced in all due form, and in a minute was capering away in the middle of the floor as if he were stamping hay; and thinking all the time of the chariot at the door and Gretna Green. His partner seemed very much pleased with his attentions. She simpered and curtsied to all Jack's pretty speeches, and I began to be rather alarmed about the bet. She was very tall, very muscular-looking and strong, and seemed a good dozen of years older than the enraptured Jack. If she had been twenty years older than his mother it would have been all the same, provided she had been an heiress, for at that time, as I tell ye, we were the only two bachelors left who had not picked up a wife with prodigious reputations for money, and Jack was de-

terminated to leave me behind in the race. After he had danced with her four or five different sets, he came up to me in raptures. 'Isn't she a dear sweet sow!' said Jack, 'and such a mowld for grenadiers! She's a Scotchwoman too, and that's next door to an Irishman any how.'

"If she's a Scotchwoman," said I, 'you must be sure of your ground—they haven't so many heiresses among the hills as in the fat fields of England. What's her name?'

"There now," said he, slapping his leg, 'ain't I a pretty fellow! I've danced with her half the night, and niver asked her what her name is. I'll go and ask her this moment.' And accordingly he marched up to her once more, and carried her off in triumph as his partner.

"Pray, Madam, may I make so bold," he began, 'as to ask you what yer name may be—for owld Mr. Fussy spakes so much wi' the root of his tongue that I can't understand a word he would mention.'

"My name," replied the lady, 'is Miss Sibella M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Schart.'

"And a very pretty name too, upon my honour," said Jack; 'what size may Glen Buckie be?—you'll excuse me.'

"Oo, in our family we never can tell to a mile or twa what the size of ony o' the estates may be—but I believe it's about seventy-five thousand acres of land, besides the four lakes and the river.'

"Seventy-five—*thousand* did ye say?" exclaimed Jack, quite overcome by his good fortune; 'and I hope yer family's well, ma'am. How did ye lave all yer brothers and sisters?'

"I haena got ony brothers, and my sisters are pretty weel, I thank you.'

"An' I'm very glad to hear that. Do ye happen to know what my name is? I am John O'Farrel, Esquire, of Ballynamora, in the county of Galway, of a very ancient family—and what do ye think of the name, ma'am?'

"Oo, it just seems a very pretty name.'

"Do ye really think so? An' how would ye like it yourself?'

"I think it would just do as well as ony other.'

"Och then, my dear Miss M'Scrae, you're just the sort of cratur I wanted—I've a post-chaise at the door.'

"Indeed?'

"Yes, indeed, my charmer, and a pair of pistols in it too.'

"Indeed?" again replied the Lady, looking very conscious all the time.

"Ay! and a sweetheart in this ball-

room that will go off with me to Gretna Green this moment.'

"Dear me—and wha is the happy laddy?'

"An' who the devil should it be, but just yer own self, Miss Sibella M'Scrae?'

"Me, sir!" said the lady, endeavouring to blush; 'are you serious? Ye should na trifle wi' a young lassie's feelings.'

"The devil take all thrifles of the sort—I'm sarious, my darling, and I'll prove it—will ye go off with me this instant?'

"Had we no better wait till we've had the supper, sir? Ye know we've paid for't in the ticket.'

"Faith, an' there's some sinse in that; and will you be riddy the moment after?'

"The lady blushed, and looked her consent, and Jack was in raptures all the time of supper, meditating on the four lakes and the river, and the seventy-five thousand acres of land. Supper at last was ended, and a new dance formed, Jack, who had by no means neglected either the champagne or his partner, whispered into her ear, 'Are ye all riddy now my sweet Sibella? the horses must be tired waiting.'

"Weel, since ye insist upon't, I'm all ready enough—only my shawl is in the leddys' robing room.'

"Is it faith?" said Jack; 'then I'll go for it this moment.' He was back with the speed of lightning, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and without attracting any observation, handed her down stairs into the post-chaise, jumped in after her, and rattled off as fast as the horses could gallop.

"Soon after this the old sugar merchant and all his train prepared to take their departure. I waited to hand them to their carriage, but the little fat old woman, his wife, came rushing into the room, kicking up such a terrible dust—"Och!" cried she—"Oh dear! oh dear! Somebody has taken off my shawl—real Ingy—worth eighty guineas every shilling—there's a thief in the room! only think!'

"Every thing was thrown into the greatest confusion; some of the ladies fainted, and ye niver saw such an uproar in yer lives. At last, it was discovered when every lady had taken her own shawl, that the only one unclaimed was that which had been worn by Miss Sibella M'Scrae. That lady herself was nowhere to be found; search was made for her every where in vain. The little old woman stormed as if she was practising for bedlam.

" 'This comes,' she cried, 'of having beggarly Scotch governesses that wear cotton shawls. I've suspected she would come to no good ever since she has been so intimate with the potticary's boy.'

" 'Potticary's boy !' thought I, 'faith, this is beyond a joke entirely—I must be after Jack ;' so I slipt away from the confusion, got into a post-chaise and four, and set off in pursuit of O'Farrel, hoping to overtake him in time to save him from marrying an heiress without a penny, who wore nothing but cotton shawls. In the meantime, information had been given that the lady was seen stepping into a post-chaise, accompanied by a tall man in a cloak, with very red whiskers—'Oh pursue them ! pursue them !' cried Mrs. Fusby—'the wretch has stolen my Ingly shawl, and gone off with the potticary's boy—I know him by the description—his hair is as red and coarse as unrefined at two-pence a-pound.' Nothing would satisfy her rage but instantly giving chase. A magistrate was disturbed from his slumbers, an information of the robbery laid before him, and in a very short time a couple of constables were scouring down the road with a warrant to apprehend the suspected delinquents.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FAME.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

Oh ! what is fame ?—a star we oft pursue,
Sought for by many but obtained by few.
What are its relics ?—what its early doom ?
A marble urn—a monumental tomb !
Perhaps not these. Beneath the billow wave
The gallant seamen oft times meet their grave.
Then what remains to tell their deeds of fame.
When all have perish'd save a glorious name !
How dearly bought is fame—when e'en the breath
Of praise is seldom heard till after death,
And by the world is deem'd a just return
To chaos while living those whom dead they mourn !

The unhappy Christian braves the storms of life,
And unregretting leaves this world of strife :
He knows his doom by inspiration given,
And meets reward for all his toils in heaven.

HENRIETTA —.

Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Mr. Burford has opened his exhibition of the *Falls of Niagara*, Leicester-square. The Table Rock, from which a comprehensive view is derived, has enabled the artist to give a prominent idea of the construction, elevation, breadth, and fall of these mighty waters. Though the task naturally devolved on Mr. B. was such as to require the greatest fortitude and nicest pictorial discernment, yet, we doubt not, by the exact proportion and

delicacy manifested in this panoramic representation, that it is in correct keeping with the appearance of the original, as well as painting can describe a varied mass of liquid element. The vaporous rainbow occasioned by the concussion of the waters, and other active traits of *vérité* to nature, are extremely spirited and beautiful; and with the many vigorous touches of colour and unisons of tone, producing a fine effect in the composition, Mr. Burford has proved himself eminently successful—need we add, with so interesting a subject as will be eminently attractive. OLIO.

SNATCHES FROM DRAMATIC OBLIVION.

(For the OLIO.)

BENHUSBAND AND JOE TREFUSIS.

Mr. Benjamin Husband was born in Pembrokeshire, Jan. 1672. His ancestors were an ancient and reputable family, long seated in that county. He fell in love with the tragic muse very young, but dangled after the drama full two years, sighing at great expense, before he was suffered to declare his passion publicly, although he possessed most of the requisites which compound a good actor. But the managers in those days were cautious, and they admitted none to the sock and buskin void of personal attractions. At length Husband obtained permission to personate *Sir W. Raleigh* in the "Earl of Essex," but with qualified difficulty. He, however, succeeded so well, that, on the following pay day, he received a week's salary, the usual stipend of young actors, *ten shillings*; but, unfortunately for him, the death of Queen Mary put a period to acting for six months (what a prospect for an aspiring thespian at 10s. per week, ye stars !) When, however, leave was granted to re-open the theatres, Ben obtained better parts and increased salary.

In 1696, Doggett, being then in the sister isle, recommended Husband to Ashbury as a very promising young actor, and fit for his purpose. He set out from London with Joe Trefusis, and embarked for Ireland. Joe was the reputed natural son of Oliver Cromwell. He had a long chin, and naturally a most consummate foolish face, by nature formed for suitable characters; yet a person of infinite humour and shrewd conceits, with a particular tone of voice and manner that gave a double satisfaction to what he said. Adhering strictly to honesty, he acquired the appellation of "Honest Joe !" In his youth he entered as a volunteer on

board the ship which the Duke of York commanded in the Channel, and was in the memorable engagement with the Dutch fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, in 1675. When the preparations were making for the battle, Joe, though a volunteer, confessed "fear began to invade him;" but when the man at the main-top head cried, "A sail!" then "Two sail!" and after, "Zounds! a whole wood!" Joe's terrors augmented. But his fears attained their full height when one of the sailors asked him, if he had not performed on the stage? Joe replied in the affirmative. "Why, then," replied the blunt tar, "to-morrow, if you are not killed the first broadside, by G— you will see the bloodiest tragedy you ever saw in your life."

Joe was so inimitable in dancing the clown, that General Ingolby was so well pleased that he sent him five guineas from the box in which he was sitting. Joe dressed himself the next day and went to the Castle to return thanks. The general was hard to be persuaded it was the same person, but Joe soon convinced him by saying, "Ize the very mon, an't please your Ex-cell-en-cy:" and, at the same time, twirling his hat, as he did in the dance, with his consummate foolish face and scrape. "Nay, now I'm convinced," replied the general, laughing; "and thou shalt not show such a face for nothing here." So he gave Joe five guineas more, which so well pleased him, that he paid his compliments in his awkward clownish manner; and, as Shakspeare says, "set the table in a roar." Joe was the original *Trapland* in 'Love for Love,' and a well-esteemed low comedian. He was an experienced angler. Once, as he was fishing by the Liffy side, some friends of his were going in a boat in order to embark for England. Joe, seeing them, called to them to take him in, that he might see them safe on board. He gave his fishing-rod to a friend on shore to take care of it till his return; but Joe, it seems, was prevailed upon by his companions to make the journey to London with them, with his fishing clothes on his back—not a second shirt, and but seven shillings in his pocket. His companions left him in London, and Wilks found him gazing at the dial in the square of Covent-garden. He hardly knew him at first, but by his particular gait, which was inimitable. When asked how he came there, and in that trim? "Hum! ha!—why, faith, Bobby," replied Joe, "I only came from Dublin to see what it was o'clock at Covent-garden." Wilks new clad him, gave him money, and sent him back.

To return to Husband. He continued on the stage with great reputation as an

actor, and a gentleman of exact conduct, worthy of imitation. He passed and re-passed from England to Ireland, till, in the year 1718, he was settled in the latter kingdom for the remainder of his days, fixed in the esteem of all that knew him. Ye modern thespians! live and merit a like reward, which is fame of the most lasting memorable description. Z.P.Z.

FACETIÆ AMERICANÆ.

NEGRO REVELS.—At a recent anniversary in Boston of free blacks, met to celebrate the abolition, or, as they term it, the *bolition* of the slave trade, the chairman rose after dinner and said—"Gemen, I be Massa Peter Guss, and give you dis toast—Dat Massa Presiden be no more like Genel Washy dan pute finger in de fire and haul him out again!"—Great applause. The next that followed was—"Massa Billyforce be de blacky man's friend, and may he neber want de polish to him boots."

EPITAPH ON NANNA WIFA.

I here diggy de holey—holey,
For my Nanna Wifa de scolly, scolly;
Hope now neber no more ebeli,
Now wifa Nan lib wid de debel. Q.Q.

MARRIAGES IN ABYSSINIA.

PEARCE assures us that the Abyssinians vary much in their colour; some being very black with hair nearly straight, others copper coloured, some much fairer with the hair almost woolly, and a fourth description having the same complexion with long hair. This mixture arises from the unsettled nature of family relations, which partake of the constant changes in local government and property. A woman may be the mother of six or seven children, whose fathers have migrated from as many different provinces; for as soon as one chief expels another, the followers of the vanquished leader accompany him into some new district, leaving wives and children to the protection of their more fortunate successors. Nothing in truth seems to be more insecure than the marriage tie in Abyssinia. Perhaps it might be asserted that there are no other obligations than such as are contracted by mutual consent, and which subsist only as long as both parties are inclined to respect them. After separation these engagements may be again renewed, again violated, and a third time repeated. Bruce met at Koscam, in the presence of the queen-mother, a lady of great rank with seven men who had all been her husbands, and no one of whom could claim her for his wife at that parti-

caler juncture. When married individuals agree to part, they divide the children by certain rules. The eldest son falls to the mother, and the eldest daughter to the father. If there is but one girl, and all the rest boys, she is assigned to the male parent, and if there is but one son, and all the rest girls, he is the right of the mother. If the numbers are unequal after the first selection, the remainder are distributed by lot. From the king to the beggar there is no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate offspring, there being in fact no principle on which the preference could be made to rest, except in the case of the royal family, where the mother of the heir is previously selected and usually crowned. In his ordinary marriages the king uses no other ceremony than the following: He sends an officer to the house where the lady lives, who announces to her that it is the king's pleasure that she should remove instantly to the palace, she then dresses herself in the best manner and immediately obeys. Thenceforward he assigns her an apartment in the royal dwelling, and gives her a house elsewhere in any place she may choose. There is an approach to a regular marriage when he makes one of his wives Itgehe; for on that occasion he orders a judge to pronounce in his presence that "the king has chosen his handmaid for his queen." The crown is then applied to her brows, but she is not anointed. The beautiful story of Ahasuerus and Esther will occur to the recollection of every reader; for it was when she "had found grace in his sight more than the other virgins that he placed a golden crown upon her head." This coronation in Abyssinia conveys a great political privilege, constituting her majesty regent during the nonage of her son; a point of correspondence which history does not enable us to trace in any of the mighty kingdoms that covered the banks of the Euphrates.

Cab. Tab.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DEATH OF A WHALE.

From the Narrative of Captain Ross's first Voyage of Discovery, (in the United Service Journal,) we are indebted for the following.

"On the 31st, the well-known cry of 'A fall! a fall!' brought everybody upon deck, and sure enough one of the Isabella's boats (in which was my much-esteemed friend Ross, the captain's nephew) had struck a whale, and was fast to her. Mr. Parry ordered one of our boats to assist, and I had the good fortune to go in

her, but not as a looker-on; for on these occasions no more cats are sent than can catch mice. I therefore pulled the stroke-oar, and had my arms pretty well tugged for my curiosity; I was, however, fully gratified. After pulling about and watching for near half an hour, the whale rose, and our harpoon was the second into her. We then veered away the line as slowly as safety would permit, (to tire the fish,) even to making the bollard or timber-head in the bow of the boat smoke with the friction, and to having her nose nearly dragged under water. All this time the whale was towing us along at a precious rate; her powers, however, gradually slackened, which enabled a third boat to fasten on; the fish now remained mostly above water, blowing in much distress; this opportunity was instantly seized, by hauling up the boats on either side the tail, upon the monster's back, and there the harpooners began lancing into the vitals; for it must be known, that the harpooners only penetrate into the blubber to hold on by. It seemed surprising to me, at each push of the lance, that this huge creature only made a sort of finching motion, when the least exertion of the tail to the right and left must have smashed our boats and sent us all to kingdom come. My reflections have often been, that the goodness of all-wise Providence must be particularly felt upon such occasions; for although all things were given to lordly man for his use, it would be to very little purpose in many instances, if the means were not made adequate to the ends. After a few thrusts of the lance, the fish began to spout up blood, and thick matter, (which disagreeably splashed over us,) and soon after to roll over from exhaustion, upon which there was an immediate cry of "Back off!" which was speedily done. It is very necessary to be brisk just then, for the boats had not backed far, when the whale began with tail, head and fins to kick up a deuce of a floundering. This, fortunately, is but of short continuance, and is called the death struggle; in a few minutes the fish was quite dead; three cheers were given, (the usual practice,) and the monster of the deep was taken in tow by the boats, and lugged towards the ships, now several miles distant. The whole, from the first striking to the death, occupied about an hour. The Isabella lashed the whale to her stern, and the next day she was finched or cut up in due style. She was upwards of sixty feet in length, and I believe yielded about thirteen tons of oil, which was sold and shared out as prize-money, upon our return to England. I must here

observe, that the choice part of our crews were experienced whale-fishers, and that our boats were whale-boats; and moreover, we were amply supplied with whale-lines, harpoons, and lances.

DESCENT OF RAIN.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

Oh! what is so dear, so refreshing and fair,
As to hear the rain drop on the leaves in the air?
Or what is so welcome, when thirsting is great,
As this febrifuge crystal subduing the heat?

In the woods and the pastures, the paths and the
plains,
What tones can excel the bright hushing of
rains!

The rivers and ponds, the brooks and their
sluices,
Are dimpled in eddies and sweeten'd by juices.

The cattle, the earth-worms, the birds, and the
flowers;

The plants of all bearings in gardens and bowers:
Both the sky and the ground, both the city and
thatch,

Are improved by the rarefied drops which they
catch.

To see and to hear the descent of the rain,
In myriads of lines wrought by gravity's chain,—
But to feel on the cheek, and in spirit, heaven's
love!

Is a token we are not forgotten above.

MARIA.

THE SAUT WIFE?

OR,

MARIAN THE DEMENTED.

(Concluded from p. 280.)

"My stars and garters!" cried an old woman who had known Maron from her infancy, "wha wud believe that this ghast-like body was the weefar'd, blithe, bonnie, daft lassie that used to mak us a' sae cantie and heartsome; trooth ilka ane that kent her just thought naething yearthly could daunt or mak her dowie."

The mind of this poor unfortunate must often have wandered and brought home some ameliorating balm to her miseries; for like the ivy, which when torn from its native oak will cling to the meanest shrub for support, Maron would grasp this helpless little one in her arms as her earthly all, while remembrances gnawing her heart, and yet precious to it, would drive her to madness; a feeling would then seize her, never felt for the happier, dearly loved offspring of her wealthy old husband, because it never needed to be felt for them; but this feeling she gave in calm moments to the helpless child of misery, till it worked and blended with the crushed pride, the sorrow, the shame, horror, and abhorrence she endured, and rendered her mind a chaos of complicated misery.

The humane ladies of Musselburgh, who all pitied and patronised Maron, continued to heap their kindnesses upon her; and though the unhappy mother felt little pride in the infant, she was compelled to dress her in the "bonnie braws." But with all the gettings and giens, the bairn had a want—it wanted a name. "The honest name o' my auld gudeman I daurna do that." The *father's*—it was buried in the unfathomable gulph of mystery and mischief; her ain name, the name of Scott, the far-famed, honoured name of Scott, yes that, high and mighty as it was, was her ain, and her bairn should bear it; and Maron, as she piously resolved to bring it up in the fear of God, felt assured, with that fear always before her, she would never discredit even the distinguished house of Baccleugh itself; and in her own way she thought the name which the minister would give her, would entitle her to higher and greater privileges than the most ancient house that heraldry ever registered.

So small and slender, so delicate and fair, was this baby, that the ladies her friends, and Maron herself, always called her "bonnie wee Gentie," and when names became the subject of consideration the infant was made a Christian by the names of Gentie Scott.

Maron often carried her child to see her "gude friends" in Edinburgh, but she always cautiously avoided the *sands*, and as cautiously always took care to reach her home before the *gloaming*. Agitation and excitement, and the bitterness of remembrance, had now in some degree subsided, and Maron was not simply composed and resigned, but the God in whom she had been early taught to trust, had hallowed her trials, and her chastened spirit experienced a serenity, and her heart a contentment, which conscious transgression could never have known. Alas!

Rein is most concealed from man when near.

In the comparative peacefulness of her days, and the quietness of her nights, she had, in some faint degree, forgotten that "we are destined here to mourn." "The motion of the sunbeams upon the water is not more uncertain than the condition of human life: therefore hath misery much to hope, and happiness much to fear."

A neighbour had carried a strange improbable report to Dunwoody Muir farm; it almost exceeded the bounds of credibility: it told that Maron Proudfoot, the douce, the discreet Maron Proudfoot, she whom Dr. C——, the good minister of Inveresk, had said, "that from the maiden in her snood to the widow in her coil,

Maron had never thought an ill thought, nor deserved an ill word to be said of her," now in her old age, at the age of fifty-two, had become the mother of a female infant, Archie's anger was raised: he said, "It coudna be; na, it wasna his mither, it coudnabe." "Troth, gudeman," observed Maggie, with a look he could well understand, "I kenna, but they say there is nae fule like an auld fule, and our gude mither has proven it, for ye may believe it or no believe it, but she has sure enough gotten a bairn younger than the youngest o' her bairn's bairns."

"Deed my bonnie woman," said Archie, interrupting her, "ye're owre ready to hearken to chishmaclavers." "Weel, weel, honest man, ne'er fash yer thumb about that, ye've gotten a young titty." Archie groaned in spirit: a self-accusing thought arose in his conscience, but, like the gospel seed which fell among thorns, the cares of his farm and the pleasures of his family choked it, and it came to nothing.

Maron's baby continued to bloom in health and beauty, and had attained the age so interesting to a parent, of twenty-two months old: already she toddled after her, holding either by her finger or her apron; already her pretty cherry lip lisped "mammy, mammy," already she well knew mammy, mammy's foot and voice, and would laugh and clap her little hands when she saw her. Maron arose one morning earlier than usual to finish spinning some lint she had to do by an appointed time, and having performed all her little domestic offices, Gentie awoke, and when she had washed and dressed her, and indulged herself in her daily cordial, fondling and playing with her little merry, laughing, petted pet, she fastened her in her high-backed basket chair, and throwing a napkin over a stool for a table, placed her breakfast of porridge before her. "Foul fa' the cats," cried Maron, coming from her cupboard, "they've licket the milk, and broken the dish; sit ye still Gentie, that's my bonnie woman, I'll be back in a blink." She ran through the gardens behind the house, as being the nearest way to the milk seller's, and having bought and paid for her mutchkin of milk, she hurried back; but who can describe—a mother may surmise it—her consternation, her agony, her horror! Her baby, her Gentie, was gone; the riband that had fastened her in the chair was cut—the table, the porridge, were overturned. She flew, shrieking in the wildness of sudden delirium, about the hovel. Neighbours poured in: some stood uselessly aghast, others were usefully active, and sought every where, in the house and out of the house, but in

vain: Gentie was gone, no where to be found, no vestige left by which she might be traced. The cryer, the bellman, were instantly dispatched through Musselburgh Inveresk, Newbiggin, Fisherrow: all was of no avail: handbills and advertisements were not spared, for everybody that knew Maron sorrowed in her sorrow, but before that day closed she knew nothing that was passing or doing. Her shrieks had echoed along the Brigend during the day, but as the evening drew in she sunk in inanity and exhaustion: all was still as the dead with Maron; with the last shriek she was heard to utter, a fire like the lightning's flash darted from her eyes; it was the last spark of reason from the ravaged brain: the guiding star of human intellect was gone, extinguished for ever; that fine, pure, subtle essence reverted to the soul, never more to be seen or known till it burst the confines of mortality to shine forth in all the brightness of an eternal existence.

Maron was now beyond the reach of sympathy or kindness. Home she seldom or ever entered, unless in any of her unpremeditated wanderings she chanced to be near it. Sometimes she would eat a voracious meal, and drink whatever was offered to her; then she would fast for days, refusing all sustenance; to a bed, she was a stranger, to the cold winds and beating rains she was insensible; and often—(the drum was beat in those days through Musselburgh at the early hour of four in the morning)—the town drummer would see poor daft Maron, as she then was called, creeping slowly along, close by the houses, through the frost and snow, and stopping she would put her mouth to the key-hole, and plaintively whisper the only three words she was ever heard to utter, "bonnie wee Gentie." She then would lift the latch, or softly knock, and call Gentie, as if she thought her within. She was quiet, harmless, inoffensive; no one had any influence over her—no one attempted to control her: if spoken to, she would stare as if affrighted, and then burst into that wild unmeaning laugh, so fearful, so appalling, yet so affecting in the maniac. Brief now will be the all of poor Maron's life: her constant exposure to unwholesome damps and piercing cold, with her ceaseless wanderings without relief or rest, soon wasted her physical powers, and she walked the earth with no more sense or feeling than the earth she walked upon.

Rare tidings and strange tidings travel far and fast; they reached Dunwoody Muir farm "that the little merry begotten, the wee Gentie, was lost, stolen, and that Maron their mother was dement-

ed—run stark mad.” Something knocked hard and loud at the hearts of Archie and Maggie, and they hastened to the hovel at the Brigend. It happened to be on one of the mornings that Maron’s bewildered brain led her, though without either motive or aim, to her desolate deserted home. A poor old crone, who had charitably undertaken to take charge of the hovel, was sitting at her wheel, while Maron herself, in all her utter unconsciousness, was busy too; she wore a very old tattered garment, of black silk; on her head she wore no coif, no covering; but she had plaited straw and twisted it fantastically among her long grey hairs, which were streaming over her shoulders; in her arms she held a bunch of straw tied up with a black ribband in the form of a doll; this she fondled, and nestled in her bosom, as if lulling a baby to sleep, and ever and anon, in a low voice as if afraid of waking it, she uttered the only words which ever fell from her lips, “Gentle, bonnie Gentle.” Poor Archie! what were Archie’s feelings to know his mother, and that fond mother not to know him. A long dark line of thought mustered in black accusing array, and held him speechless and immovable. The tears of genuine sorrow gushed from Maggie’s eyes, and she affectionately put her arms about her mother-in-law’s neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Maron looked up unmeaningly in her face, put one of her wasted withered hands to her eyes, and stroked her cheeks, and moved her fingers as the tears fell down upon them; then she drew them over her own, as if in a momentary meaning she had thought “no tear falls here, no tear relieves Maron.” The scene was becoming too heart-rending for Archie and his wife to endure it longer, when Maggie, all the innate, all the long-repressed kindly feelings of her nature burst forth, and she cried between her heaving sobs, “We’ll tak our poor mither hame wi’ us, Archie; she may ken her ain Dunwoody, and we’ll watch her, and nurse her.” “The Lord’s blessing and mine be upo’ ye for thae same words; noo ye do love yer Sandy, my ain dear, dear Maggie.” Congenial hearts soon understand, and make their arrangements. Archie put his arms round his mother’s waist and with gentle force was leading her from the hovel, when, with maniac strength and a laugh wild and fearful, she sprang from his grasp, darted through the doorway, and was heard, as she flew along the Brigend, crying, “Gentle, wee, wee Gentle.” Horror-struck, deploring the past, and mourning the present discom-

fiture of all that their hearts had planned for their mother’s safety, if not her future comfort, they left strict and very particular orders with the old woman, either by fair means or foul means, by strength or stratagem, to detain her the next time she returned or could be heard of, and to give them instant information. They then rewarded her for her humane attention, and care of the poor demented one, and in silence and disconsolation they pursued their way back to Dunwoody Muir farm.

For two days and nights the poor maniac had not been seen: no latch had been lifted, no knock heard; the old woman had sought her every where, through every lane and land of Musselburgh, and in all the adjacent villages she had sought her; but no tidings could be had of Maron. She had been long lost to herself: she was now lost to every one.

It was a stormy night in December, and loud and fearful blew the wind, and the cold sleet, driven by the blast, impeded a traveller as he journeyed on his way home. It was Archie Proudfoot, returning from the Edinburgh market, and he spurred his horse, longing for his clear ingle side, and his Maggie’s warm welcome, when his horse started, stumbled, and threw him on what he believed to be a hillock of snow, which then lay deep upon the ground. He looked around him, and felt there was something more than snow: that he removed with his hands, it was a human body: a pale moonbeam fell upon it; he knew it; it was his mother!—it was Maron, cold, stiff, and senseless. She could suffer no more—she was a corpse. Whether in her meaningless wanderings she had chanced upon that road, or that some momentary gleam of memory, which has been known in some maniacs to precede the death pang, is uncertain and can never be ascertained. She now was as if the world had never done her wrong, she was now as if she had never been.

And was this poor one mourned?

Ye sons and daughters of the land—ye “who have left undone those things which ye ought to have done, and have done those things which ye ought not to have done.” Think.

It might have been between sixteen and seventeen years after the simple events we have endeavoured to delineate had passed away—they had sunk into the oblivion of time with all, except the few who had known Maron personally; they still gave her memory a sigh as they said, “the day of her blameless life had deserved a fairer night.” It was about this distance of time from her death, that

as the sun was nearly setting one serene summer evening, a travelling carriage was seen to drive rapidly along the Bridgend of Musselburgh, cross the bridge, and proceed on the way leading to the kirk of Inveresk. It stopped at the foot of the many stairs which led up to this ancient edifice, which had for years unnumbered resisted "the beatings of winter winds, and the beamings of summer suns." A gentleman, and a lady closely veiled, and in deep mourning, then alighted, and being instantly joined by the old grave-digger, who appeared to have been in waiting, without one word having been spoken the three ascended the stairs. The gentleman, with one arm round the lady's waist, fondly supported her, while he held her hands in his own. On entering this hallowed enclosure of the dead, the grave-digger pointed with his spade to the hillock close to the dyke side, on which waved the long lank grass, and saying, "Maron's grave," he left them. "One, only one minute leave me," pleaded the lady, and her sweet voice was beseeching and tremulous. The gentleman employed the minute in examining the tombs, and the lady was now alone. Every thing about her inspired a deep and pious awe; most reverent were her thoughts—who can tell what were her thoughts! She threw up her long black veil, tears covered a face fair and sweetly meek; she threw herself upon the grave and kneeled, and pressed the mound with her white hands as if she could have crushed it into her very heart. She took from her pocket a small knife, and, as deeply as her feebleness allowed her, thrust it into the earth, and cut out a little knot of gowans which appeared sprouting up among the long grass which grew over this lowly grave; carefully wrapping the flowers in her handkerchief, she put it in her bosom, and again sinking upon the grave, and resting her face upon it, between deep and heavy sighs she kissed and kissed again the senseless sod. The gentleman approached: "Dearest, dearest," he cried, in the tenderest accents,—"come, the dews of night are falling, and darkness is coming on; remember!"—She interrupted him, repeating the word "remember!" with a look he well and only could understand; but she arose instantly, gathered her veil closely about her, covering the sweetest loveliest features in the world: she then took his arm, and, still attended by the old grave-digger, they hastened to the waiting carriage; the door was opened, but before it closed the lady put into his hand twenty pounds for the poor of Inveresk, and five pounds for the trouble she had given himself. The car-

riage then drove off rapidly, and proceeded in a southern direction. They were never more seen in Scotland. Who or what they were could never be positively known; but it was surmised that the lady's father, in a dying communication, had disclosed a strange sad story to her, and that natural feeling had brought her to Maron's lowly place of rest. The carriage bore the coronet of an earl. The lady was the earl's wife. The wife was Maron's child—Maron's Gentie.

Varieties.

BLACKS AT PHILADELPHIA.—I have seen several black gentlemen riding in their carriages, some of them much respected and very respectable. Coloured people are in great abundance here, and there is no slavery, nor the least appearance of it. Yesterday forenoon, when on my way to the post-office, I saw a lady right ahead, tall and graceful in her form and movements, with a grand Leghorn bonnet, fashionable summer dress, &c. I quickened my pace a little, and beheld a human face of the purest ebony; black, black as the ace of spades. They speak of equality in this country, but it is in Upper Canada that it can be seen in all its glory. There is a man of colour, a barber and hair-dresser in our town of York, named Butler, he is married to a coloured woman, and they are respectable, and well-behaved people in their line, and punctual in their dealings; they have, of course, a black family; and (hear it ye slave-trading equal-rights-and-independence people!) they keep *white* men and women servants from Europe to wait upon them and their black children. This is turning the tables upon the Southerners, and fairly balancing accounts with the ebony-hearted slave-holders.—*MacKenzie's Sketches of Canada.*

LORD CLIVE.—When Clive was a young man, a friend called on him one day, and found him sitting with books and a pistol on the table. "Take that pistol," said Clive to a visitor, "and fire it out of the window." He did so at once. Before the smoke subsided, and while the room rang with the report, Clive sprang to his feet, exclaiming—"God has something for me to do yet. I snapped that pistol twice at my head before you came in, yet it did not go off; God has work for me yet."

ALI PACHA AND HIS ENGLISH FRIEND.—In 1820, the Porte, after being foiled in several attempts to release itself from this too powerful servant (Ali Pacha), set a price upon his head, and sent Redschid

Pacha with a large army to take it. Janina was besieged and reduced to great extremities. However, Ali's immense wealth, the fruit of half a century of rapacity, still afforded him great resources; and if he could only have resolved to distribute it with liberality, he might even then have turned away his fate. As it was, the siege was prolonged for several months, till at length the Albanians, disgusted with the increasing avarice of their master, deserted in great numbers. Ali then retired to a small fort which he had built on an island in the lake, leaving a faithful slave with a loaded pistol, and several barrels of gunpowder, in the cellars of his palace, where his treasures were concealed, with orders to blow up the building if he did not receive every day, at a certain hour, a written message from him to the contrary. While on the island Redschid Pacha continued to persuade the old rebel that he was his friend and wished him well, and might perhaps be able, in case of immediate submission, to procure his pardon from the Porte. They had several interviews, and in the last of these Ali had accompanied his visitor to the door, and was politely bowing him away, when Redschid Pacha drew a pistol and wounded him in the arm. Ali instantly drew his sabre, and made a cut at his assassin; but the weapon caught in the top of the door, and Redschid then escaped. The unfortunate Pacha then shut the door, and retired to the divan, writing with pain from his wound. He saw his time was come, and turning to Capt. D'Anglos, an Englishman who had been with him for some time, and was present at the scene, he requested him to poison Vasilika, his favourite wife, that she might not fall into the hands of the enemy, and at the same time gave him his large diamond, said to be worth 30,000*l.*, and desired him to pound it in pieces in his presence. Capt. D'Anglos took the diamond, and in the simplicity of his heart, began to pound away with great zeal and vigour; and it was not, he declared till the gear was utterly destroyed that he was struck with the idea how far more sensible it would have been to have put it into his waistcoat pocket, when there was no one near to see or prevent him, and when Ali was lying on the divan almost insensible with pain. He had not been long in this situation when a shot came through the floor below, struck him in a vital part, and his assassins, entering the room, cut off his head and sent it, as is customary, to Constantinople. The unlucky captain was so overwhelmed with a sense of shame at his want of *savoir faire*, that he subsequently avowed the diamond haunted him

in his dreams for months after. Vasilika still survives; we saw her at Janina as she was walking out to visit a friend."—*Sketches in Greece and Turkey.*

KEAN'S EARLY DAYS. — We recollect once hearing Davies, the former manager of Astley's Amphitheatre, describe the occasion upon which he first saw Kean; and, as circumstances cannot be more impressively related than in his own graphic detail, we shall content ourselves with transcribing his words from our note-book: "I was passing down Great Surrey-street one morning, when, just as I came to the place where the Riding-House now stands, at the corner of the Syleum, or Mag-dallen, as they call it, I seed Master Saunders a-packing up his traps. His booth, you see, had been there standing for some three or four days, or thereabouts: and on the boards in front of the painting—the *proscenium* as the printers says,—I seed a slim young chap, with the marks of the paint—and bad paint it was, for all the world like the raddle on the jaw of a sheep—still on his face, and a-tying up some of the canvass wot the wonderfuller character and curiosities of that 'ere exhibition was painted upon. And so, when I had shook hands with Mr. Saunders, and all that 'ere, he turns him right round to the young chap wot had just thrown a sumerset behind his back, and says, says he, "I say you bloody Mister King Dick, if you don't mind wot you're arter, and pack up that 'ere wan pretty tight and nimble, we shan't be off afore to-morrow so we shan't; and so, you mind your eye, my lad." That 'ere 'bloody Mister King Dick,' as Mr. Saunders called him, was young Kean, wot's now our great Mister Kean."

Fraser's Mag.

INDIAN STATISTICS. — "One of the counsellors of Powhatan, and the husband of his daughter Matachanna, was Tomocomo, who went to England with Pocahontas, and returned with Captain Argall. Smith, who calls him Vitamatomakkin, says he was held by his countrymen to be 'a very understanding fellow.' The same inference might be made from the commission which Powhatan gave him, on the occasion just alluded to, to take the number of the people in England, and to bring him an exact and minute account of their strength and resources. Tomocomo set about that business with equal simplicity and zeal. Immediately on his arrival at Plymouth, he procured a long stick, whereupon to cut a notch with his knife for every man he should see. But he soon became weary of his task, and threw his stick away. When the emperor inquired, on

his return, how many people there were, he could only compare them to the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sands on the sea shore. Mr. Purchas (compiler of the famous collection of voyages) was informed by President Dale, with whom Tomocomo went out from Virginia, that Opechancanough, and not Powhatan, had given him instructions; and that the object of them was not so much to ascertain the population, as to form an estimate of the amount of corn raised, and of forest-trees growing in England. Nomantack, and the other savages who had previously visited that country, being ignorant, and having seen little of the British empire except London, had reported a very large calculation of the men and houses, while they said almost nothing about the trees and corn. It was therefore a general opinion among the Indians, that the English had settled in Virginia only for the purpose of getting supplies of these two articles; and in confirmation, they observed their continual eagerness after corn, and the great quantities of cedar, clapboards, and wainscoting, which they annually exported to England. Tomocomo readily undeceived his countrymen upon this point. Landing in the west of England in summer, and travelling thence to London, he of course saw evidences of great agricultural and rural plenty and wealth; and was soon obliged to abandon the account he had undertaken to keep,—his arithmetic failing him on the first day. In the British metropolis, he met accidentally with Capt. Smith; and the two immediately renewed their ancient acquaintance. Tomocomo told the captain, that Powhatan had given orders to request of him—if, indeed, he was not dead, as reported—the favour of shewing Tomocomo the English God, and also their king, queen, and prince, of whom they had formerly conversed so often together. 'As to God,' as Stith expresses it, 'Captain Smith excused and explained the matter the best he could.' As to the king, he told Tomocomo he had already seen him, which was true. But the Indian denied it; and it was not without some trouble that Smith, mentioning certain circumstances, convinced him of the fact. The Indian then assumed a most melancholy look. 'Ah!' said he, 'you presented Powhatan a white dog; but your king has given me nothing.' Such an arch sense, adds the historian, had this savage of the 'stingy' treatment he had received at court. Nothing is known of Tomocomo after his return to America."—*Thatcher's Ind. Biography.*

THE TOWER.—Great ceremony is now used at opening and shutting the princ-

pal gate of this edifice, night and morning. A little before six o'clock in the morning, this summer, the yeoman porter goes to the governor's house for the keys, from whence he proceeds to the innermost gate, attended by the serjeant and six men of the main guard. This gate being opened to let them pass, is again shut, while the yeoman porter and the guard proceed to open the three outermost gates; at each of which the guards rest their firelocks, while the keys pass and repass. Upon the yeoman porter's return to the innermost gate, he calls to the warder in waiting to "take in King William's keys:" upon which the gate is opened, and the keys lodged in the warder's hall till the time of flocking, eleven at night, with the same formality as when opened. After they are shut, the yeomen and guard proceed to the main guard, who are all under arms, with the officers upon duty at their head. The usual challenge from the main guard to the yeoman porter is, "Who comes there?" His answer is, "The keys;" upon which the officer orders the guard to rest their firelocks. The yeoman porter then says, "God save King William."—"Amen" is loudly answered by all the guard. From the main guard the yeoman porter, with his guard proceeds to the governor's where the keys are left, after which no person can go out or come in till next morning, without the watch-word for the night, which is kept so secret that none but the proper officers and the serjeant upon guard ever come to the knowledge of it. When that is given by any stranger to the sentinel, he communicates it to his serjeant; who passes it on to the next on duty, and so on till it comes to the governor or commanding officer, by whom the keys are delivered to the yeoman porter who attends as above; the main guard being put under arms, brings them to the outer gate, where the stranger is admitted, and conducted to the commandant. Having made known his business, he is conducted to the outer gate, dismissed, the gate shut, and the keys re-delivered with all the formality as at first.

CALEB LOVEJOY'S EPITAPH.

ÆTAT. 74. OBIT. 1676.

Caleb Lovejoy here I lie, yet not I,
My body being dead,
My soul is fled into eternity,
There to enjoy that everlasting bliss,
Which Jesus Christ my Lord,
Who's gon before, prepared bath for his;
Wherefore my body rest in hope till then,
When he shall joyne thee to thy soul again,
And bring thee unto that most glorious vision,
There to enjoy thy God in full fruition.
These verses, which were of his own inditing,
Now set in brass are by his own appointing.

The Echo;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No XX.—Vol. XI.

Saturday, June 20, 1838.



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Illustrated Article.

PAULINE LETROBE.*

[As our limited space prevents us from giving the introduction to the following tale, it is necessary to premise, that the author, having a *penchant* for visiting mad-houses on his travels, becomes acquainted with M. C—, the keeper of one of those abodes of sorrow at Abbeville, who presented him with a manuscript containing the melancholy fate of one of the unfortunates committed to his charge.]

THE father of Pauline was an opulent farmer in the village of S—, in Picardy. He had been a soldier in his youth, and, having amassed a considerable sum, had married, and turned his thoughts to agriculture. His wife died shortly after the birth of Pauline, leaving her an only child, to the care of her sorrow-stricken parent. At the time our story opens (about the August of 179—) few men were more respected in the province than Gaspard Letrobe, then in his 60th year; and no

maiden, for miles round, could vie, in point of beauty, with Pauline. She was just twenty, and the dazzling charms of girlhood were softening down into the mature beauties of the woman. Pauline was a brunette, and a most lovely one; her raven hair flowed in luxuriant natural ringlets over a neck and shoulders of the most perfect symmetry; and her form might have served at once for a model both to the painter and the sculptor. But her eye! here was the charm; it was a mild eye—albeit a most speaking and eloquent eye! See her—the buoyancy of her feelings raised by the dance, or the song, no eye flashed more brightly than her's; and yet, anon it grew calm and pensive, for of that turn was her mind, by reason of her retired education and habits. It was altogether a most commanding eye, and one that few could gaze on unmoved. She had many lovers, but on none did she deign to waste a thought, anxious as Gaspard was to see her comfortably settled—for Pauline's mind did not seem formed for love.

In the same village, and not far from the house of M. Letrobe, resided an old woman, verging, as the villagers said, upon a century, alone with her grandson.

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* The above is extracted from a neat little work, entitled "*The Wreath*."
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Mabel Demourier was one more feared than loved by her neighbours; no one remembered the period of her settling at S—, but she was evidently possessed of property, for neither she nor her grandson, Edouard, were engaged in any commercial or agricultural pursuits. Old Mabel was, in person and manners, repulsive to the last degree, never joining with her neighbours in their fetes and rejoicings, nor sympathizing in any way with their feelings. Her great age, the unknown source of her wealth, the superior nature of her conversation, together with the ancient fashion of her garments, did not fail to procure her the reputation such characters so generally obtained in a country and at a period when the minds of the lower classes were universally tainted with the grossest superstition—namely, of dealing in forbidden arts. Mabel Demourier was considered as a witch all over the village. Neither was Edouard much better respected; moody, and subject to fierce bursts of passion on the most trivial occasions, he was, as a boy, banished from the society which, in maturer years, he did not seek to regain. He seemed to consider himself as superior to all around him, and, in consequence,

was only the object of their contempt and hatred. Yet was he one of Pauline's suitors, and a most constant one, for she could scarcely stir from the house without being pestered by his odious attentions, which nothing could repulse, until at length, with a great apparent effort to allay his pride, he asked her hand in marriage of Gaspard Letrobe. The old man consulted his child, and, on her decision, denied him without hope of repeal. How shall we describe the enraged feelings of Edouard Demourier at this? He had evidently considered it a lowering offer from him to the daughter of a farmer—and to be repulsed! He could not venture to meet the triumphant glances of the villagers,—much less the angered and contemptuous looks of his ancient relative; and immediately on quitting the roof which had witnessed his disgrace, he left the village, and joined the army as a volunteer.

It was a joyful day to the rivals of Edouard that made them acquainted with his departure, for they feared that his wealth would have tempted Gaspard to become his advocate with Pauline: but what effect had it on Mabel Demourier? Truly, none, to a casual observer, unless

we except a more perceptible bend of her proud neck, and a deeper frowning of her withered cheek, for she loved—she adored him—he had been her sole stay, and, like a building deprived of its support,—like a tree after the loss of sap, she drooped, and the villagers doubted not she would soon cease to deplore him in this life.

It was a lovely evening; the glorious rays of the setting sun glanced their dying lustre over hill and dale, corn-field and meadow, as if reluctant to leave so fair a scene, as Pauline slowly sauntered down a shady lane to meet her father returning from the vineyard. It was a lonely spot amid much splendid scenery; on either side of the lane rose a high bank, covered with hemlock, briony, and other rank weeds, and skirted with two rows of alternate elms and beeches, whose thickly-foliaged branches, meeting over the pathway, formed a roof almost impervious to the cheering sun-beams. Pauline was more than usually dull, and she quickened her steps to quit the lane, which she had entered heedlessly,—for of it strange tales were told; and besides this Pauline knew it to be the favourite haunt of old Mabel, whom she had not seen since her grandson's departure, and who was one of the last persons she would wish to meet. She had almost attained the farther end of the dreary pathway, when a sound smote her ear, as of one moving along among the dry and withered leaves of autumn. She looked up, and beheld, slowly advancing from the opposite end of the lane, no less a personage than the dreaded Mabel herself,—although apparently not aware of Pauline's approach. She would have given worlds to have been spared this meeting; but as she saw that it was impossible to avoid it, she walked towards her. As she came near to Mabel, and perceived that tears were trickling down the care-worn furrows of her cheeks, and heard the half-repressed sobs of the aged woman,—when she saw her misery, and considered how instrumental she herself had been to that misery,—she felt a strange kind of pity creep into her breast towards her; and, as she was now close to her, in a soft voice she bade her “a good evening.”

Mabel started—threw her eyes, flashing fire through their moisture, on the maid—and in a suppressed tone, answered—

“You here! I dreamt there crept an adder in my path. Go on your way, for I have had enough evil from your sex!”

Pauline shuddered, when the old woman, seeming suddenly to recollect some-

thing, stood before her path, with a menacing air.

“Yet hold!” she continued, “I remember me—you are she whom my Edouard would have wedded. Fool! fool! knew he not that the young eagle pairs not with the raven!—You refused him! that was nobly done—refused him. Girl! I tell you, he has blood in his veins, one drop of which were basely compared to all that foul and craven tide which now deserts your face beneath my gaze. Ha! ha! ha! you are passing fair—look at me. I was once called *Fair Mabel*. See these withered lips—were they not fit for a monarch to gaze upon and sigh for—now all withered and shrunken. Such, I tell ye, will one day be the beauties you prize. Girl! girl! where is my Edouard?”

Pauline trembled from head to foot, but answered not. Again old Mabel spoke.

“Where is he! I ask. He that was my hope—my life! Gone. You have deprived me of my joy; a curse is all that is left me, and to you—”

Pauline screamed, and threw herself on her knees before the infuriated old woman.

“Oh! no—no—no; for mercy's sake, not a curse—not *your* curse!”—For much was old Mabel's ill-word dreaded by all who knew her.

“Not *my* curse!—and why? Will it not make you wretched!—you have made me so. *Mercy!*—showed you any to me and mine? Yes, my curse—Mabel's curse be on you—and, as you have made me childless—friendless,—so may you die, fatherless—friendless—and a *murderer!*”

Pauline heard no more; her eyes grew dim, and she fell prostrate on the rank grass. When she recovered, she was on the same spot, supported in the arms of her father; but some time had elapsed, for the sun had vanished, the breeze that fanned her cheek was chill, and a few pale stars twinkled through the leafy roof above her.

“My poor, poor child,” said Gaspard, tenderly, “my friends and I have sought you long and anxiously. Tell me, Pauline, what has befallen you?”

She raised her head with a deep sob, and cast her eyes wildly around her. They fixed at length on an object opposite; and clinging convulsively to the arm that supported her, she pointed it out to her father's observation. A ray of the moon just then poured its lustre thro' the overhanging branches, and fell on the figure of Mabel Demourier, seated on the opposite bank, her eyes apparently fixed upon Pauline. Gaspard advanced a few steps.

"How now, beldame!" he said, comprehending at once the whole truth; "what do ye here! We'll have no more of this—away! begone!"

There was no answer; and he followed his speech by a rude thrust, when the body tottered, and in an instant lay at his feet.

"Good God!" exclaimed Gaspard, "Mabel is dead!"

"Dead!" ejaculated Pauline, in horror,—“dead! oh, say not so.” She flew towards the helpless corpse, and gazing for a moment on the half-closed eyes, which had so shortly before darted their fury at her, turned away with a sickening heart.

"Heaven's will be done! I have heard her death-words, and they will surely be fulfilled! What said she!—a *murderer*! Father lend me your arm—support me: hark! do you not hear,—the air is full of voices, calling *your* Pauline a *murderer*! She gasped for breath, and the next instant lay senseless in her parent's arms.

Months passed away, and winter's hand had imprisoned the broad stream of the Seine in his chill embrace; the late luxuriant banks now presented a very different—yet even now cheerful aspect. In the lower lands, which had been partially overflowed during the months of October and November, and seemed now one sheet of polished mirror, broken at intervals by some rising bank, or the knotty trunk and grotesque branches of an aged willow,—the eye was occasionally delighted by the graceful evolutions of some group of experienced *parteneurs*, who had left Abbeville and its suburbs, to enjoy their favourite amusement free from the gaze of the *canaille*. In the higher portions, which had escaped the flood,—such, for instance, as the Bois-de-Lavier, and the many inferior woods along the banks,—the bright and red-berried holly, and the luxuriant laurels, were in brilliant contrast to the snow-clad bosom of the earth whence they sprang.

All in the humble village of S—, wore the cheerful and busy appearance which industry and content confer in the most dreary seasons—but more especially in this joyful one of Christmas. It was a week after the holy *Jour de Noël*, and the festivities of that high day were still scarcely on the wane in many of the superior farm-houses, and the blazing log still cheered and illuminated even the poorest *chaumières*. We shall take the liberty of conducting our readers into the principal apartment of one of the superior farm-houses of S—. Never was a happier party witnessed than that

now assembled to celebrate the wedding of one of the prettiest little brunettes of the village with the son of an opulent *marchande* of St. Valarie. On this jovial occasion, the host (the father of the bride) had broached his strongest and clearest cyder—"d'un bon et d'un fameux verger," as Jerome Coulon himself informed his guests, more than once in the course of the evening. Apples and nuts, too, (the peculiar fruit of Picardy,) were there in abundance,—the huge vaulted chimney-corner smoked and blazed with its cheering load,—and frank good-nature, that leaven of a company, was there,—far more contributing to the general content and satisfaction, than cyder, apples, nuts, or fire. All were resolved to be happy, and, consequently, all were happy.

A laughing trio was assembled in the apartment of the bride, and as their conversation may prove interesting, inasmuch as it concerns some of our former characters, we shall take the liberty of recounting a portion of it.

"Dear Lisette," said one, addressing the bride, "how dull you are; cheer up, or I will summon Claude to rouse you. Tell me, what ails you?—I am positively ashamed of you."

"Nay, Amie," replied the girl, "indeed I do not know why I should be dull—but it is getting late, and our poor friend Pauline Letrobe promised, at my repeated solicitations, to visit us, and partake of our revelry."

"I should more have wondered, love, if she had come, for you know she has attended none of our fetes since she lost her—"

"Hush," said Lisette, placing her hand on the mouth of her bridesmaid,—“do not mention that: you know that Dr. Roland gives us hopes that her senses will recover the shock they received on that fatal day—and she will become as gay and happy as the best of us.”

Amie shook her head, doubtingly, and moving towards the piece of mirror hung against the wall, began arranging her hair, and turned the current of the conversation. They shortly after joined their merry companions in the lower apartment.

The room was now cleared of the tables and chairs, and the party commenced the favourite and mirth-inspiring game of '*Colin-matillard*,'—vulgo, '*Blind-man's buff*.' We will not pause to describe the progress of the game, or many little favours given and taken by the rustic revellers; suffice it—they were shortly at high romps.

The large clock at the upper end of the

room told it to be near nine—(a late hour in the unsophisticated village of S—) when suddenly the door opened, and those nearest to it retreated from the figure that entered, with a universal shudder, as one after the other repeated the name of—

“Pauline Letrobe!”

Very different was the Pauline we must now describe, to the lovely and graceful being whom we before introduced to our readers. She wore no hat or bonnet, and the snow, which was falling heavily had settled on her black, dishevelled hair, now dripping with moisture. The remainder of her attire was hidden by a long red cloak, which she kept closed around her with one hand;—but her face! oh, it was in her face that was more plainly to be traced the ravages of a few months. Her once blooming cheek was now sallow and sunken,—her lips of a pale, unnatural blue colour,—and her eye, that eye which we once described with such enthusiasm—it was sadly altered; not that it was less bright—but the expression was so different, that none would have recognised in the wild-looking figure that entered, the laughing and gleeful Pauline of other days!

She proceeded to the upper end of the apartment, where the bride was seated, and all made way for her—some from pity, some from fear, until she stood facing the shrinking Lisette.

“Pauline!” cried she, “my own Pauline—you are cold and wet: why did you not come before?”—and she proceeded to place a seat for her near the fire. “Come, give me your cloak—”

“No!” said Pauline, with fearful wildness, and grasping her cloak with a tightened hold; “No—not that.”

“And where is your father, dear Pauline?” asked Lisette.

“My father!” she answered, slowly, as if striving for recollection; then gazing around her on the pitying group, who had left their sports on her appearance:—“My father! he is well—he sleeps! ‘Tis good to behold the innocent and free sleep,” she continued, half aloud; “his eye-lids seemed scarcely to be pressed by slumber, so gentle was its influence. And I thought, it must be pleasant to die thus—sleeping, and calm, like an infant. Ah me! I would that I could sleep as the old man slept—as the old man *sleeps*!—I gazed on him as he lay—long—long, and fondly; and he seemed to smile in his dream—and yet I—”

She paused as if some hateful recollection broke upon her brain; and then her dark eye was fixed on some imaginary object of terror, and she spoke in

low, beseeching accents. “And yet, it was not my fault; I loved him—oh! how dearly!—but the curse was on me, and old Mabel was with me; and she is there now—look!—look, Lisette; she threatens me with her crutch. Pardon! pardon! Mabel—I *have done your bidding*! Save me, Lisette—oh! save me from her!” Her feelings quite overpowered her, and she threw herself fainting into Lisette’s arms.

“Cheer up, dear Pauline,” she cried, “none but friends are near you now. Alas!” continued Lisette, turning to the guests, “she is wet with the snow—I feel it on my arms. Aid me to support her.”

They proceeded to move her to a couch, in doing which, her cloak became loosened, and they all started back with a cry of horror—for the whole front of her white robe was saturated with *blood*! Lisette, too, who had supported the poor creature, was stained with the same fatal colour. While they stood, gazing in speechless terror from each other’s faces to the sickening object before them—the door was suddenly thrown open, and a labourer entered the room, out of breath, and pale from agitation—

“Messieurs,” said he, “I have seen a horrible sight—old Gaspard Letrobe lies murdered in his bed!”

Here the original manuscript ended: but a postscript by M. C— informed me, that Pauline was tried and convicted of the murder of her father; but the evidences of her insanity were so numerous, that the sentence of death was commuted into one of imprisonment for life. Accordingly, she had been entrusted to his charge; which charge death had just concluded.

Such was the awful recital my friend had submitted to my perusal, and which filled me with the profoundest feelings of interest and pity. Its heroine was interred in the *cimetière* of St. B—; and a plain marble slab, with the name “Pauline Letrobe,” alone point out the spot where lies this hapless victim of *SUPERSTITION*!

THE BOLD DRAGON,

OR,
HEIRESS HUNTER.

(Concluded from p. 298.)

“Here were we all tearing along—Jack and his lady—myself—and the two thief-takers,—never was there such a race in the memory of man. I found I was gaining on the lovers every stage, and when I got to a village on this side of Durham, I found I had overshot my

mark, and actually got before them. I discovered there were two roads to the place, and that as it was the only point for miles and miles where they could change horses, they must come to it by the longer road, which it seemed they must have taken. Being quite satisfied with this, I ordered myself a comfortable breakfast, and patiently waited their arrival. I had laid an embargo on all the horses, so I was certain they could not get on without my knowledge. Just as I was sitting down to my stewed fowl and beef-steaks, I saw their carriage rattle up to the inn; and in a few minutes after another chariot—postillions hot—horses all of a tremble—drove up furiously to the door. 'Who the devil can this be?' thought I, for ye see I knew nothing at all about the thief-takers—'Will this be another couple, I wonder?' But when I saw two coarse, strong, blackguard-looking fellows get out, I could not tell what to make of the whole business. Out of the first carriage came Jack in his plain clothes—for I forgot to tell ye he did not go to the ball in his uniform—looking very tired and sleepy—and handed out his huge raw-boned partner, whose beauty was by no means increased by her night's frolic. I did not exactly know how to proceed; so I sat down to my breakfast, and enjoying the thoughts of surprising Jack; and consulting with myself how to break the matter to him in the pleasantest manner. But my cogitations were broken off by hearing Jack, who was in the next room to me, only divided by a thin partition, saying, 'Well, gentlemen—the devil take howld of yer souls—what do ye want with me?'

"'Only a little private talk with you, sir—that's all,' said one of the men in return.

"'Niver mind yer private talks—say your say, and be quick about it, or by the piper that!—

"'Come, come, no, nonsense, master,' said the man; 'you know well enough what we be come about, I daresay—did ye ever hear of one Mr. Fusby, sir?'

"'Ocho!' said Jack, 'so ye're come about that, are ye? An' ye'll stop us from goin' on to the ind of our journey?'

"'Yes—back you must go with us to York—them there is very serious charges—

"'Och, d—n the charges—I'll pay all yer charges—ye may stop here and ate and drink like a couple of corporals—but this very day I'll find my way into Scotland.'

"'We'll see about that,' replied the man, sulkily: 'We thought you might have been trusted without the irons, but

the gentleman seems anxious for the fetters. Out with them Tom!—to his companion.

"'Fetters!' said Jack; 'to be sure I am anxious for the fetters; and the owld Blacksmith will fix them as tight as a Bishop.'

"'Bishop's a rare good 'un, no doubt, sir,' said the man; 'but we can do that as well.'

"'Do that? do what, ye spalpeens?'

"'Why, splice you, and this here lady together, sir; she's an accomplice after the act.'

"'After what act, ye brute baste? We're not married yet.'

"'No, nor won't be this bout. Come, out with the darbies, Tom; we hain't time to be palavering here all day.'

"'Hark ye, gentlemen,' said Jack, growing more and more enraged and astonished, 'this window is pretty high, thank God, and will break a gentleman's neck very prettily; so I advise ye to be off, and out of hearing, before I can break this egg, or, by the poker, your wives may buy their mourning.'

"'Come, come,' replied the man, no ways daunted, 'we must have no more of your blarney; we are up to all such tricks. You are suspected of stealing Mrs. Fusby's property.'

"'Is it you they mane, my dear?' said Jack to the lady. 'Ye may go back, my men, as fast as you please, and tell the little fat owld woman, the sugar-seller's wife, with my compliments, that Miss Sibilla M'Scrae, of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart, is not her property at all; and is very much obliged to her for her care, but will keep what she has got.'

"'Will ye keep what she stole off with?'

"'Just so,' said Jack, nodding his head.'

"'And do you confess,' continued the man, 'that she has got the article with her?'

"'Ye may say so, when ye write home to yer friends; and a very pretty article too, don't ye think so, my dear?' said Jack, drawing himself up, and looking as pleased as Punch.

"'And you won't give it up?' said the man.

"'By no manes.'

"'Then we must force you.'

"'Och, must ye?' said Jack; 'and I'm particularly obliged to ye for yer kindness.'

"I now heard a scuffle; and two heavy falls, rapidly succeeding each other, made me recognise Jack's one, two. In a moment I rushed into the room, nearly killed with laughter at all the conversation,

and there I found Jack, his nostrils widened with passion, and his whiskers redder than usual, standing over the two unfortunate strangers, who were groaning most piteously on the floor. The moment he saw me, he burst into one of his wildest shouts of joy.—‘Och, look only here, O’Looney, my darlint; these two gentlemen with the bloody faces are friends of Mr. Fusby, and are sent off to stop our journey to Gretna Green.’

‘And I’m very glad to hear it, Jack,’ said I.

‘I call you to witness, sir,’ said one of the men, getting up, and putting a handkerchief to his eye; ‘we are de-fenced in the execution of our duty. I order you to assist us in the King’s name.’

‘Faith will I, willingly,’ said I.

‘Jack upon this was almost choked with passion. He stood and scowled at us all, and then folding his arms across his chest, asked, as quietly as he could—‘an’ tell me now, gentlemen, what it is ye really want?’

‘We want possession of your body. This here is our authority,’ said the constable.

‘My body!—Ye hell-dog, are ye a set of doctors? and do ye think I’m a corpse?’

‘No,’ said the man, ‘we don’t take you for no such thing. It’s likely you know more of doctors and corpses, nor we do. Ain’t you a pottercarrier’s boy?’

‘Pottercarrier! D’ye mane an apothecary? and do ye take me for his boy? me, me, John O’Farrell Esquire, that is so soon to be proprietor of seventy-five thousand acres of land, besides Lord knows how many lakes and rivers? Och, ye infernal scoundrels, I’ll physic ye.’

‘Saying this, he advanced to murder the two men, but I stopt him, and said, ‘Listen to me, Jack; you shall not go to Gretna Green this time. She’s nothing but a governess, that teaches little girls to spell, and ate bread and butter without dirtying their fingers.’

‘Who do ye mane, O’Looney?—Miss Sibilla M’Scrae, of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart?’

‘Yes, faith do I,’ said I, ‘and no other. Ask her.’

‘Jack turned round to the lady, and said, ‘Pray, madam, do ye tache little girls to ate bread and butter and spell without dirtying their fingers? Are ye not one of the heireses of all the fine land and water you towd me off?’ The lady, though I suppose she felt her position a little uncomfortable, was not very easily frightened, and brazened it as bold as a statue.

‘To be sure,’ she said, ‘I’m gover-

ness to the wee children at Mr. Fusby’s, and learn them hoo to speak English. Ye never askit me that. But I’m heires, for a’ that, to Glen Buckie and Ben Scart.’

‘And what may the rint-roll be, madam?’ said Jack, looking rather more peaceable.

‘Oo, ’deed, the rent-roll’s just nothing, for it’s a’ hill grund, excep’ the moss.’

‘Jack made a low bow, took her by the hand, and led her to the policemen. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘let me present you with the lady that has caused all this uproar, and Mrs. Fusby is quite welcome to her property again.’

‘That won’t do, sir,’ said the man, who now began to recover his confidence. ‘Here we are sent out after this lady and you, on suspicion of your having stolen a piece of goods.’

‘And a pretty piece of goods she is,’ said Jack, ‘to talk to me of her seventy-five thousand acres of land! Take her, I say.’

‘Yes, we’ll take her into custody, and you too, in spite of your fine talking. She’s thought to have stolen Mrs. Fusby’s shawl last night, in the ball-room; and by the description, that’s it lying on the sofa.’

‘Whew!’ said Jack, who now discovered the mistake. ‘Och, I see it all now—this bates Bannagher entirely. Why, ye villains, I took the shawl.’

‘I call you to witness, sir, he confesses the robbery,’ said the man, addressing himself to me.

‘Keep the tongue in your head, ye rapsallion!’ continued Jack. ‘How the devil should I know whose shawl it was? I took the first that came. I tell ye, that on the word of a gentleman and an officer—’

‘O, sir,’ said the man, ‘we are all officers here—police-officer, or medical-officer, it’s all the same, I reckon.’

‘I now saw the whole business, and was like to die with laughing at the man continuing to believe Jack the apothecary’s apprentice. However, I undertook to be answerable for Jack’s appearance, and he and I returned in one chaise to York. The matter was easily explained to Mrs. Fusby, and even Miss Sibilla was forgiven. I’m not quite sure what became of her afterwards; but I suppose she eloped with somebody else, for the example of our regiment made a flyaway match indispensable among all ranks of the people. I won my wager off Jack, who told me, that all the way down he had been thinking, that if he made all possible allowances for the

number of her sisters—saying even she had seventy-four of them—he would still step into possession of a snug little farm of a thousand acres, besides his share of the four lakes and the river. Now, wasn't that a narrow escape from the blacksmith?"

"Yes—and now, colonel," said we all in a breath, "tell us your own adventure?"

Colonel O'Looney sighed, and shook his head. "No, no, my lads, no more stories to-night—I'll keep mine for some other occasion. In the meantime, pass round the bottles, and keep them constantly moving." *Blackw. Mag.*

FANCY FAIRS.

For the Olio.

"I saw her at the Fancy Fair."

FANCY fairs have pushed country fairs half out of the calendar. We shall have the Road Books and Travellers' Guides adorned with stalls and coronets, directing us to the indices, to tell us when the fancy fairs commence, and on what days, Martlemas, or Lammas. As the quality have taken the lead in these fairy proceedings, our *cattle fairs* for sheep, swine and horses will be directed to market-days, and sales effected accordingly. But what will not the most distinguished of the female race aspire to, or descend to, when honourable charity and fame-rivalry are enviable incentives? With regard to our sex, it is really a pleasure to attend a fancy fair, and be waylaid in such coaxing language and looks. The article offered is taken as a fair recommendation at the fair price, without any other consideration than that of a charitable one, and our natural vanity is excessively flattered to carry away, in our imaginations, the languishing smiles of court-presented shop-ladies, whose pleadings are more than special pleadings at their stocked boutiques, and which out-rival the far-famed doings of yore at Westminster Hall, when barristers occupied places and disposed of suits with axiomatic eloquence. One consolation remains with us, as with the Damons and Colins of old fair times, that our heart was left at the stall of the Hon. Miss —, on our entrance to the first fancy fair we ever visited; and our grievous lamentation is, now, in our renewed acquaintance to empty our pockets at a fancy fair, that we cannot find the "love that meets return." Hope told us "a flattering tale;" hope tells us so still. Rather than create disappointment, for nothing produces it so much in a fair bosom as not to be taken

with all "her sweetly winning ways," we are determined, like butterflies, to dip from stall to stall.

Though we can see through the gauze of the real motive (and it is a good one) which inspires the fair solicitors for custom; yet we fondly delight in the supposed blindness in which we are kept, and knowingly suffer the loose cash to be drawn from the fetters of our purse-strings, to the prosperity of the cause in which the ladies are engaged, and landably caress them for the consummate skill of which they are possessed. The Scripture saith, "the woman is the glory of the man!" This superior influence is not any where more effective than at the fancy fairs. What opinion would be formed of a miserly churl entering a booth at the sign of the Flag, keeping time with his whip on his thighs to the music near the spot, examining the articles presented to his attention, turning a deaf ear to silvery tongues, persuasive recommendations, and loitering in every standing-place till hope were lost of his benefiting the charity? We say such a character is totally unsuited for fancy fairs, and whom the fair sex would never fancy. Let all such *sui generis* mingle with the nut-tasters at Bartlemy and the walnut-crackers at Croydon—we can well spare them from the saloons in our fancy fairs, in which the most charming, the most beautiful, and the most refined of our lady-shopkeepers are charitably congregated for the disposal of their handyworks, and, it may be in some instances, of themselves.

OLIO.

TOOTH-DRAWING.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR—As it may amuse some of your readers, I send you a specimen of passive suffering, which too many travellers thro' the ways of life experience.

Having sojourned through some of those miserable parts called the fens in Lincolnshire, and arrived at Gainsboro, I congratulated myself in falling unexpectedly upon three commercial gentlemen who were taking orders, and, and as there was a fellow-feeling with us, our relative customers inclined to be made merry at our expence, met us when the post had left and we were more at liberty to chat and laugh, and bibe the best. To say how well and how late we kept it up, would, perhaps, either frighten or pose Londoners, not familiar with the blessing (g. bore t) of travel. I, therefore, merely mention, that none could go to bed more comfortable—if they could find their way

more sober. But the treat is to come:— Just as the charm of sleep crept over my dull eyelids, and I was in promise of a lone cantative snore, a sensitive nerve woke in my head, and began to tug! tug! and pull a dolorous peal. I turned right and left—jumped out of bed—tried the cold water—stamped, groaned, coaxed—used the hose—buried myself in the blanket—danced about the room, moved the furniture, trimmed the rushlight—took a book, sat up in bed, like Don Quixote, and a true knight of the woful countenance. All would not do—the toothache fit was on, and nothing could drive it off. Maddened to distraction, since the throbbing, like the “nervous man,” had set in, I rung the bell tooth and nail, and, with boots sympathising, with the gig at the door, I braved the weather courageously, resolved to bear the worst. Having scarcely paced four miles, I entered a little village at day-break, and heard the anvil at work in a blacksmith’s shop. A large board, as I was passing, presented to my notice the various qualifications of the handicraftsman. In a parenthesis, with a painted hand holding a tooth for inspection, appeared the words, “teeth drawn here.” I felt a gentle hint that the cruel enemy concealed in my roof might be ejected from its pre-carious tenement; but, strangely enough, the throb had ceased, the pang was gone, and I regained my usual tranquillity of temper.

After riding onward about half a mile further, a sudden jerk told me the foe was only trying my patience, and scornfully mocking me. Like the old disappointed lover and tallow-chandler in “Dolly and the Rat,” so once ably delineated by the late Mr. Lancaster, I muttered sullenly—“D— it, *I’ll be revenged*—I’ll be—*revenged*.” I turned the horse round; poor Snailer had other inn-ate views, and trotted back more cheerfully than I.

“Well, good morning! is the smith up yet?”

“I am the smith, sir—at your service.”

“Oh, you draw teeth?”

“I pulls out now and tan one, sir.”

“Ah, I see you have a case full of tallo the grinders!”

“And, sir, I hope to add a few of your’s to the number.”

“Nay, nay—only one, I hope.”

Thus the colloquial intercourse commenced, and at least half an hour elapsed ere I could lay my hand to my heart, and sap, “Be grateful, ye children of men.” How I sighed, as I turned my eyes to the right and to the left, for an easy chair at Clark’s in Piccadilly, or a harder seat in a dentist’s cool parlour in Whitechapel;

but what vanity to be in the *chair*, when the *vice* was present! Courage I screwed up to concert pitch, and determined to progress like a man. The smith, wiping down his apron, and wafting the sparks aside, put one of his fingers, as large, but not so clean, as a sausage, into my mouth, by way of a feeler; and having ascertained that the arch-fiend was at top, he directed me to sit on the ground; and holding my head firmly in the clenching vice of his colossal knees, he twisted a pocket-handkerchief round the cold iron—(I touched cold iron then, believe me!)—Mercy forefend the *old screw*! as if all my bones were in the hands of an Absalom, I seemed to feel them macadamising for the first, second, and third time—Tom Tug was operating to a certainty. Heaven be thanked, my jaw was true to the cheek department, and out came the four forked tooth. A basin of water less lukewarm than myself was offered me; I conceded to plenteous ablutions and ventured to give a ghastly smile towards the operator, who, holding the monster with his prongs in his clutch, said—

“Very few, sir, in the *back settlement* like this.”

“Why, perhaps not,” I replied; “but what’s your charge?”

“Only sixpence, sir—I never charges more.”

I threw down a half-crown, and mounting again, wound six yards of comfort round my neck, tightened my box-coat, drew on my warmers, caught the rein, rode off at full speed,—comparing my difference of feeling in so short a time, and marvelling at two things—“that persons are so silly to bear months of suffering, which minutes of skill would remove; and the obvious improvement in all dental practice, particularly in London and its immediate connection.”

A TRAVELLER.

DISASTROUS VOYAGE.

In the year 1619, an able navigator, named Jens Munk, was sent out on a voyage of discovery towards the north-west coast of America, by Christian IV., King of Denmark. Sailing from Elsinour on the 18th of May, he succeeded in reaching Hudson’s Bay. In passing through the straits, after leaving Cape Farewell to enter the bay, he conferred upon them the name of *Fretum Christiani* in compliment to the King of Denmark, although they had been discovered and named before. Munk had two vessels, one of them of small burthen, manned with only sixteen hands; the largest had a crew of forty-eight. He met with a great

deal of ice, which forced him to seek for shelter in what is now called Chasterfield's Inlet. It was the 7th of September when he entered the inlet, where, from the lateness of the season, it was but too obvious he must winter. The ice closed in around him, and every prospect of returning home the same season was shut out very speedily. Munk, now began to construct huts on shore for himself and crews, which being completed, his people set out to explore the country around, and employ themselves in hunting for their future subsistence. They fell in with an abundance of game. Hares, partridges, foxes, bears, and various wild-fowl, were equally applied to secure them a winter stock of provisions. On the 27th of November they were surprised by the phenomenon of three distinct suns, which appeared in the heaven. On the 24th of January, they again saw two, equally distinct. On the 18th of December they had an eclipse of the moon. They also saw a transparent circle round the moon, and what they fancied a cross within it, exactly quartering that satellite. These particular appearances were regarded, according to the spirit of those days, as omens of no future good fortune. The frost speedily froze up their beer, brandy, and wine, so that the casks burst. The liberal use of spirituous liquors, which in high latitudes are doubly pernicious, was quickly productive of disease. Their bread and such provisions as they had brought from home were exhausted early in the spring, and the scurvy having reduced them to a most miserable condition, they were unable to pursue or capture any of the multitudes of wild fowl, which flocked to the vicinity of their miserable dwellings. Death now committed frightful ravages amongst them. They were helpless as children, and died in great numbers. In May 1620, their provisions were entirely consumed, and famine aided disease in the work of death. Never was the waste of life in such a situation so terrible. Summer had nearly arrived, but not to bring hope and consolation to those who had lived through the dark and dreary winter, but to show the survivors the extent of the havoc death had made among them. Munk was among the living, but so weak as to be unable to indulge a hope of recovery. In despair, and perfectly hopeless, he awaited the fate which seemed inevitable. He had been four days without food. Impelled at length by hunger, and ignorant of the fate of his companions, he gathered strength enough to crawl out of his own hut to inquire after the others, and try to satiate his appetite. He discovered that, out of fifty-

two, only two remained alive among the dead bodies of their comrades, who lay unburied. Seeing they were the remnant of the crews, and hunger stung, they encouraged each other to try for food. By scraping away the snow, they were fortunate enough to find some roots, which they devoured with ravenous eagerness, and then swallowing some herbs and grass which happened to be antiscorbutic, they found themselves better. They then made corresponding efforts to preserve life. They were soon able to reach a river, and to take fish, and from that they proceeded to shoot birds and animals. In this way they recovered their strength. The two vessels lay in a seaworthy state, but crewless and untenanted. On seeing the ships, which were a few months before well appointed and exulting in anticipated success, and observing the numbers to which their crews were reduced, what must have been their sensations! They, nevertheless, took resolution from despair. They made the smaller vessel ready for sea, taking what stores they had a necessity for, from the larger, and a crew of three hands embarked in a ship to navigate her in a perilous voyage, which had sailed from home with a complement of 14. They succeeded in re-passing Hudson's Straits, enduring dreadful hardships. Their passage was stormy. Day and night they were necessitated to labour until the vessel was almost wholly abandoned to her own course. Nevertheless they succeeded in making a port in Norway, on the 25th of September. The sufferings of Munk and his crews have perhaps never been equalled in the fearful catalogue of calamity which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. No fiction has ever painted a scene so horrible as the gradual death of 49 persons in such a situation, before the eyes of three survivors, whose constitutional strength kept them alive, the witnesses of misery, to the sight of which death must have been far preferable. The escape of the survivors and subsequent navigation to Europe, amid ice and storms, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances on record.

History of Shipwrecks, &c.

DESCRIPTION OF A BALL IN BARBADOES.

At this moment stepped forth the premier violin, master of the ceremonies and ballet-master, Massa Johnson, really a very smart man, who gave lessons in dancing to all the "Badian ladies." He was a dark quadroon, his hair slightly powdered, dressed in a light-blue coat

thrown well back, to show his lily-white waistcoat, only one button of which he could afford to button to make full room for the pride of his heart, the frill of his shirt, which was inclined 'au Jobot superb' four inches wide, and extending from his collar to the waistband of his nankeen tights, which were finished off at his knees with huge bunches of ribbon; his legs were encased in silk stockings, which however, was not very good taste on his part, as they shewed the manifest advantage which an European has over a coloured man in the formation of the leg; instead of being straight, his shins curved like a cheese knife, and, moreover, his leg was planted into his boot like the handle of a broom or scrubbing-brush, there being quite as much of the foot on the heel side as on the toe side. Such was the appearance of Mr. Apollo Johnson, whom the ladies considered as the 'ne plus ultra' of fashion and the 'arbiter elegantiarum.' His bow-tick, or fiddle-tick, was his wand, whose magic rap on the fiddle produced immediate obedience to his mandates. "Ladies and gentleman, take your seats." All started up. "Miss Eurydice, you open de ball." Miss Eurydice had but a sorry partner, but she undertook to instruct me. O'Brien was our 'vis-a-vis' with Miss Enterpe. The other gentlemen were officers from the ships, and we stood up, twelve chequered brown and white, like a chess-board. All eyes were fixed upon Mr. Apollo Johnson, who first looked at the couples, then at his fiddle, and, lastly, at the other musicians, to see if all was right, and then with a wave of his bow-tick, the music began. "Massa lieutenant," cried Apollo to O'Brien, "cross over to opposite lady, right hand and left, den figure to Miss Eurydice—dat right; now four hand round. You lily midshipman, set your partner, sir; den twist her round; dat do now stop. First figure all over." At this time I thought I might venture to talk a little with my partner, and I ventured a remark; to my surprise she answered me very sharply, "I come here for dance, and not for chatter; look, Massa Johnson, he tap um bow-tick." The second figure commenced, and I made a sad bungle; so I did of the third and fourth, and fifth, for I never had danced a cotillion. When I handed my partner to her place, who certainly was the prettiest girl in the room, she looked rather contemptuously at me and observed to a neighbour, "I really pity de gentleman as come from England, dat no know how to dance nor nothing at all, until em hab instruction at Barbadoes." A coun-

try dance was now called for, which was more acceptable to all parties, as none of Mr. Apollo Johnson's pupils were very perfect in their cotillion, and none of the officers, except O'Brien, knew anything about them. O'Brien's superior education on this point, added to his lieutenant's epaulet and handsome person, made him much courted; but he took up with Miss Eurydice after I had left her, and remained with her the whole evening, thereby exciting the jealousy of Mr. Apollo Johnson, who it appears was amorous in that direction. Our party increased every minute; all the officers of the garrison, and finally, as soon as they could get away, the governors aid-de-camps, all dressed in multi (i. e. plain clothes.) The dancing continued until three o' clock in the morning; when it was quite a squeeze, from the constant arrival of fresh recruits from all the houses in Barbadoes. I must say that a few bottles of Eau de Cologne thrown about the room would have improved the atmosphere. By this time the heat was terrible, and the mopping of the ladies' faces everlasting. I would recommend a dignity ball to stout gentlemen who wish to be reduced a stone or two. Supper was now announced, and having danced the last country dance with Miss Minerva, I of course had the pleasure of handing her into the supper room. It was my fate to sit opposite to a fine turkey, and I asked my partner if I should have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me very indignantly and said, "Curse your impudence, sar, I wonder where you learn manners. Sar, I take a lily turkey bosom, if sou please. Talk of breast to a lady, sar: really quite horrid." I made made two or three more barbarous mistakes before the supper was finished. At last the eating was over, and I must say a better supper I never sat down to. "Silence, gentleman and ladies," cried Mr. Apollo Johnson, "wid de permission of our amiable hostess, I will propose a toast. Gentleman and ladies—You all know, and if so be you don't, I say that there no place in the world like Barbadoes. All de world fight against England, but England nebber fear; King George nebber fear, while Barbadoes tand tiff. Badian fight for King George to last drop of him blood. Nebber see the day Badian run away; you all know dem Frenchmans at San Lucee, give up Morne Fortunee when he hear de Badian volunteer come against him. I hope no fence present company, but um sorry to say um English come here too jealous of Badians. Gentleman and lady Barbadian born have only one fault—he really too

brave. I purpose health of 'Island of Barbadoes.' Acclamations from all quarters followed this truly moderate speech, and the toast was drank with rapture; the ladies were delighted with Mr. Apollo's eloquence, and the lead which he took in the company.

Metropolitan.

THE INQUISITION.

THE ostensible object of its early exertions was to extirpate the Jews, Moors and Moriscos; and so successful were its efforts, that Llorente calculates that in one hundred and nineteen years it deprived Spain of three millions of inhabitants. Mariana says 170,080 families of Jews were banished, and the rest sold for slaves. They entered Portugal, but were again commanded by the Portuguese king to quit that realm also. The Moors were suffered to depart; but when the Jews were preparing to do so, the king commanded that all those who were not more than fourteen years old, should be taken from their parents and educated in the Christian religion. It was a most afflictive thing to see children snatched from the embraces of their mothers; and fathers embracing their children, torn from them, and even beaten with clubs; to hear the dreadful cries they made, and every place filled with lamentations and yells of women. Many, through indignation, threw their sons into pits, and others killed them with their own hands. Thus prevented on the one hand from embarking, and on the other oppressed and persecuted, many feigned conversion, to escape from their miseries. The cruelties practised on these people, to compel them to embrace a religion which was thus represented as only fit for devils, makes one's blood boil to read them. The Reformation appeared, and found these monsters fresh employment. The doctrines of Luther appear scarcely to have made so rapid a progress in any country as in Spain. Numbers of the highest ranks, of the most intelligent ladies, of ecclesiastics, embraced the principles of the reformer; and, had it not been for the inquisition, that country might now have figured in the front of Europe with a more glorious aspect, as a great and enlightened state, than it did under Charles V. The Inquisition had the satisfaction of extinguishing the revived flame of Christianity, and of reducing Spain to its present deplorable condition. All the fury and strength of that great engine of hell was brought to bear upon it: *auto-da-fés* were crowded with Lutheran heretics, its fires consumed them; its secret

cells devoured them—men, women, children were swept into its unfathomable gulph of destruction. Priestly malice triumphed over truth and virtue.

Mr. Wilcox, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, wrote to Bishop Burnet, that he witnessed at Lisbon in 1706, Hector Dias and Maria Pinteyra burnt alive. The woman was alive in the flames half an hour; the man about an hour. The King and his brother were seated at a window so near as to be addressed for a considerable time in very moving terms by the man as he was burning. All he asked was a few more faggots, yet he could not obtain them. The wind being a little fresh, the man's hinder parts were perfectly roasted; and as he turned himself round, his ribs opened before he left speaking, the fire being recruited as it wasted, to keep him just in the same degree of heat; but all his entreaties could not procure him a larger allowance of wood, to dispatch him more speedily.

The victims who have suffered death or ruin from this diabolical institution in various quarters of the world, are estimated at some millions. Llorente gives, from actual examination of its own records, the following statement of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition alone:—

Number of persons who were condemned and perished in the flames.....	81,913
Effigies burnt.....	17,649
Condemned to serve penances.....	391,456

341 081

And these things the choicest agents of the devil have dared to act in the name of Christ, and men have believed them! Amid all the crimes of Napoleon, let it be for ever remembered that he annihilated this earthly hell with a word—but Englishmen restored Ferdinand to the throne of Spain, and Ferdinand restored the Inquisition. We fought to give Spaniards freedom, and we gave them the most blasting despotism which ever walked the earth—the despotism of priestcraft: with fire in one hand, and eternal darkness and degradation in the other.

Popular History of Priestcraft.

SCOTTISH REBELLION.

THE following sketch of the conduct of the rebel chiefs engaged in the rebellion of 1745, at their trial, and also at the place of execution, is extracted from the "Correspondence of Sir Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann."

"I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son who fell at

Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviours melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person; his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen, he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow ever I saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar, he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child, and very handsome; so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it in with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see him; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself.

"When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher: Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino: and Lord Stair—as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour*.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry. What a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Nora, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern: my brother, as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' old Isaac replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of us all?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew my Lord

was guilty, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour*.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

"On Wednesday, they were again brought to Westminster-hall, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock with a fine voice read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son (his second unluckily was with him,) in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them*. He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that he was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Vanhoe's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him: and concluded with saying, 'if no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but thy will be done!' if he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death."

"Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army,

the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended, is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the breeze might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapp'd it up and put it into the coffin with the body: orders having been given not to expose the heads as used to be the custom.

"The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards; he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered

to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the Sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill-usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsmen, how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. On two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the Warder, to give him his perwig, which he took off, and put on a night cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'

LITERARY SCRAPS.

For the Olio.

Sir Thomas Gatehouse, Knt. of Headley Park, Hants, was the gentleman whose character Dr. Smollet has drawn in "Humphry Clinker," under the name of Sir T. Bullford.

Henry II. granted to John Jenyn and Richard Ludlow, sergeants of his cellar, the office of Parkership of his Parke of Guldeford, with the office. Knockpynne there, with the wages and fees thereunto belonging, to be received out of the issues and revenues of the Castle of Windsore, by the hands of the constable there for the time being. Habend. to hold to them and the heirs males of the said Richard lawfully begotten for ever. Pat. 22. H. vi.

About the year 1764, as George Westbrook, sometime since clerk of Guildford, was digging a grave in the middle of the south chancel, he discovered an earthen pot; after which he threw out a skull with a *tenpenny nail* driven through the upper part of it; and that it was supposed to be Mr. Colvall's of the Friary, who was buried near that spot. ALDOMEER.

Varieties.

THE NILE.—The Nile has with justice been represented as one of the wonders of the globe. Its course has been compared to the path of a good man amidst a wicked generation. It passes through a desert, dry, barren, and hideous; on the portions of which, contiguous to its banks it deposits the richest soil, which it continually waters and nourishes. This gift has been the source of subsistence to several powerful nations, who have established and overthrown mighty kingdoms, and have originated the arts, the learning, and the refinement, of the ancient world. Those nations,—instructors and pupils,—have perished; but the remains of their stupendous labour, the pyramids and the temples of Egypt and Nubia, Dongola, and Meroe, are more than sufficient to excite respect for the great people who founded them.—Under this impression a voyage up the Nile may be considered as presenting an epitome of the life of man. We meet at almost every stage with the monuments of his tyranny, his superstition, or his luxury, but few memorials of his talents directed to the improvement and protection of his fellow-creatures. We also every where perceive the traces of Almighty justice on his crimes. On the banks of this ancient river we behold cities, once famous for power and wealth, reduced to a heap of sand like the wilderness; and temples, once renowned, and colossal idols at one time feared, now prostrate, and confounded with the dust of the worshippers. The flocks lie down in the midst thereof; the cormorant and bittern lodge in the towers and palaces; their voice sings in the windows, and desolation is in the thresholds. The Nile, meantime, which has seen so many generations rise and disappear, still moves onward to distribute its fertilizing fluid to the countries on its borders; like a good Providence, which seems unwearied in trying to overcome the ingratitude of man by the many favours it bestows upon him.
—*Ed. Cab. Lib.*

ACCOUNT OF HAVANNAH.—In a city, the population of which is so mixed, the habits of the lower classes so demoralized, among whom gambling, and its concomitant drunkenness, is so prevalent,—in a city where there is no police, and where, by paying the priests handsomely, absolution may be obtained for the most atrocious crimes, no wonder that robberies and assassinations are of almost daily occurrence. Some time ago, no fewer than seven white people were murdered in different parts of the city in

one day. People are robbed in open day in the following manner:—Two villains come on each side of a pedestrian, displaying long knives under their arms, while a third deliberately takes out his watch, purse, gold shirt-buttons, &c., and whispers that, if the least noise is made, the knife will do its office; and though the plundered individual may afterwards recognise the robbers, he is afraid to give evidence against them, and must just put up with his loss. * * * When the least scuffle takes place in the streets, all the doors and windows are hastily closed in the neighbourhood; the inmates of the houses are much afraid of being called upon to give evidence in case of a murder. The bodies of the murdered are exposed for a day in the street, behind the gaol, in order that their relatives may claim them. One forenoon I happened to be passing the government house with my friend Mr. Jackson, and observed a small crowd collected; we looked over the shoulders of the people, and saw a ghastly sight. In an open bier, with legs and handles to it, lay the corpse of a white man, about forty years of age, rather good-looking, and wearing a grim smile on his countenance. A dreadful gash was in his throat, his hands were also cut in the death-struggle, and his trowsers and shirt were torn, and literally steeped in gore. This was a Gallician store-keeper, who had been murdered in his own store, two or three hours before. * * * All this took place within a few yards of the custom-house guard, with perfect impunity to the murderers.

Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches.

WIVES.—It seems at times odd enough that, while young ladies are so sedulously taught all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize. They are taught to be *exhibitors*; he wants a *companion*. He wants neither a singing animal nor a drawing animal, nor a dancing animal; he wants a talking animal. But to talk they are never taught; all they know of it is slander, and that "comes by nature."—*Godolphin.*

BONAPARTE'S RECIPE FOR DISPERSING A MOB.—When Louis the XVI. pusillanimously placed on his head the red cap at command of the ruffian *Sans Cullottes*, Bonaparte, who had wandered from his case towards the Tuileries, could not suppress his surprise and contempt when he saw majesty so degraded. "The wretches!" said the young artillery man, "they should have cut down the first five hundred with grape-shot, and the rest would soon fly." And he added, "as

to that fellow with the red cap, it's all over with him."

EUROPEAN BRIDGES.—The oldest bridge extant is that over the Gard at Nismes, which was built nineteen years before Christ; the architect is unknown. Its curve is a semicircle, the height of key stone 4 feet 9 inches, the diameter of the circle of curvature at the vortex 80 feet, the span 80 feet, and the height 40. The boldest arch in the world is at Nismes, also in the church of the Jesuits. It was built by Cubisol. Its curve is the segment of a circle, and although its chord is only 29 feet 3 inches, the diameter of the circle of curvature is 564 feet! The circle of curvature of the New London Bridge, (the main arch), is 324 feet, while that of the very celebrated bridge of the Holy Trinity, at Florence, is only 21 feet more. Westminster bridge is remarkable for the specific height of its key stone. The widest arches are those of Vielle Brionde, over the river Allier, of which the span is 183 feet, and that of Ulm, over the Danube, 181; they are both, in curve, segments of circles; the former was built by Grenier and Estone, in 1445, and the latter by Wiebiking.

The bridge across the Tees at Barnard Castle, dividing the counties of Durham and Yorkshire, obtains celebrity from the following incident, taken from Sir C. Sharpe's History of Hartlepool—"Alexander Hilton, curate of Denton, left a son named Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who having taken orders in no church, but having been trained as Bible clerk under his father, came to Barnard Castle, and celebrated illicit marriages upon the centre of the bridge. The old rhyme made use of by him on these occasions, after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, is still remembered:—

"My blessing on your pates—
And your groats in my purse,
You are never the better,
And I am never the worse."

LARGE COMBS.—The South American papers appear to us to be the only ones which class domestic discomforts with political grievances, fairly giving to each a share of attention and discussion. Thus the terms of a convention are held of no greater importance than the tie of a ribbon, and the respect of the national atmosphere no more attractive than the temper of the ladies under the varying and trying vicissitudes of fashion. Not long since the peculiar make of a woman's shoe was made a matter of general complaint throughout the Argentine republic; but the grievance now seems suddenly

shifted from "toe to top," and the ladies heads have been brought into litigation. Furious and serious complaints are made of the size of the combs which they wear in their hair, and societies are actually said to be formed of married men, who have taken for their motto *Abago Peinetas* (Down with the combs), whose prospectus is thus worded:—"Adam was happy in Paradise, because Eve did not tease him for a comb of false hair; Thisbe and Echo, without combs or false hair, had their Pyramus and Narcissus to sigh at their feet;—but some of the ladies of the present day would pawn their husbands to get a large comb. Others, when tired of a comb would drop it on the ground, as if by accident, so that it might be trodden upon and broken by some gentleman; then if the said comb was only two spans, she would declare it was five, &c."

CONTAMINATION.—When Bishop Thomas was chaplain to the British factory, at Hamburgh, a gentleman of the factory being ill, was ordered into the country, about ten miles distance, where he died. Application being made to the parson of the parish, for leave to bury him in the church-yard, the parson inquired what his religion was, and was told he was a Calvinist: "No," says he, "there are none but Lutherans buried in my church-yard and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered how any man of understanding could have such ideas. I resolved to wait on him and argue the matter, but found him inflexible. At length, I told him what happened to myself, when I was curate of a church in Thames-street; I was burying a corpse, a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve, in the midst of the service. "Sir, Sir, I want to speak to you."—"Pr'ythee," says I, "woman wait 'till I have done."—"No Sir, I must speak to you immediately."—"Why then, what is the matter?"—"Why, Sir, you are burying a man who died of the small pox, next to my poor husband, who never had it." This story had the desired effect, and the parson permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his church-yard.

Prejudice will always have more influence than fear, and more power than despotism.

HOW TO REVIVE GILT FRAMES.—Beat up three ounces of white of eggs, with one ounce of chloride of potash or soda, and rub over the frame with a soft brush in this mixture. The gilding will become immediately bright and fresh, and continue so.



See page 326

Illustrated Article.

"IS IT TIME?"

OR,

THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL *

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

My regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent from the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection, as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian sway, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly-incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasantest; in fact, for a long time we were sedulously cut by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighbourhood; and when at length they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick a quarrel, and to show their teeth at least, if they dared not bite.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young offi-

cers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the chance of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, assist at a *soiree* which we had heard was to be given the same night, at a mansion within a mile or two of the town. This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our *cloth*—by myself and some half dozen other swaggering, or rather *staggering* youths, who modestly deemed themselves the *élits* of his Bavarian Majesty's—regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolese *assemblee* we pursued our route, and reaching the chateau, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestic had time to announce us, into the principal *salon*, which, to our surprise, was filled with a company apparently as well-dressed and well-bred as might on an average be found at the *conversations* of Munich itself. Our aud-

* The Metropolitan.

den and unexpected presence seemed to paralyze the whole assemblage; and many eyes were turned upon us as glaring as those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montagues. As in that instance however, so now, the host—a benevolent and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit. We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand, to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure; it was fortunate that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorized and unmannerly intrusion; pleaded, in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peacemakers between us and

their male friends; and, in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good-humoured terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present one in particular attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young; but her whole contour, and the sweet intellectuality of her countenance, impelled me to devote to her my entire attention; nor did the fair Dorothea—for such I found she was called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole of the company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception—that of an individual called Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the smiling, sunny aspect of Dorothea. It was indeed difficult to imagine that anything could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite; but I observed that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity with the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpable as not to be mistaken, she made up to him and tried sundry little arts and emulcements to win him back to complacency.

This undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the young lady's quitting my neighbourhood, laughingly said, "Take heed; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of fellow, if you continue to *flirt* with his betrothed." The words sounded unaccountably; for even at that moment, as I gazed on the pair, her anxious agitated manner bore rather the semblance of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile. I did not press it, under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning however toward the spot, my surprise was great to see Dorothea still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. "Captain," said she as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, "I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it." Of course, I lost no time in profiting by this alteration, and having summoned Dorothea's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You, on the contrary, being unfortunately a *Bavarian*," (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke,) "are obnoxious to many around us. I entreat you, therefore, to return to your quarters; do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whisperingly, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervour. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she had intended, for I was the more determined to escort her safely to her door.

On reaching the chateau, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence; but Dorothea having knocked at a window, it

was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and elouched hat were handed out to her. "Take these," said she to me, "disguise may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and your cap."

"What dread you then?" I enquired, somewhat startled. "We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people: we are not at war with each other, and even the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power."

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issues of battles nor negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

"From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you," pursued she smiling; "all I seek just now is a sound night's repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of."

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed, "You are obeyed; but ere I go, *dear* Dorothea, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy looking Rusen?"

"Yes——no!" replied she, and rushing into the house, put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolese, and commenced my journey homewards. For a while my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, through the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure apparently mantled like myself, and gliding forwards with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life from this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice behind me murmured softly, "*Is it time?*" Instinctively disguising my tones, I replied, "Time to be snug in bed, friend;" on which the challenger, as if mistaken in the party he had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance, coupled with the preceding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I thought I recognised, in the voice I

had just heard, that of Rusen. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a bye-path, which, at the expense of a little *detour*, might, I conceived, save me from the hazard of being waylaid. This path led through some conventual ruins, and I resolved, on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few minutes, and reconnoitre before I penetrated further into the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who, with folded arms, was leaning against a parapet. He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter) uttering the question I had before heard, "Is it time?" The voice was certainly Rusen's and his interlocutor answered with the word, "Salurn!"

"Has he passed you?" inquired Rusen.

"No: not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved," rejoined the *watchful* sentinel, "much less an accursed Bavarian."

"Come back with me then to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from the town, the better."

The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence to my quarters.

On inquiry, next morning, I learnt that Rusen was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighbourhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of Dorothea, who, however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of connubial happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate, fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with Dorothea. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's chateau on the

route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led me to the hall door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlour, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of Rusen. "Tomorrow night, then!" he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, "tomorrow night, in the *Salurn Castle*!"

"Agreed!—but stay—hear me!" and I recognized the tones of Dorothea.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation; when my consciousness flowed again in a clear stream, I found myself in full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village of Salurn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defences of the ruined castle which towered high over-head. its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favourable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by the contemplation: from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words, "Tis time!"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidences had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and, in one instance, saw

a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of Salurn Castle; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Salurn and Trent, and take the necessary precautions.

Accordingly, I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe.

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favoured by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on three figures, in whom I recognized Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could hear, at least, whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. "Hear me," at length exclaimed Rusen, in a rough and angered voice, "and let us fully understand each other. I am, as you know, a Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither thrive best when public tranquillity is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale all my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that to-morrow you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, here, will I be trifled with."

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea

answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them "She has consented," exclaimed the other female; "up then, if you be a man!"

So intense was my excitement that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tiger-like feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him and seized him by the throat. "Jesu Maria!" cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, "*Is it not time?*"

"Yes!" I rejoined, "it is time!" and as the gleam of the lantern showed him my features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror. "In the name of the king," I pursued, "I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself my prisoner?"

"Never!" shouted he.

"Then down with you!" and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosened his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath; uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to dea-

cend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend; bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are you here, captain?" exclaimed Dorothea, half shrieking; "merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter but as one," replied I. "You, at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosened the lamp from the body of Rusen. "Leave me, leave me, Captain Lieber. I must hence, to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention!"

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! my duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly. "You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being you have said you loved."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I: "not by a word, not by a look."

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and——" she paused a moment, and then resumed——"In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp: otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp."

"You, captain!"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time presses."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

"Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that is my fear," she replied lingeringly.

"Shall I then swear not to do so?"

"No, but promise by your honour, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet, which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top, you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch

their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do, on the honour of a soldier."

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed: but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding stair was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—completely blank!

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a huge column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all, into the void below; but it was too late!—the signal was given. From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small arms and cannon which echoed from valley to valley!

How I descended, first the turret, and then the rock, I have not the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the out-

stretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal cry—"It is time!"—On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet I fell; and when, after great and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me, I found the mountain-land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased, and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

THE SUNDIAL'S REFLECTION.

CONTAINING SCRAPS FROM STOWE'S CHRONICLES. ABRIDGED.

1249. *Self Scourgers*.—More than 120 persons in Zealand and Holland, coming out of Flanders to London, sometime in the church of St. Pauls, sometime in other places of the citie, twice in the day, in the sight of the people, from the loynes to the heeles covered with linnen cloth, every one in their hand a whip with three cordes, beat themselves on their bodies, going in procession, foure of them singing in their owne language, all the other answering them.

Groats and Half Groats coined.—A new coyne called a groat, and halfe groat, were coyned; but these were of lesse weight then the casterlings, by reason whereof victuals and marchandise became the dearer.

Peter Pence.—The king commanded that Peter pence should no more be paid to Rome.

Picked Shoes and Horned Heads.—In these days beganne the use of picked shoes, tied to their knees with chaines of silver and gilt. Also noble women used high attire on their heades, piked like hornes, with long-trained gownes, and side saddles, after the example of the queen, who first brought that fashion into this land, for before, women rode astride like men.

Foreign Merchants.—It was enacted that all the marchaunt straungers should bee lodged within English hosts, and within fortie dayes to make sale of what they brought, or else what remained to forfeit to the king.

Persons Slain.—A stacke of wood fell down at Baynard's Castle, and killed three men. By the fall of a staire at Bedford, where the shire day was kept, eightene persons were slaine.

1439. *Ray Hoodes worn*.—Many strumpets were set on the pillory and banished the city, except they wore ray hoodes.

1509. *Savoy Hospital finished*.—This yeare was finished the goodly hospitall of the Savoy, neere unto Charing-crosse, which was a notable foundation for the poore, done by King Henry the Seventh; unto the which he purchased lands, for the relieving one hundred poore people. More, by indenture septipartite, dated 19th yeare of his raigne, hee established three monks, doctors, or bachelors of divinitie, to sing and to preach in Westminster church divers feastes, and every Sunday for ever. An anniversarie yearly of 20 pound to be distributed to the poore, by two pence the peece, to thirteen poore men, and three poore women, founded by him in an almes house for the same poore women, provided in the said monasterie 12 pence the yeare.

1509: *Weekly Obits*.—Also a weekly obit, and each of them to give to an 140 poore people each one penie. Eight brethren converses, to bee found meat, drinke, cloathing, and lodging for ever. Three scholars to be kept at the universitie, 10 pound the yeare to each for ever. The 13 poore men, one to bee a priest, aged 45 yeares, a good grammarian, the other 12 to bee aged 50 yeares; every Saturday the priest to receive of the abot or prior four pence the day, and each other two pence halfe penie the day for ever, for their sustenance, and everie yeare to each one a gowne, and a hood ready made, and to three women to dresse their meat, and keepe them in their sicknes, each to have every Saturday 16 pence, and everie yeare a gowne readie made: more, to the thirteene poore men yearley fourescore quarters of coales, and a 1000 of good faggots to the use of their hall, and kitchin of their mansion. A discreet moncke to bee overseer to them, to have 40 shillings the yeare, &c. And to this each abot and prior to bee sworne.

Hedges pul'd down.—All the hedges within one mile of London every way were pulled downe, and the ditches filled up in a morning, by a number of young men, citizens of London, because those inclosers were hinderance to their shoot-ing.

1550. *Blue Crosses, the sign Tau*.—The plague of pest being hote in the citie of London, blue crosses, called per signum tau, were commanded to bee set over the doores of houses infected.

Oath made void.—The oath which the cleargie had used to make to the Bishop of Rome was made voide by statute, and

a new oath confirmed, wherein they confessed the king to bee supreme head.

1533. *The Bible*.—Thomas Cromwell, L. Privie Seale, Vicegerent to the King, sent injunctions to all bishops and curates through the realme, charging them to see that in everie parriash church the Bible of the largest volume, printed in England, were placed for all men to read on: and that a booke of register were also kepte in everie parriash church, wherein shall bee written every wedding, christning, and burying.

1544. *Priest Pilloried*.—The 13th of February a priest was set on the pillorie in Cheape, and burnt in both cheekes with the letters F and A, and a paper on his head, wherein was written, 'for false accusing,' which judgement was given by the Lord Chancellor in the Starre Chamber. A notable act of justice.

1546. *Demolition of Stews*.—The stews in Southwarke was put downe.—The 27th of Aprill, being Wednesday in Easter weeke, W. Foxley, pot-maker for the mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep, who could not be wakened with pricking, cramping, or otherwise, till the first day of next tearme, which was full 14 dayes and 15 nights. The cause of his thus sleeping could not bee knowne, though the same were diligently searched for by the king's phisitions and other learned men, yea the king himself examining the said W. Foxley, and he was in all points found as if he had slept but one night, and was living till the year of our Lord 1587.

PERSUASIONS AGAINST CARE.

Shake off these cares, my friend,
And let us make an end
Of these saddening fears!—
If sorrow or cold care
Could darken a grey hair,
Rub out a graven wrinkle,
Or give our yellowing years
The tints they used to wear,
Why then 'twere well to sprinkle
Our smiles with tears.

But since our lots are cast,
Come, let us love the hand
That, weighing all our part,
Our future lives has planned!—
Thy lot might still be worse,
And mine be more distressing;—
Some joy, which now we nurse,
Might yet become a curse,
Which Heaven has made a blessing.
Trusting,—I can resign
The hopes which still are mine
Into His hands who gave
All that I had and have:—
With what is Thine do so,—
Then may we smoothly go
Into the careless grave!—*New Mon.*

Peto Music.

The Passions. Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho-square, London.

The passions are delineated in six songs; each with a descriptive poem and graphic illustration; the poetry by Mr. J. Lunn—the music by G. F. Stansbury, T. Cooke, J. Parry, W. F. Horncastle, J. C. Clifton, and E. Taylor—the illustrations by Robert J. Hamerton.—This musical and poetic *bijou* is dedicated to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, patron and president of the Melodists' Club, by whose auspices it has appeared before the public; but not till Mr. Lunn had been twice defeated in his original purpose, which is tritely explained by an interesting preface. By the introduction, the author states that he has chosen the "Cardinal Passions" as the *bases* of his theme, the first of which is "Love—Reason's tyrant, Passion's king," &c.—The second "Hate"—

"Behold! behold! behold!
Within yon dusky temple's gate,
By furies raised, sits scowling Hate," &c.

The third "Joy"—

"A shout, a welkin-rending shout!
Let each friend of mirth breathe out,
"See hilarious Joy advancing," &c.

The fourth "Grief,"—

"Hark! the swelling gale,
A thrilling, plaintive wail
Wafts from beneath yon spreading cypress
shade,
Where pallid Grief her languid form hath
laid," &c.

The fifth "Hope"—

"The choicest boon of Heaven," &c.

The sixth "Despair"—

"See, from his cave of direst gloom,
Which smiles ne'er cheer nor orbs illumine,
The hell-born monster, fell Despair," &c.

The songs which succeed the poems are very spiritedly and poetically written. The lithographic illustrations appropriate and vigorous. The musical compositions are such as do honour to the names and members of the Melodists' Club. For ourselves, we have not met with a more elegant and acceptable gift of song and melody than expressed in these combinations of the 'Passions,' which we heartily recommend to our friends and the public.

Hamlet's Letter to Ophelia. The words set to music by Elryngton, Limming, Halliday and Co.

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun does move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

To these expressive lines of our immortal bard Mr. Limming has adapted a varied

and pathetic composition, which, we are sure, will give many a modern Hamlet the opportunity of conveying, through the media of *notes*, such expressions as console the tremulous bosoms of the doubting Ophelias of the day.

OLIO.

THE GIN-SHOP.

It is a strange sight to watch one of these dens of wickedness throughout an evening: it is a strange, melancholy, yet, to the meditative man, an interesting sight. There approaches a half-clad man, covered with cardings, shivering even beneath the summer breeze which is singing around him. He comes with faltering step, downcast eye, and air of general exhaustion and dejection. He reaches his accustomed gin-vault, disappears for half an hour or less—and now comes forth a new creature: were it not for his filthy dress, he would hardly be recognised; for his step is elastic, his eye is brilliant and open, his air animated and joyous. He inhales the breeze as a refreshing draught, and he deems himself happy. His enjoyment is, however, short lived, and purchased at an immense sacrifice, for the 'price is death!—it is a costly feast.' Now comes a woman, perhaps his wife, bearing a sickly and cadaverous-looking infant, wailing and moaning as if in pain, or wanting nutriment. She is indeed offering it the breast, but it is flaccid and cold as marble. She has no endearments for her child, it is held as a burden—passively and carelessly. She is thin, pale, and badly dressed; is without bonnet, and her cap is soiled and ragged; her bosom is exposed, her gown is filthy, her shoes only half on her feet, and her whole aspect forlorn and forbidding. She, too, disappears for a time within the gin-shop, remains longer than her husband, but returns equally changed. The child is now crowing in her arms, clapping its tiny hands, and is filled with infantine mirth; whilst its mother views it with fondness, joins in its vociferations, tosses it in her arms, and kisses it like a mother. She passes on cheerily, her whole gait is altered, her cheeks are flushed, and she thinks herself happy, for her maternal feelings are aroused, and her inebriated child seems to her own disordered senses the very paragon of beauty and delight. The pair have now reached home—night is far advanced, and the fumes of their intoxications are worn off, or become converted into sullenness. The child is in a stupor, and the husband and wife meet without a single kindly greeting. There

is no food, no fire: bickerings arise, mutual recriminations, blows, curses, till both at last sink into the stupified sleep of drunkenness, worn out by toil, excessive stimulus, and evil passion—leaving the child lying on a rickety chair, from which it must inevitably fall should it awake.

Here comes several girls and young women, tolerably dressed; some with harsh, husky voices, showing the premature development of puberty; others full-grown and perfectly-formed women. All, save one, have the same pallid hue of countenance, the same coarseness of expression, the same contour of figure—but all seem equally toil-worn and exhausted. One amongst them is, however, beautiful, and beautiful as an innocent girl alone can be—the very purity of her heart and her soul gleaming in her face. Her figure is plump and round, and her cheeks, though somewhat pale, are yet firm in their outline. It is evident that she is scarcely at home in the presence of her companions, nor one of them in feeling, though it would seem that she is condemned to the same labour. Yes, it is so. She is not many weeks returned from a distant town, in which she had been apprenticed to a respectable trade. Adverse circumstances have, however, driven her home, and she has no resource but to become a weaver, and this she has been for upwards of a week. She hesitates to enter the beer-house—withdraws timidly, but at length is lost within its door, amidst the laughter and jeers of her companions. They remain long; and now approach a number of young men with soiled dress, open necks, and of obscene speech. They, too, enter the beer-house. Laughter long and loud resounds from it; time wears on, but the drunken revel continues unabated—now showing itself by bursts of obstreperous merriment—now by volleys of imprecations—now by the rude dance—and now by the ribald song. But where is that delicate and beautiful girl? Can she be one sharing such scenes? Can she, whose eyes and ears evidently revolted from the bold gestures and speeches of her companions, be remaining to share such coarse orgies?—Eleven o'clock and the party reappear. Cursing, swearing, hiccuping, indecent displays, mark their exit; and *there* is the fair girl, whose "unsurmised brow" so lately gave token of her purity. But now she is metamorphosed into a bacchanal with distended and glowing cheeks, staggering step, disordered apparel—lost, utterly lost, to herself; and when the morning bell rings her to her appointed labour, she will be one of the herd, and

will speedily lose all trace of her purity and feminine beauty.

It very frequently happens that one tenement is held by several families, one room, or at most two, being generally looked upon as affording sufficient convenience for all the household purposes of four or five individuals. The demoralizing effects of this utter absence of social and domestic privacy must be seen before they can be thoroughly understood, or their extent appreciated. By laying bare all the wants and actions of the sexes, it strips them of outward regard for decency; modesty is annihilated; the father and the mother, the brother and the sister, the male and female lodger, do not scruple to commit acts in the presence of each other which even the savage hides from the eyes of his fellows. The brutalizing agency of this mode of life is very strongly displayed in the language employed by the manufacturing population, young and old alike. Coarse and obscene expressions are their household words; indecent allusions are heard proceeding from the lips of brother to sister, and from sister to brother. The infant lips words which, by common consent, are banished general society. Epithets are bandied from mother to child, and from child to mother, and between child and child, containing the grossest terms of indecency. Husband and wife address each other in a form of speech which would be disgraceful to a brothel; and these things may be imputed in a very considerable degree to the promiscuous way in which families herd together; a way that prevents all privacy, and which, by bringing into open day things which delicacy commands should be shrouded from observation, destroys all notions of sexual decency and domestic chastity.—*Gaskell on the Manufacturing Population of Manchester.*

Upon a Horologe of the Clock, at Sir George Moore's Place of Safety, 1603.

Court hath me now transformed into a clock,
And in my braynes he restles wheels doth place,

Which makes my thoughts the tasker thee to knock,
And by ay-turning courses them to chase:

Yea, in the circuite of that restles space,
Tyme takes the stage to see them turne alea-
wies,

Whilst careles fates doth just desires disgrace,
And brings me shades of nights for shynes of daies.

My hart her bell, on which disdaine assaies
Ingratefully to hamber on the same,
And beating on the edge of truth, bewraies
Distempered hope to be her proper name.
But here I stay—I fear supernall powers:
Unpoized hammers strikes untymelie howers.

ALDOME.

LIEUTENANT WITHERS; OR, THE TWELVE HONEST MEN.

"SHORTLY after the glorious peace, as they called it, of eighteen hundred and fifteen," Lieutenant Withers thus began his story, "I went upon half pay as a jolly lieutenant. I was very glad of the change, as everybody else was, at first. It was very pleasant to rise when one chose, to dine where he liked, and to run a comparatively trifling risk of having his brains knocked out before the evening. But rising at your own hour, dining at your own time, and even keeping your brains in safety, becomes very tiresome and fatiguing. In about a month I would have given the world to be back again to our hurried reveilles, uncertain dinners, and all the other glorious sufferings 'of grim-visaged war.' I tired of London in a very short time. They are such a set of chattering fellows those cockneys; they worried my life out with their questions. Even in my coffee-room, I never could finish my modicum of port in peace. Some inquisitive fellow or other was sure to sit down at the opposite side of the table, and ask me all about Vaterloo and the Dook of Vellington. I never was much given to talking, especially over my wine, and offended sundry patriotic enquirers by the shortness of my replies. But their persecution was too much for me at last. I was terrified to go any where; the moment the medal was seen, I was elevated into a hero, and had every opportunity given me of elevating myself into an orator at the same time. If I hid the medal, some coffee-room tormentor was sure to recognise me. I cursed the Duke, and the Peninsula and Waterloo as the disturbers of my peace, and resolved to hide myself in the country for a few months, till our fame should be in some measure forgotten. Luckily, I saw an advertisement in the newspapers of a cottage to be let furnished, in the most beautiful part of Warwickshire. 'Swelling hills and verdant lawns, flashing waterfalls and umbrageous trees combined,' the advertisement said, 'to form a scene fitted for the contemplative poet of nature, the melancholy recluse, or the enthusiastic lover of picturesque magnificence.' I soon settled the business with Mr. Robins, and started down for my new abode, having ordered a tolerable stock of genuine old port to precede me from the cellars of old Barnes. I arrived at last at the village of Hollywood, and enquired for the cottage I had taken. 'Minarets in the gothic style gave a degree of castellated splendour,' so Mr. Robins said, 'rarely to be met with in a cottage

consisting of two small sitting-rooms and three chambers. Situated in a small-like enclosure, it contains every luxury within itself. Grecian couches, Arabian beds and Turkey carpets, would add little to the convenience of this secluded paradise. And in fact there is no saying what they might have done, for in this instance the experiment had not been tried. There were some good strong chairs and tables, a drugget on the floor, of a very comfortable appearance, and I must have looked like an innocent image of one of the babes in the wood, as I lay asleep in a little tent bed, about a foot and a half too short for me, with my complexion delicately whitened by the reflection of the clean white dimity bed-curtains. However, my old cook, who was as deaf as a post, had never heard either of Waterloo, or the Duke of Wellington, and I was perfectly happy and contented. I picked up a stout natty sort of Suffolk punch, and a good strong dnenet, kept them both at the village inn, smoked my segar, and drank my bottle as we are told the patriarchs did long ago under their fig-trees. I actually began to grow fat, but in a few weeks my happiness was greatly interrupted. The clergyman of the parish called on me. He was a little old fellow about sixty, with a prodigious nose, surmounted by a pair of coloured spectacles. When he came in, he sat down and took off his spectacles without saying a word, and as I was never very talkative, I waited very quietly till he should commence the conversation. 'You have been at the wars, Captain?' he said. I bowed. 'Ah! bad things those wars, and this Waterloo, that the people talk so much of, was a bloody fight?' 'Yes,' I said. 'A bloody fight—a very bloody fight'—he went on—'but what is that, sir, to the great battle of Armageddon, hundreds of thousands upon either side—earth shaking—sea trembling—pray, are you a student of the apocalyptic commentaries?'

"Commentaries!" said I, glad to catch at least a word I had heard before—"oh, I recollect Cæsar's Commentaries very well,—some good fights there, sir."

"Yes, sir, but Armageddon is the greatest fight of all. Compared to it, this Waterloo is but a quarrel among some school boys—the Duke of Wellington but the strongest bully of the school; but when the devil himself is let loose and placed at the head of an army—"

"I'll back the Duke against him for a rump and dozen," said I, "horns, tail, and all."

"The little old man looked quite confounded at my reply—put on his specta-

cles, and in a very short time got up and bade me good morning. He has published a huge book, giving a full description of the battle; he is a little cracked, I suppose, in the upper story, but not a bad fellow for all that,—he drank port wine like a gentleman, and did not trouble his friends with much conversation. Several other people called on me, but we did not find each other very delightful, so after I had returned their visits, we nodded very politely when we met in the country roads, but never troubled our heads about talking. At last a gentleman called on me, of the name of Jenkins—he was a fellow quite after my own heart,—had the best cellar in the county, said very little about it, but did his work after dinner like a man. Jenkins and I were sworn friends in a very short time. He was about fifty years of age, round, short, and ruddy. He had a capital house about half a mile from the village, and his elder sister, a widow, took care of his domestic concerns, as his daughter, a very pretty little girl of sixteen or seventeen, was thought too young to be installed as mistress of the family. Well, it was quite delightful, after driving through the beautiful scenery of that neighbourhood, or hearing my reverend friend's account of some new vision, or his interpretation of some old one, to walk quietly over to 'The Farm,' as Jenkins's villa was called, and have a cozy dinner and a quiet bottle or two of port. The whole family were always so happy to see me—Mrs. Meddleton, the widow, and little Julia, the daughter, seemed to contend which should be most hospitable. Sometimes they came down in the same way and visited me at my little box in the village. On these occasions Mrs. Meddleton always did me the honour to preside at my table, and little Julia, with whom, as I had nothing else to do, I was very much inclined to fall in love, seemed to make herself quite at home. In the mean time, old Jenkins and I sat opposite to each other, and pushed the bottle between us, very often without saying more than a word or two by the hour. The ladies were both what is called romantic, and used to talk a great deal about moonlight and nightingales. I thought it a capital joke to hear the old lady discoursing so poetically, and Julia seemed to enjoy the fun of it as much as I. When they left my cottage, I generally shewed them through the fields, and often accompanied them the whole way home. Well, this sort of thing went on delightfully for I should think two years. Julia was now as charming a creature as I had ever taken

the trouble to suppose women could be made. She was beautiful and merry; and I must say, I began to think that I was rather a favourite with her. To be sure I never paid her any compliments, or put myself greatly out of my way to shew my affection; but, by Jove, about the end of the second bottle, strange feelings used to find their way into my heart, and I thought so much of her lovely features, that often through the haze of my segar, I have fancied I saw her smiling and looking very gracious, when perhaps it was only her father whiffing away as fast as a volcano. In the mean time, the old lady continued to be as kind as ever. She kept on quoting nonsense out of novels or romances, and was very well pleased with the 'yes' or 'no,' as the case might be, with which I replied to her rhapsodies.

"About this time, a former pupil of our clergyman, Frank Walton, came down from Oxford to visit his old preceptor. The old man was half mad with pride and vanity, as Frank had taken some classes, or medals, or whatever they call their honours at the University, and invited us all to a dinner in celebration of the event. We went; upon my honour, he was a very good fellow that Frank Walton for a young one, and a chap who had done nothing but turn over old musty parchment, instead of handling a sword. We managed to make old Armageddon as happy, and nearly as noisy as if he had been present at the battle; and saw the Jenkins's safe across the fields with the steadiness of a couple of field marshals. He came home with me to my cottage, and we had a very agreeable chat over a glass of brandy and water and a segar, —that is to say, he had most of the chat to himself, and a devil of a fellow to talk he was. He spoke of the Jenkins's. They had been old friends of his when he lived at the Rectory, and he really spoke so warmly and kindly of them all, that I could not resist hinting to him, in rather an obscure way, that I had some hopes of becoming one of Mr. Jenkins's family. Jenkins, I said, has been quite a brother to me already, so that we scarcely require any relationship to make us more intimate and friendly. The young collegian shook me by the hand, and congratulated me on my prospect. 'He did not believe,' he said, 'there was a more amiable creature in the world than the object of my choice.' We had some more segars with accompaniments, on the strength of our new acquaintance, and parted the best friends in the world. Next evening, as I sauntered up to the farm, I saw little Julia and Frank Walton straying slowly

up the avenue before me. I got on the grass at the side, so as to make no noise and got quite close upon them before they perceived my approach. In answer to something Walton said, I heard the young lady reply, in what I took to be rather an agitated tone—'I have seen his attentions for some time, and my aunt, I fancy, sees them too.' The devil she does, thought I.

"Do you think your father would approve of it?' said Walton.

"I don't see how he could make any objection. Mr. Withers seems already a great favourite with him. I myself should be quite pleased, and my aunt, I am sure, will be delighted.'

"Sweet angel!' I said to myself, 'she will be quite pleased.' I was just rushing up to thank her for the delightful discovery I had made, when Walton saw me, snatched my hand, and shook it very warmly. Julia, in the meantime, being very much startled by my unexpected appearance, made the best of her way to the house. 'I have done the business for you,' exclaimed Walton, with the most friendly warmth, 'Father, aunt, and daughter will all be delighted with whatever proposal you choose to make. As a very old friend of the family, I mentioned the subject to Miss Julia just as you came up, and I assure you, her heart is entirely on your side.' I never was so happy or proud in my life. I thanked the jolly young Oxonian as kindly as I could, and asked him to consult with me that evening, over some brandy and water and segars. When we arrived at Mr. Jenkins's, the whole party were kinder to me than ever. Walton, by way of preventing any awkwardness which Julia might feel, under such interesting circumstances, took the care of entertaining her entirely upon himself. He whispered with her on the sofa; and once or twice, when I heard my name mentioned, I looked at her, and found such a beautiful and merry sort of smile upon her countenance, that I became more and more convinced that the young creature, by some means or other, had fallen desperately in love with me. Old Jenkins filled his glass, and drank my health with a look of very particular meaning. The old lady sat simpering beside me on the sofa, thinking it a capital thing, no doubt, to have something to say in so interesting a matter as a marriage. She sighed deeply every now and then; and as I supposed the business put her in mind of her own courtship, I did not like to take any notice of her proceedings. I merely told her to cheer up and

look happy, for I had something to say to her brother, which she would be, perhaps, not very sorry to hear. 'Sweet creature! so kind, so compassionate!' she said, looking at me with such a curiously comical leer upon her face—that I could scarcely keep from laughing—and then hiding her eyes in her handkerchief.

"'Oh!' said old Jenkins, 'I guess something of the business, Withers. I give my hearty consent; but you had better settle the whole matter with my sister. The ladies know better about these things than we do.'

"Saying this, he finished his glass in a twinkling, and telling us he was going after Walton and Julia, who had gone down by the summer house, he disappeared, leaving me alone with Mrs. Meddleton.

"I filled up my glass, and sat silent for some time, not knowing very well how to open the business to such a silly, romantic sort of old lady. But in a little, she took up the subject herself.

"'Have you been long unattached, Captain Withers?' she said, in a very sentimental voice.

"'About four years and a half,' I replied, 'ever since a very few months after the peace.'

"'But previous to that time,' the old fool continued,—'previous to that time, I think I could tell from your face and manners, you have been more than once engaged.'

"Here, thought I, this silly creature is going to bother my life out about Waterloo and the Duke of Wellington. 'Yes madam,' I replied, 'I have had my share in nine serious engagements, besides ten or twelve trifling little affairs not worth speaking of.'

"Then, I perceive, you have been a man of very diffusive gallantry,' she said with a simper.

"Diffusive gallantry! thought I. There is a phrase! 'Why yes, Mrs. Meddleton, we all of us did our best to follow the Duke's example, and he is a devil of a fellow to come up to the scratch.'

"'Ah! Captain Withers,' she cried, 'you have a soul far, far above scratching! happiness, contentment, obedience, will far better become your quiet home, than the scratching, striving, and fighting you confess you were apt to meet with in your miscellaneous engagements.'

"'Yes,' said I, very dryly, wishing to stop her nonsense; but all my attempts were vain.

"'You have a nice cottage in the village, Captain Withers; elegant, sumptuous—fit for the abode of a retired warrior.'

"'I suspect, madam, you have been studying the advertisement—but it said something about the retirement of a poet—nothing that I recollect of about a warrior.'

"'A poet!—so, my heart's fondest longings at length are realized. You are a poet, Captain Withers; I have suspected it a long time. What a cheering employment for your lonely hours! The lines to a Robin Redbreast in the Warwick Mercury, are they yours? sweet, beautiful delightful.'

"'No; I never wrote a line of any such cursed nonsense in my life.'

"'Ah! in a higher strain—an ode, perhaps, or an epic—grand, overwhelming, sublime.'

"I took two or three gulps of the port and did not answer a word: At last I said, 'Mr. Jenkins, madam, left me here to consult you on a very tender subject. Your brother, as he told us, gives his consent; your niece has no objection—and I only wait your approval to consider myself the happiest of men.'

"She held down her head and muttered, 'charming, eloquent, and touching!' and then looking me in the face, said, 'Is it then possible that you can imagine for a moment that any selfish scrupulosity of mine should hinder an event which will give so much delight to every member of my family? no! away foolish forms, and useless dull delays! I here devote myself to your service.'

"'You are very obliging, Mrs. Meddleton, would you do me the favour to name as early a day as, after consulting your niece, you conveniently can?'

"'Niece!' she exclaimed—'I consult no niece, nor brother, nor any one but myself. Whatever day is most agreeable to you, you will find no impedient cast in the way by any one in this family.'

"'You are very kind, I will let you know in a few days, as soon as I shall have completed my preparations. In the meantime, I will just finish this bottle, and join the party on the lawn.'

"'Do; do, my captain!' exclaimed the lady, with the tears actually standing in her eyes.

"'I am sorry, Mrs. Meddleton, I am not a captain as you call me. A plain lieutenant's wife is all the rank I can offer.'

"'Happier in that capacity, than as a general's lady—polite, courteous enchanting!'

"'Well, madam, I may consider every thing satisfactorily settled?'

"'Yes, all, my Withers!'

"'D—n your Withers,' I muttered, and bolted out of the room.

"I and young Welton stayed to sup with the family that night. Love, I am sure, is a very healthful occupation, for I never ate so ravenous an appetite in my life. Ham, turkey, tongue disappeared in no time, and as for drinking, curse me if I thought old Jenkins and I should ever have done swigging vast tumblers to each other's health. In fact, the old gentleman got as drunk as a lord. I can't say, I myself was particularly sober, and the young Oxonian, though I perceived he shyed the bottle every time it came round, sang, and laughed, and reeled about as if he had been mad. I could not help thinking there was some little sham in it, but I thought if he was such an ass as to affect being merry, when he might be so in reality, the loss was his, not mine. Not a word was said on the subject of my offer. The ladies seemed both a little confused at old Jenkins's innuendos, and retired early to bed. We went on drinking to a late hour, and when I offered to go away, my old friend would not hear of the proposal. 'Body-o'-me, man—we don't turn near relations out at this hour o' the night.' You shall sleep here, you shall; Frank can toddle home to the personage in a jiffy; but for you, my boy, you sha'n't stir a step! We'll have another tumbler, and this segar—so, good-night, Frank, my boy.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES

ON RETURNING A LOCKET WITHOUT THE HAIR.

Oh! believe, should the surface be dimm'd by a spot,

Should the semblance of sorrow appear,
That 'tis not for the gift—for I value it not—
But the giver, that made it so dear.

The remembrance of hope, that once brilliantly beam'd,

In this parting I now shall discover,
For 'twas given in an hour when I artlessly deem'd

Thy love would have lasted for ever.

Though simple the toy—still, when placed there by thee,

Will the neck of thy favourite adorn,
But the treasure that made it of value to me
By another shall never be worn.

But choose a bright lock, never gazed on by me,
Where no traces of sorrow appear.

Nor give to a heart that is guileless and free,
One that oft has been damp'd by a tear.

HENRIETTA

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY IN ABYSSINIA.

A great degree of scepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinds*, or raw meat, to the guests in the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company

have taken their seats at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which the cooks proceed to select the most delicious morsels. Before killing the animal, all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure the *brinds*, lay it upon cakes of teff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or any thing else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large, crooked ones, which in time of war they put to all sorts of uses. The company are so ranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies; and the former with his long knife begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the fibres is yet perfectly distinct. In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings, about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces somewhat smaller than dice. This they lay upon a portion of the teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne, and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the mean time the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open, very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws, at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he does prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces, and in silence. Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbour on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form. Each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commence the potations, which, we are assured, are not regulated with much regard to sobriety and decorum.—All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skilful are the butchers, that while they strip the bones

off the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal, perishing from loss of blood, becomes so tough, that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles with their teeth.—In the description now given, we have purposely omitted some features, which, it is not improbable, have been a little too highly coloured, if not even somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.

Edin. Cab. Lib.

NON-PROPOSALS; OR, DOUBTS RESOLVED.

I wonder when 'twill be our turn
A wedding here to keep!
Sure Thomson's *flame* might quicker burn,
His "*love*" seems gone to sleep!
I wonder why he hums and haws
With 'kerchief at his nose;
And then makes one expecting pause,—
Yet still he don't propose!

I wonder whether Bell or Bess,
It is he most admires,
Even Mistress Match'em cannot guess—
It really patience tries!
He hung, last night, o'er Bella's chair,
And things seem'd at a close;
To-day 'twas Bess was all his care,
But yet he don't propose!

He's gone to concert, play, and ball,
So often with them now,
That it must seem to one and all
As binding as a vow.
He certainly *does* mean to take
One of the girls, and close
The life he leads—the flirting rake!
But yet he don't propose!

I often wonder what he thinks
We ask him here to do;
Coolly he Cockburn's claret drinks,
And wins from me at Loo!
For twenty months he's dangled on,
The foremost of their beaux,
While half-a-dozen else have gone,—
And still he don't propose!

No matter—'tis a comfort, though,
To know he will take one,
And even tho' Bess and Bella go,
He still may fix on Fan!
I'll have him in the family,
"That's sure!—But, why, you look"—
"Oh, madam! Mister Thomson's just
Got married to his cook!"

Varieties.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF BURKE.—The horse of his lamented son one day came up to him while buried in thought, and gently laid his head upon Burke's bosom. The father threw his arms about the kind animal, in an agony of tears.

A LEGACY HUNTER is the most loathsome of God's creatures, one who poisons the mind of age and imbecility, that he may increase the wages of perfidy—who pulls out his stopwatch before he enquires after the health of the expectant devisee, and calculates the ebbing of life by the decay of animal motion—who increases the worst passions, when the best ought to be called into increased action—who hears of his friend's death with the joy of an undertaker—whose reverence for departed worth bears a proportionate relation to the expense of his funeral.

IRISH IDEA OF DISTANCE.—If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe? he will probably say it is "three short miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that it is "five long miles." On you go, and the next will tell "your honour," it is four miles, or about that same." The fourth will swear, "If your honour stops at three miles, you'll never get there!" But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies, "Oh, place your honour, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!" "Why, you said it was more than three miles off!" "Oh, yes, to be sure and certain, that's from *my own cabin*, place your honour. We're no schoolards in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, place your honour, but from *our own little cabins*? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, place your honour.—*Treatise on Happiness.*

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. KEAN.—Kean was a man all of impulse. It is told of him, that on returning home after the first night of his *Sir Giles Overreach*, his wife, in her delight at his success, inquired how Lord Essex (then an active patron of the actor) was pleased. In the fervour of joy at the reception which the tumultuous and excited audience had given him, he broke out with "D—n Lord Essex!—the pit rose at me!"

REV. MR. IRVING.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill being asked his opinion of this eccentric divine, while yet in the zenith of his popularity, replied:—"Mr. Irving, sir, is like a sky rocket, which goes off with a fiz—rising a few yards into the air—throws out a number of pretty little stars, makes a short pause, and then falls down again plump into the place from whence it arose."

INK STAINS may be taken out of paper in a minute or two by applying a little chloride of soda with a feather or hair pencil, and the paper rendered as fit for use as before, by doing over the spot with isinglass, gum-arabic, or the white of an egg.

BOTTLED TEARS.—In some of the mourning assemblies of the Persians, it is the custom for a priest to go about to each person at the height of their grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he then squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution. This practically illustrates the passage in the 56th Psalm:—"Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Some Persians believe that in the agency of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of tears so collected put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known to revive him; and it is for such a use that they are collected.

TAMBURINI.—A singular story is told of this gentleman during his residence in Palermo, where a custom prevails of allowing, during the first day of the carnival, the audience at the theatres to interrupt and drown the performance by every sort of discordant noise. The prima donna, offended at this licence, refused to perform her part; the people were furious; and Tamburini, who had once before allayed the storm by his ready wit, now undertook to go through the scene in the dress of Eliza, and in the high tones of his clear falsetto, which he is said to have done with the most perfect success, contriving even to perform the duet, with which the scene concludes, by rapidly changing from the high notes of the female part to the deep and full tone of his own natural voice. He gave another proof of the versatility of his talent at Naples, where the principal woman having through sudden illness lost her power of singing, he went through the whole aria while she leaned motionless on his shoulders.

A THREAT EXPLAINED.—"Your unchristian virulence against me," said a Huguenot who had been persecuted for preaching, "shall cost hundreds of people their lives." This menace brought the author into trouble; he was cited to a court of justice, and was charged with harbouring the most bloody designs against his fellow-subjects. "I am innocent," said he, "of all you lay to my account. My only meaning was, that I intended (since I could not act as a minister) to practise as a physician."

PEACE, THE EFFECT OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—Mr. Ellis in his Polynesian Researches, speaking of the people of Tahiti (Otaheite) late one of the most warlike and savage tribes in the South Sea Islands, says, "As they feel the blessings of peace increase with its continuance, their desire to perpetuate it appears stronger. Its prevalence and extent are often surprising even to themselves; and some of the most striking illustrations of

the advantages of true religion, and appeals for its support and extension, are drawn from this fact, and expressed in terms like these: Let our hands forget how to lift the club or throw the spear; let our guns decay with rust, we want them not; for though we have been pierced with balls or spears, if we pierce each other now let it be with the word of God. How happy are we now! we sleep not with our cartridges under our heads, our muskets by our sides, and our hearts palpitating with alarm. We have the Bible, we know the Saviour; and if we all knew him, if all obeyed him, there would be no more war."

CURIOUS INSTINCT.—The remarkable instinct by which wounded and diseased animals are driven away by their fellows seems to pervade the whole animal race, and serves them instead of quarantine laws. The wounded stag feeds apart from the herd; give a dog a lashing and all the other dogs hunt it; or turn a wounded dog into a kennel and he is probably eaten before morning. White mentions, that, having wounded a partridge, which escaped in consequence of darkness, he went next morning to look for it; the covey rose, some on his right hand and some on his left, and just before and over his head he perceived two birds fly directly against each other, when instantly, to his great astonishment, one of them dropped at his feet, and proved, by the clotting blood on its breast and wing, to be his wounded bird, while the blood flowed from a fresh wound on the head. This we are inclined to attribute to the instinct of which we have been speaking, though he explains it in a different way. However, not to insist on that, we find clear proof that such instinct exists in crustaceous animals; for, as we read in the supplemental matter of these parts, Pere Labat, in describing a species of *fourloursen*, found on the coasts of Barbary, reports, "that these same crustacea cut in pieces and devour the individuals of their own species which have been lamed by any accident."

COURAGE.—Marshal Saxe was cool and deliberate in danger. He usually kept his physician, M. Senac, near his person. At the siege of Tournay, he ordered his coachman to drive almost close to the trenches, and then he sprang out, saying to his companion, "I shall not be absent many minutes." M. Senac perceived he was near a battery, and that the enemy were preparing to fire. As the marshal was alighting, the physician mentioned the danger in which he would be left. "Oh, never mind," replied the warrior; "if they fire, pull up the glasses."



Illustrated Article.

PERRAN PATH,* A CORNISH STORY.

Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest war.
BYRON.

HENRY NORTON was—but it does not signify what he was; suffice it he was poor and in love—had nothing, indeed, but the half-pay of a service which he had not health to remain in, while Mary Franklin was rich, and her parents intended her for a much higher rank in society than the life of a “half-pay luff,” as they used contemptuously to call him. But women are obstinate in these cases; and, moreover, if there had been no opposition, she would very likely have fallen in love with the young sailor, and as her fortune would be her own when she was of age, the odds were very much in her favour. But the parents were aware of this; so, from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they watched their daughter with lynx-eyed vigilance, but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to meet,

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though, it must be confessed, it was but seldom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a grove, or by a lake; but they met not there. Sweet are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazaars; but they met not there. But, as the grey dawn was breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff,—as the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock clearly in the haze of the morning,—as the lengthened wave was curling along the white and seemingly endless beach,—they would meet on the dizzy height of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love. But as it was impossible for them to give each other notice when these meetings would be, it was Norton's business to be on the cliffs by day-break every morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish. Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely miner, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, according as they were or were not engaged (as almost all Cornish peasants are) in assisting the landing of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff, thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and frequently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise, in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain that he would not be able to see her that morning, he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promontory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a woman, standing and waving a handkerchief. With the speed of a lover he rushed to the place, but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam; and it was a spot where no woman could have dared to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the next morning he went again. But again there was the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The next moment Mary came; and, telling her the story, they walked towards the place where he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called her, but she was not visible, so they laughed and forgot her.

"And is this to last for ever, Mary?"

said Norton. "Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two words of welcome, before we have to say good bye, to meet again we know not when."

"Be patient, Henry—be patient; and if, when I have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse—why, I will give my consent without waiting any longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune-hunter."

"But what does that signify? I do not think so. Is not that sufficient, Henry! And if we do our duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our friends that our love is real and enduring, they may at last consent, and Heaven will—"

"Curse, curse ye!" cried a voice from beneath them; and a woman started from the rock, and sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribbons. In one hand she held a handkerchief, in the other a stout riding-whip, such as is used by farmers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down over her forehead, while her pale features looked much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are ye, and what are ye?" continued she, coming up to Norton, "that, for this third

time, have frightened him away? for I have called, and he did not come; I have sung, and he hath not heard me! for you have scared him away with your false vows—you have driven him away the while I was sleeping, and he will not come again. But I'll away to your father Mistress Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned round the hill before he could overtake her, and on reaching the spot, he could see no traces or signs of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not faint, was so frightened, that on his return Norton found her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as to be unable to walk without assistance. This, under existing circumstances, was particularly agreeable. Upon going a little way, she found it impossible to go farther without resting, and it was getting late. This was still more agreeable. She had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were awake and stirring, and they stared, and wished her good morning;—they would have known her a mile off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, however, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery, but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat; and no one had met them—except the inhabitants of the village. She was entering the house, somewhat cheered by this circumstance, when she met her father at the door.

"You are early," said he. "It is too cold now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill, child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice behind them, which made the old gentleman start, "that heeds not the mother's bidding. Well, well! I called, and he came not; ye called me not, but I am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr. Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer," said Rosa Rosevargus; "I will answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of the disobedient has kept him away. Three morning have I called him, and he remained behind,—for why? the daughter was with her lover, though the command was upon her that she should have heeded; and she was away from the home where the father was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which one of the strong ponies of the country was tied; and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an instant. Mary would not live so near her lover, and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enraged father heard all the story, and her meetings with Norton were, of course, put a stop to. And many long and weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Norton, guessing what had happened, yet having no certain information; and often did he see the "grim white woman," and often did he attempt in vain to overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she would spring on her rude saddle and gallop off, with her usual parting of "Aha! I wish you well—aha!" In answer to his enquiries, Norton could only hear that she was the "mazed woman," who lived at Mr. Herring's, at the far end of Cuthbert parish; and it was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an opulent farmer, and had once rented a large tract of land. But the times and his landlord both pressing him at the same time, he was obliged to give up. He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the times continued bad, it was determined his daughter Rosa should, as the Cornish express it, 'go out in service.' But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible heart, and so had the butler; and Mr. Rosevargus was a monied man. He had formerly been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he was Mr. Rosevargus, and a monied man. Accordingly it was agreed that he should take a small farm; and for some time fortune favoured them exceedingly, for, speculating in mines, they became very rich. But their happiness was of short duration. A few years after their marriage the husband died leaving behind him only one son. Robert did not, however, inherit his father's industry. The wrestling ring, the hunt, and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion for all these, that not only were his mother's persuasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts could not reform him. She even threatened to find another and a more steady sweetheart without effect; so she tried another plan, and said, if he would live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now this said Anne Roberts was, his mother thought, exactly the person Robert should not marry, being fond of dress and excessively

extravagant. Accordingly, she expostulated and reasoned; but it was no use. So the day was fixed, and she was obliged to consent, though, as she said, no good would ever come of it. However, she was somewhat appeased by a white gown and bonnet Anne Roberts sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a joint gift from both of them; and so the day was fixed. Two nights, however, before the wedding-day, two friends of the young farmer came to his house, and insisted on his accompanying them on a fishing excursion. This his mother insisted very strongly on his not doing; but his friends laughed at him, and he went, and never returned, the boat was swamped in one of those sudden ground seas, which are so frequent on that coast, and which the most expert seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every one on board perished. From that time the senses of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her father took her home, and she grew better in time, still she would frequently put on the white dress—her son's last present—and mounting her pony, would ride off to that part of the coast where it is supposed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was only still at sea, and would be too late for the wedding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and then ride home, and say he was coming. At times she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dangerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It was in one of these fits she first met Norton: and having sense enough to remember Mary Franklin, and to know the reason she was there, she avenged herself for the interruption in the manner we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took another turn. She fancied that he was just upset, and that she would go and look for his body. The fishermen, to humour her, would say that they would take her out for a pound; but as they never trusted her with money, she would only answer them with her usual salutation, and ride on. One day, however, she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the bridle, she exclaimed—

"And have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin? have ye heard of my loss? Willy—ye know. Willy the fisherman?—Willy tells me that my poor boy is drowned; and Willy says he will take me out for a pound—for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now, your honour would not refuse the value of a pound to poor Rosa Rosevargus for this cause?"

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa was not satisfied with this refusal;

she went twice afterwards to the house, and demanded her pound—till at last the squire lost his temper, and sent her rather rudely out of the house. A short time afterwards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met her. His horse was awkward at opening the gate, and the rider, as usual, lost his temper.

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried Rosa. "Ye have turned from the mother's prayer, and ye would not help her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and she shall not answer; ye shall seek her, and ye shall not find. For ye would not help the childless and the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baffled. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

It was the very next morning that Norton was taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat down on the same place where he had first seen Rosa,—probably blessing her in his heart for all the misery she had caused him.

"Mary," said he aloud, "I shall see you no more. They tell me that you are going to London, and I am too poor to follow you; or if I was, I would not, for I could not bear to see you happy without me. But we are separated for ever, and I will leave this place——"

Curse ye, curse ye!" cried a well remembered voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock as before. "I curse ye, for ye heard not the widow's prayer, and her son is unburied on the waters."

"Woman!" cried Norton, springing on her, and seizing her by the arm, "what did you——"

"I will tell ye, then," interrupted Rosa; "I will tell ye what I did. I did the thing which makes me sleepless, and I will do the thing which will give me rest. Ye said ye were separated for ever; ye said ye would leave this place,—ye were a fool to think it. Did I not give the wound—will I not heal it? Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

"What mean you, woman? what are you——"

"Mr. Norton," said she, in so altered a tone that her hearer started, "they say I am mad, because I forget not my dear boy—my only son; because I come here to weep for him. You came to interrupt me, I thought,—to mock me, as others do; but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think it; for I am not mad, indeed I am not. I have done the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no note—no message? trust me with it, and it shall be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are deceived, by a mad person's temporary re-

turn to reason, and agreed to meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But he more than half repented having done so, when, at the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness returned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed woman. Ye shall call, and none shall answer; ye shall seek, but ye shall not find; ye shall run, but it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And springing on her pony, she was out of sight as quick as ever. "Fool that I was, to trust her," said the lover. "She will give the letter to Mr. Franklin, and it will hasten Mary's departure, and she will be guarded more strictly than ever." He was, however, mistaken. That night, as Mary was looking out of the window of her room, thinking of the comparatively happy time when she used to sit there and watch for the first light of the morning to steal out and meet her lover,—she heard a low voice singing, to the tune of one of the ballads of the country, the following words:—

The wild waves are breaking still loud on the shore,
But the call of the childless is answer'd no more.
The lover is there by the dawn of the day,
And the widow is mixing her tears with the spray.

The mother is mourning for him that is not,
But the maiden is sleeping—her love is forgot.

But he'll be flying, he'll be flying
Over land and over sea,—
He'll be dying, he'll be dying,
Like the child that's lost to me.

I stood upon the cliff, maid, to sorrow for my child,
And I curse ye, and I curse ye, for my grief had made me wild;

But the sorrow of the lover I have sense enough to feel,
And the wound that I have given, he has sent me here to heal.

Mary thought she must be deceived—that she was dreaming, or mad; but she listened again, and found she was not mistaken. At this moment the dogs began their nightly conversation with the moon, and she heard no more. The next night she heard the same words again; but just as she was about to answer the signal, her father entered her room, and lectured her for an hour for sitting at the open window, and when he left her, the singer was gone. The next night, however, the same song was again repeated, with this additional verse:—

The burning tear is bursting from the childless mother's eye,
And the heart is thirsting with the hope that will not die.

I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on the shore,
Answer, false one, answer, shall I say you love no more?

I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on the hill,
Answer, maiden, answer, shall I say you love him still.

Mary no longer doubted, but opening her window, she repeated the last line. Immediately the white woman was under her window, and delivering the note on a long forked pole, almost instantly disappeared. Eagerly did Mary read it; and there is but little doubt that it was punctually answered. In this manner they kept up for some time a constant correspondence, till at last it was agreed upon that Norton should pretend to leave Peran; and it was hoped by that means that Mary might have more liberty. The trick succeeded, and they accordingly effected a meeting in the following manner.

Mr. Franklin, fancying that Norton was gone, and believing, from his daughter's increased spirits, that she had forgotten him, gave a grand pic-nic party on the beach. It was low water; and at that time of tide there is an excellent uninterrupted gallop along the beach, on hard sand, for two miles. On the right, towards the further end from the path, there is a road, which leads across a desert of sands, which extends for miles, and across which it is difficult, without much custom, to find a way; for it is not a level plain, but innumerable hills of sand. It was a common thing with Mary to gallop to the end of the beach; but on that day, no sooner did the cliffs hide her from the rest of the party, than turning her horse's head towards the sand hills, and galloping up the road, she was with Norton in a second. The undisguised joy of the lovers brought tears into the eyes of Rosa Rosevargus. Dressed the same as ever, she looked like the genius of the place, as, sitting by her pony, she watched them in silence. They had been long together, when Mary said,—

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he; "for we will never part again."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor, "this: I have a chaise and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-night; and I claim your promise, Mary, for you are now your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there is something in leaving the home of their childhood, the friends that have loved them, the parents that gave them birth,—to leave them, and offend them, for ever, perhaps,—to live without their blessing,—to die, perhaps, without their forgiveness,—which requires all the courage that women are possessed of. It is an

undertaking which requires long consideration, and few dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"Ill come," cried Rosa, when she heard her determination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that can desert the wished and the lovely; ill come to the eyes of the maiden that can see their true-love in trouble and can look round for a richer to keep her company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

Mary was frightened, but not persuaded; but the last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jealous lover.

"And is it so, Mary?" said he. "Is there then another, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You are silent. Is it so? Farewell, then, Mary; I do not blame you for leaving me; it is natural—it is right. But why deceive me;—why write to me?—or, if you did write, why not write the truth?"

"I did, I did, Henry,—I did indeed; and rather than you should doubt me, I will——"

"Oh! end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly with me."

She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch us—they will stop us; and how are you going?"

"Rosa lends me her pony."

"And you know your way over these sands? Oh! if you do not, it is useless to attempt it now. Let us wait another opportunity."

Norton was puzzled. This was the first time he had been across the sands; and there were old mine-shafts and pits, and but one road, scarcely to be recognised as such except by the most practised eye. He could not answer, and Mary was about to turn.

"Well, then," cried Rosa, "and what ails ye now? Away, ye can ride,—away, ye can ride; and old Rolly, (so she called her pony) wants neither whip nor spur, nor guide. Away!—Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

Norton jumped on the pony, and his companion's, though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with old Rolly, who went off home, as if quite as mad as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill opposite the sand-hills, he turned to see if he was pursued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa, waving her handkerchief, on the high sand-hill opposite the small village of Ellengle. He answered her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the Bristol steamer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MAN OF FASHION'S DICTIONARY.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice. SHAK.

Amusement—The end for which we live.

Admirer—An appendage indispensably necessary to a woman's happiness.

At home—"Having a room full of company."

Awkwardness—That odious vice, for the prevention of which the eloquent Chesterfield condescended to legislate. (Of all possible crimes this is the least excusable and most intolerable.)

Argument—An impertinent method of settling, by the use of reason, those few things which the junta of fashion have considered too insignificant to decide upon.

Agriculture—The meaning of this singular word not known in the fashionable world.

Breakfast—The dinner of vulgar people, now called a "Déjeuner."

Beauty—The noblest of nature's gifts, with the exception of rank and fortune.

Barbarian—That man, in savage life, who has not the knack of concealing his vices under a pleasing and polished exterior. In the civilized world "a barbarian" is any wretch who perpetrates the atrocity of "malting," or one who outrages good taste by wearing a brooch, white cravat, &c. &c.

Bore—Every thing one happens to take a dislike to, or any one who bothers about morality.

Bluntness—The propensity of a disagreeable fellow who speaks the truth.

Books—Ornaments for a room.

Bill—One of those numerous impertinences which people who earn their bread sometimes intrude on their betters,—persons whom the highest species of merit (viz. that of birth and fortune) has placed infinitely above them.

Bond-street—An alley of brick buildings, which may have suited very well the primitive days of tie-wigs and hoop-petticoats, but which the refinement of modern taste has long since abandoned as a promenade for the apprentices.

Charity—Going once a year to the ball for the Spitalfields weavers; or lavishing an occasional shilling at a ladies' bazaar.

Clever—Editing a fashionable novel, and, above all, knowing how to please the ladies.

Comfortable—The meaning of this word very doubtful; the French have no

such word, nor are they acquainted with that equally vulgar expression "Home."

Conviction—A state of moral certainty as to the truth of any thing a nobleman may be pleased to say, or as to the good taste of whatever fashion dictates.

Ceremony—The secret talisman that binds good company together: it completely supersedes that very commonplace virtue, friendship.

Commoner—Any untitled soul, the panels of whose carriage, if he has one, betray the deplorable deficiency of a coronet! The wealth of these insignificants sometimes gives them a passport to better society.

Cabriolet—A vehicle of a modern build—fashionable, and therefore elegant; above all, *safe*—a most essential virtue to those who cannot boast the brutal quality of courage.

Day—The fashionable day is somewhere about that portion of the twenty-four hours which the "canaille" dispose of in sleep.

Dinner—A meal that is dispatched, when the vulgar world are on the point of sitting down to supper.

Dance—One of the few exercises which the rules of fashion can admit of.

Dress—An equipment for a ball, which leaves its fair occupant pretty nearly in a state of nature. (This is one among many instances of the generosity of the sex.)

Dishabille—An elegant morning costume to receive visitors in.

Dun—An intrusive fellow, who will not be silenced, and who has the impudence to demand what is due to him!

Esteem—A fanciful and visionary feeling, quite foreign to people of condition, and only endurable in a novel.

Effort—A laudable attempt to pick up a lady's fan, or a pin—in spite of one's stays!

Expedition—Being rowed up the River in one of the City barges, to eat one's venison at the "Star and Garter;" exploring the smoky regions east of Tottenham Road, &c &c.

Fame—Having one's name in the Morning Post, or the Court Journal.

Fashion—That female deity, whom every man of any breeding not merely bows to, but enshrines in his heart of hearts—whose edicts are imperative, whose taste is unquestionable.

Fidelity—The virtue of a dog.

Fat—Being in rude health; that disgusting state of body, which the use of stays among the exclusives of both sexes effectually precludes.

Fortune—The "summum bonum," or greatest good; in short, that excellence

which can make the Russian appear amiable, and by its magic influence convert a very monster into an angel.

Gallantry—The art of insinuation, and making oneself irresistibly agreeable to the ladies.

Gentleman—An odious and equivocal appellative that every man of fashion should reject with scorn. (This term has been known to apply to a wretch who does business in the City, has a suburban cottage, and drives a gig, &c.)

(To be continued.)

WESTMINSTER CLOISTERS.

"DEAR CHILDE!"

For the Olio.

In the earlier days of periodical magazine writing, nothing was deemed happier in idea than a contemplative allusion to a solitary stroll in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Since then the effusions of Busbians and moody scribes had so saturated the town taste, that another sprightlier style was chosen; and "Sonnets" and "Meditations among the Tombs" wasted to oblivious disuse. Thus, after the lapse of a few years, I felt myself at liberty to tread the hallowed spot and classic repository.

How many new names which once graced our pages, and whose spirits enlivened the domestic, literary, and scientific circle, are here already in the mansion of silence! The marble and the stone, the inscription and the workmanship, shew that but the other day the bodies they protect and distinguish were strangers to sepulchral gloom. A short succession of years only, and these will be sprinkled with dusty and shadowy air, and the pall of reflection will lie increasingly over the bust, the cherub, and indicative insignia. Other vaults will be opened, other trophies of surviving memorials exhibited, and Time lead the sons and daughters of fame and affluence downward and upward through the road of ages. Behold, already, the crumbling stones which support the cloisters! Are they passive? Behold the massive bars of iron, how they are fretted with their office and charge! Do they not appeal to the preserver? Are they not witnesses of the common destroyer? Behold the open lancets of the windows, which once threw light and beauty over the sanctitude of death, or devotion! Are they not blunted by the reckless neglect of blast and blight, and do they not wear the aspect of slow but certain decay? The few trees that live in the companionship of these marks of dissolution nod their

blackening boughs over the circumference of their "mother earth," and seem to tend their leafy offerings at the shrines of monastic and ecclesiastic warfare. The low thick doors which lead to the inner recesses of lore and devotion, the creaking hinges and the surly bolts, are they not materials for the mind to cast aside the veil of present things, and by the aid of history to descant on what hath been the past? What are two or three centuries in the chain of nature; yet how many links and connexions are made and broken to supply them. How many passions softened into genial properties and combinations; or strifes worked to their utmost height, but subdued by the great conqueror of human life. Yet, in the admixture produced by the numerous causes for thought and concentaneous remark, none yielded so much sweetness of divine fervour as the simple autobiography of "Jane Lister—*Deare Childs!*" died October 7, 1668." What storied slab, and weeping Pity with her urn besprent with tears, have so affectionate an address as the emphatic words, "Dear 'childe!" They come home to the survivors' hearts; they tell a tale of love, of bereavement, of pathetic truth. When the eye saw her, it gave witness of her; when the ear heard her, it blessed her; the tongue whispered of her; it gave gladness to the spirit, and poured the oil of consolation, "Dear Childe!" into the fevered frame of maternity.

Reader! pause as thou steppest over the flat stones, and lookest with an inquiring eye at the mementos, beneath and above; and shouldst thou raise thy lid towards the unadorned tablet of "Jane Lister," do not forget to waft one sympathetic sigh in the cloisters for the "Dear Childe!"

A STUDENT.

Fine Arts.

A FINE treat is offered to the mind at the "National Gallery," in a collection of Drawings and Paintings, (and Engravings from several sublime subjects,) by Mr. John Martin. The "Fall of Nineveh" is a most splendid work of art; and the smaller pieces are not less calculated to inspire and instruct all true admirers of the higher elements of the "Fine Arts." In other departments many scientific and curiously inventive novelties are being daily added to the Gallery; of which, the powers of the "Magnet"—"Combustion of Steel"—"Baking Bread"—"Weaving" and the "Steam Gun," are very attractive.

OLIO.

THE FATHER.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF "BERNARDI.")

I've found thee, found my child at last!
All is forgiven—forgotten—past:
Come to our cottage, trembler, come!
'Tis only there thy heart's at home.
Oh! what a change is here—how pale
Thy cheek, say, tell me not thy tale.
Nay, hang not on me thus—thy knee—
Bend it to Heaven—to set thee free.
Fling from thy hand, thy neck, the stain
Of gold and gem, all vile and vain;
From thy dark locks those pearls untie,
They are not worth thy slightest sigh.
Leave this proud chamber, ruined child!
Still wilt thou linger—still beguiled?
Know, he who made thee what thou art,
Disdains his victim's easy heart;
And wilt thou not his scorn resign,
For him whose life is bound in thine?
Thou yieldest!—there is joy for thee!
Joy thy betrayer ne'er shall see—
Joy that makes spirits stoop from heav'n
O'er wanderers, like thee, forgiven.
Oh, then, my child!—Before thee lies
No life of fatal luxuries;
Not on the Noble's gilded hall
The sunbeam designs alone to fall,
As broadly pours its radiant shower
On the pure peasant's cottage bower.
Come, then, the scattered flowers to bind
That once thy infant fingers twined;
To thin the vines' rich shades, that close
In their green beauty round thy rose.
My daughter, let this kiss reveal
What fathers can forgive and feel.
Come, with the morn to rise, nor heave
One sigh of sadness till the eve;
And then, as twilight's dewy dim
Floats on, to join the lullaby hymn:
'Till, like the brushing of his wings,
Slumber its sweetest spell doth fling—
A spell that binds till morning's beam,
The heart in rest without a dream.

THOMAS PAINE.

The following interesting account of the above infidel writer appears in FRASER'S MAGAZINE for July, in a paper entitled "Mr. Thornburn's MS."

When I look back, I remember some ludicrous and curious scenes in which I have been part actor. I have come in contact with several of the men whose names have borne a conspicuous part in the history of the last forty years; such as Thomas Paine, Wm. Cobbett, Blanks, Generals Moreau, Hamilton, &c. (*gentlemen*). When Tom Paine escaped from the dungeon of the Committee of Safety—men whom the writings of Paine had turned into monsters—he put up at the City Hotel in this city. One morning, about nine o'clock, a person came into my store and stated that he was standing on the steps in front. As I lived next street, and being anxious to see him, I, with two gentlemen who happened to be in the store at the time, went round to have a look at him; but before we got there, he stepped in. While I stood considering how to get a sight of him, I observed Samuel London,

the printer, enter the hotel. As I knew Samuel and he were copatriots through the whole of the American revolution, I presumed he was going to see his old friend. I proposed to my companions to go in, and as I was acquainted with Mr. London, we would get thus introduced: they declined going. As I went alone, I asked the waiter—

"Is Mr. Paine at home?" "Yes."

"In his own room?" "Yes."

"Alone?" "Yes."

"Can I see him?" "Follow me."

He ushered me into a spacious room, where the table was set for breakfast; one gentleman at the table was writing, whilst another was reading the paper. At the further end of the room, a long, lank, coarse-looking figure stood, with his back to the fire: from the resemblance to portraits I had seen in his *Rights of Man*, I knew it was Paine. While I followed the waiter, presuming Paine was alone, I was preparing an exordium to introduce myself to a plain republican alone; but when I thus found myself in company with the great author of *Common Sense*, for a moment I was at a stand. Says I, "Gentlemen, is Mr. Paine in this room?" He stepped towards me and answered, "My name is Paine." I held out my hand, and while I held his, says I, "Mr. Paine and you, gentlemen, will please excuse my abrupt entry; I came, out of mere curiosity, to see the man whose writings have made so much noise in the world." Paine answered, "I am very glad your curiosity is so easily satisfied." Says I, "Good morning, gentlemen;" walked out, and shut the door behind me. I heard them burst out into a loud laugh. Thinks I, they may laugh that way; I have seen Paine, and, all things considered, have made a good retreat. The gentlemen called the waiter, and inquired who that was? "It is Thorburn, the seedsman." They reported the matter at the coffee house, and among their acquaintances. As the story travelled, it was told with all manner of additions. One was, that I told Paine he was a d—d rascal; had it not been for his books, I would never have left my native country, &c. &c.; in short, there was nothing heard for many days but Thorburn's visit to Tom Paine.

At that time I was clerk, or psalmsinger, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, of which the famous Dr. John M. Mason was the minister. The church-session caught the alarm; an extra meeting was called—to be sure, I was not noticed to attend; perhaps they were afraid of contamination from one who had shook hands with Tom Paine. Be that as it may, I was suspended from office for some months.

A few years after this, when Paine had fallen into disrepute, and his company shunned by the more respectable of his friends, on account of his unpopular writings and hard drinking, he boarded in the house of one Wm. Carver, a blacksmith and horse doctor. This Carver and I had wrought journeywork together in the same shop, ten years before that period; so, having free access to the house, I frequently called to converse with Tom Paine. One evening he related the following anecdote; he said it was in the reign of Robertspere, when every republican that the monster could get in his power was cut down by the axe of the guillotine. Paine was in the dungeon, and his name on the list, with twenty more, ordered for execution next morning. It was customary for the clerk of the tribunal to go through the cells at night, and put a cross with chalk on the back of the door of such as were to be guillotined in the morning. When the executioner came with his guard round, wherever they found a chalk the victim was brought forth. There was a long passage in the cellar, or dungeon, of this bastille, having a row of cells each side containing the prisoners; the passage was secured at each end, but the doors of the cells were chiefly left open, and sometimes the prisoners stepped into one another's room to converse. Paine had gone into the next cell, and left his door open, back to the wall; thus having the inside out. Just then came the chalkers, and, probably being drunk, crossed the inside of Paine's door. Next morning, when the guard came with an order to bring out twenty, and finding only nineteen chalks (Paine being in bed, and his door shut,) they took a prisoner from the further end of the passage, and thus made up the number. So Tom Paine escaped; and before the mistake was discovered—about forty-eight hours after—a stronger party than Spirie's cut off his head, and about thirty of his associates; and so Paine was set at liberty. But being afraid to trust his head any longer among these good democrats, for whom he had wrote so much, he made the best of his way for this country.

I asked him what he thought of his almost miraculous escape? He said the *Fates* had ordained he was not to die at that time. Says I, "Mr. Paine, I will tell you exactly what I think: you know you have wrote and spoke much against what we call the religion of the Bible, you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshakeld by priestcraft and superstition; the God in whom you live, move, and have your being, has spared your life, that you might give to the world

a living comment on your own doctrines. You now shew to the world what human nature is when left to itself, to wander in its own counsels. Here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupefied with brandy—you, who was once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, is now deserted by every good man; and even respectable Deists cross the streets to avoid you." He said, he cared "not a straw for the opinions of the world." Says I, "I envy not your feelings." So we parted. In short, he was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effect of intemperance, his countenance was bloated beyond description; he looked as if God had stamped his face with the mark of Cain. A few of his disciples, who stuck to him through good and through bad report, to hide him from the gaze of man, had him conveyed to New Rochelle, about twenty miles from the city, where they supplied him with brandy till it burned up his liver. So he died as a fool dieth.

One evening, shortly after he gave me the history of his escape from the gullentine, I found him in company with a number of his disciples, as usual abusing the Bible for being the cause of every thing that is bad in the world. As soon as I got an opportunity to edge in a word, says I, "Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland, and other Roman Catholic countries, where the common people are not allowed to read the Bible; you have been in Scotland, where every man, woman and child has the Bible in their hands; now, if the Bible were so bad a book, they who used it most would be the worst people. In Scotland, the peasantry are intelligent, comfortable, sober, and industrious; in Ireland they are ignorant, drunken, and live but little better than the brutes. In New York, the watch-house, bridewell, almshouse, penitentiary, and state-prison, is filled with Irish; but you won't find a Scotchman in these places." This being an historical fact which he could not deny, and the clock just having struck ten, he took a candle from the table and walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself to draw our own conclusions.

I will now, to give the devil his due, mention one good action he performed. The man who suffered death instead of Paine left a widow, with two young children, in poor circumstances. Paine brought them all with him to this country, supported them while he lived, and, it is said, left most of his property to them when he died. The widow and children lived in apartments up by themselves; I

saw them often, but never saw Paine in their company: he then boarded with Carver. I believe his conduct was disinterested and honourable to the widow. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was very far from being handsome.

THE CAVALIER.

AN INCIDENTAL SKETCH.

For the Olio.

THE mansion was extremely antique, and so large that a part of it remained unused. On the evening of my arrival, at an early hour, I was ushered into a bed chamber, which tradition reported Charles the Second to have slept in; and it had been occupied but little since that period; on being left to myself I took a survey of the apartment. It was very large, and, to me, appeared uncomfortable: the ceiling was lofty and curiously carved, as were the sides of the room, the whole, being built of black oak; the windows were high and adorned with curtains that once were crimson, but time had altered their colour. Around the room hung several old pictures, one of which struck me much. It was the portrait of a young man in the dress of a *Cavalier*. Sorrow and grief were legibly written on his pale features, which might be said to have been beautiful; and I stood, gazing, until I actually thought I could hear him sigh, so strongly did his melancholy yet gentle countenance affect me. I shook off the idea, and not being much inclined for sleep, took up an old book which lay among others in the room, and began reading. It was one of those tales of love and murder in which ghosts and goblins, robbers and banditti abound. I read on till my mind was so full of horrors that I expected every moment to see a terrific legion start before me. As the clock struck twelve, I prepared for bed, but still the dull appearance of the room, and the mournful story I had been reading, infected my mind with apprehensions which I could not calm.

I gazed—the portrait seemed in motion—I supposed myself mistaken; but, no; the Cavalier moved gradually from the frame, and advanced slowly to the foot of my bed. He bent his dark eyes on me, and raising his hand, beckoned me towards him. My situation was, indeed, awful; and I felt it so. I tried to speak; my tongue clove to my mouth, and utterance was impossible. I endeavoured to rise, but found myself unable. The figure kept his eyes fixed on me; waving his hand as if he wished me to rise, whilst

I lay unable to comply; and hardly able to breathe. In this horrible condition I continued, until my terror had partly subsided, when exerting all my strength I jumped from the bed. The figure immediately shadowed to the side of the room, and touching a spring, a door, formed out of the wainscot, flew open. He then turned, and motioned me to follow. I hesitated. A thousand tales of horror crowded at once my imagination; but at length snatching up a light which lay on the table, I moved towards him, upon which he passed through the door-way, the door closing after us. We were now in a narrow gloomy passage, which in many places had fallen to decay. The Cavalier walked before me with slow and measured steps, which reverberating through the passage produced a dismal effect. It was of great length, and two large folding doors, which in part stood open, closed the avenue. We entered a large apartment, in which lay scattered about various pieces of old decaying furniture. The whole room marked the havoc which time had made. The ceiling was dilapidated; chasms were in the walls, and shreds of mouldering tapestry hung about the broken windows. But that which struck me most, was a painting exactly similar to the one in the bedroom, ere my conductor had issued forth from it. He stood for a moment; and, casting a look towards it, broke the awful stillness by a heavy sigh. On reaching the opposite side of the apartment, we went through a low arched door, and entered a narrow winding passage. After proceeding a short distance in this, we went down a similar one which issued from it. There were, however, in this, several small iron doors on each side. One of these we entered, which opened into a chapel. Though long disused, it had been evidently devoted to the celebration of the Catholic worship. We passed through, and the Cavalier, opening another door, discovered a flight of steps, and went down. I descended one step, but hesitated whether to follow, as I supposed from the sepulchral, cold, and noisome smell, that the avenue led to the mansions of the dead but summoning my courage resolved not to retreat as I had gone so far. On reaching the bottom, I could faintly perceive that we were in a series of vaults intersecting one another various ways. The crisis now appeared to be at hand, and all my fears redoubled. I trembled violently, and my heart beat so forcibly that it struggled to escape from my body. We proceeded, however, through several vaults, in which were heaps of coffins piled on others; but the

figure stopped opposite one, placed by itself on the ground. I feared to approach, yet was impelled towards it. I looked:—it was a *skeleton*! I started back—the figure was gone! It is in vain to describe the horror I now felt, and in my agony I let the taper fall from my hand, and was instantly in total darkness. My condition was now horrible. To be in a sepulchre with the decaying dead for companions! The thought was madness. I rushed from the spot in hope of finding the way by which we entered. But it was impossible. The vaults ran so many devious ways, that I was perplexed and bewildered. Well nigh frantic, I suddenly perceived a light glimmering at some distance. I hesitated not, but hastened towards the place from which it issued, but almost instantly disappeared. I was in despair. A sudden faintness came over me, and I leant for support against a fragment of stone, when I felt a hand clutch my throat. I faintly screamed, as I tried to extricate myself from the grasp, while a voice exclaimed—"I beg your honor's pardon; but I have been calling you these ten minutes; and, as you did not answer, I made so bold as to shake you; though I hope that I have not hurt your honour."—I started up!

S. H.

A MOST RESPECTABLE MAN.

BUT who is this elderly gentleman, with a portly figure. Hush, it is Mr. Warm. "a most respectable man." His most intimate friend failed in trade, and went to prison. Mr. Warm forswore his acquaintance; *it was not respectable*. Mr. Warm, in early life, seduced a young lady; she lived with him three years; he married, and turned her off without a shilling—the connexion, for a married man, *was not respectable*. Mr. Warm is a most respectable man; he pays his bills regularly—he subscribes to six public charities—he goes to church with all his family on Sundays—he is in bed at twelve o'clock. Well, well, all that's very proper; but is Mr. Warm a good father, a good friend, an active citizen? or is he not avaricious, does he not love scandal, *is not his heart cold*, is he not vindictive, is he not unjust, is he not unfeeling? Lord, sir, I believe he *may be* all that; but what then; *every body allows Mr. Warm is a most respectable man*. Such a character and such a reputation are proofs of our regard for appearances. Aware of that regard, behold the real imitating the metaphorical swindler. See that gentleman, "fashionably dressed," with "a military air,"

and "a prepossessing exterior;" he calleth himself "Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy"—he taketh lodgings in "a genteel situation"—he ordereth jewels and silks of divers colours to be sent home to him—he elopeth with them by the back way. Mighty and manifold are the cheats he hath thus committed, and great the wailing and gnashing of teeth in Marylebone and St. James's. But, you say, surely by this time tradesmen with a grain of sense would be put on their guard. No, my dear sir, no; in England we are never on our guard against "such respectable appearances." In vain are these warnings in the papers and examples in the police court. Let a man style himself Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy, and have a *prepossessing exterior*, and he sets suspicion at once to sleep. Why not? is it more foolish to be deceived by respectable appearances in Mr. Fitzroy, than by the respectable appearance of Mr. Warm? But grandeur, in roguery at least, has its draw-backs in happiness; the fashionable swindler with us is not half so merry a dog as your regular thief. There is something melancholy and gentleman-like about the Fitzroy set, in their fur coats and gold chains; they live alone, not gregariously. I should not be surprised if they read Lord Byron. They are haunted with the fear of the treadmill, and cannot bear low company; if they come to be hanged, they die moodily—and often attempt prussic acid; in short, there is nothing to envy about them except their good looks; but your regular thief, ah, he is indeed a happy fellow! Take him all in all, I doubt if, in the present state of English society, he is not the lightest-hearted personage in it. Taxes afflict him not; he fears no scarcity of work. Rents may go down; labour be dirt-cheap; what cares he? A fall in the funds affects not his gay good humour; and as to the little mortifications of life, "If money grow scarce and his Susan look cold, Ah, the false hearts that we find on the shore,"—why he changes his quarters, and Molly replaces Susan! But above all, he has this great happiness—he can never fall in society; that terror of descending which in our complication of grades, haunts all other men, never affects him; he is equally at home at the treadmill, the hulks, Hobart's Town, as he is when playing at dominoes, at the Cock and Hen, or leading the dance in St. Giles's. You must know, by the way, that the English thief has many more amusements than any class, save the aristocracy; he has balls, hot suppers, theatres, and *affaires du cœur*, all at his command; and he is eminently social—a jolly fellow to

the core; if he is hanged, he does not take it to hear like the Fitzroys, he has lived merrily, and he dies game. I apprehend, therefore, that if your Excellency would look for whatever gaiety may exist among the English, you must drop the 'Travellers' for a short time, and go among the thieves. You might almost fancy yourself in France. They are so happy. This is perfectly true, and no caricature, as any policeman will bear witness. I know not if the superior hilarity and cheerfulness of thieves be peculiar to England; but possibly the over-taxation (from which our thieves are exempted,) may produce the effects of lowering the animal spirits of the rest of the community. *England and the English.*

LIEUTENANT WITHERS; OR, THE TWELVE HONEST MEN.

Continued from page 334.

"Walton got up to leave us. As I went with him to the door, and shook hands at parting, he whispered that he had intended to ask a favour of me in return for the use he had been of in my behalf. 'What is it?' I said.

"'Oh nothing—nothing,—only if there's an alarm of housebreakers to-night, don't disturb yourself, 'tis only a frolic of mine.'

"'What! Sally is it!—wild rogue—I'll sleep as sound as Orpheus—off with you.'

"And away he went. In a short time after his departure, old Jenkins really became so foolish and unintelligible, that I was very glad when his old servant, William, came in to huddle him off to bed. I took my candle, and as I knew the house pretty well, no one thought of shewing me the way. I confess my exertions had scarcely been less than those of my future father-in-law, but luckily I had a stronger head. As I stalked with all the steadiness I could muster along the passage, I came suddenly, —at a side window which looked out upon the lawn,—upon the beautiful Julia herself. 'Heavens!' I cried, 'how lucky I am!' 'Hush,' she said, 'you'll alarm the house.' 'And what are you doing here, my pretty one,—drest, too, as if for a promenade,—you ought to have been sound asleep an hour ago.' 'I was tempted by this beautiful moon,' she said,—(the devil a moon I could see.)—'but now I am hurrying off as fast as I can.' I seized her hand as she attempted to pass me, and devoured it with kisses as gallantly as the hero of a novel. She pulled it suddenly, and rather angrily away from me. 'For shame, Captain Withers,' she said, holding up

her finger unbraidingly, 'what would my aunt say?' 'Your aunt, my dear Julia, may say what ever her old silly tongue thinks proper, but as for you and me, my darling.—' The young lady had disappeared, and I made such an unconscionable lurch as I enacted the lover, that I nearly put out my candle. I went to bed, and in about a couple of minutes was fast as Gibraltar.

"I can't tell you how long I had been asleep, when I thought I heard a voice several times calling on me to get up. I recollected my promise to young Walton, and slipping up as gently as possible and groping my way in the pitch darkness to the door, I turned the key without the slightest noise, and got quietly into my warm crib again. I had not been well asleep the second time, when such a devil of a row was kicked up in the passage, that it was impossible even to pretend not to be disturbed. I heard old Jenkins, scarcely recovered from the effects of his potations, hollering at the top of his voice for Julia—then a prodigious knocking at another door in the passage, and exclamations for 'Sister!—Sister Meddleton!' In a moment my door was attacked as if by a battering-ram. 'Withers! Captain Withers! for God-sake answer if you are within!—Julia and her aunt have disappeared—open the door.'

"Thus adjured, I could not refuse; I opened the door, and in walked old Jenkins, and William close behind him, while two or three of the maid-servants peeped in with the utmost anxiety from the passage. 'Hilloa, what's the matter!' I said. 'Is the house robbed?'—'Robbed!' replied old Jenkins. 'I fear it is. Julia is no where to be found. Her clothes have all disappeared. I strongly suspect she has eloped.' 'Impossible!' I cried, gently perplexed, 'after what happened yesterday, it would be madness to suspect it.' 'My sister, too, is no where to be found.' 'Ha, ha,' I cried, 'that's too much of a joke. Do you think any body has run off with her, too?'

"There's no saying."

"I'll warrant ye against that. Who the deuce would take the trouble to carry off such a silly chattering piece of rubbish?"

"She's certainly very silly," replied my friend; 'but then she is so confoundingly romantic;—and you yourself, Captain Withers, made proposals for her not many hours ago.'

"For her?—for Mrs. Meddleton? by the Powers! you are facetious this morning. What! I make proposals for her!—such a queer, old, ridiculous vixen as that!"

"'And why not, sir?' cried the lady herself, coming out from behind the curtain at the foot of my bed!—'old, indeed!—ridiculous!—silly!'

"Old Jenkins nearly fainted at this unexpected apparition.—'Captain Withers,' he said, 'this is too much. You shall answer for this, sir. What business has that lady in your bedroom?'

"Upon my soul, I should like very much if you would ask her. I'll take my oath it was not by my invitation," said I.

"I'll tell you all about that," said the lady, casting disdainful looks all the time at me; 'on the first alarm of Julia's elopement, I rushed into the passage, not knowing what I did; and anxious to get Captain Withers' assistance, I opened the door, and called him; he was sound asleep, I went up to him, and called louder and louder, but he seemed to take no notice. All of a sudden, he jumped out of bed, and ran and bolted the door. What was I to do? I hid myself behind the curtain till you came in,—and now to hear what the wretch says of me behind my back—false, inconstant, cruel, O! O! O!'

"I don't believe a word of all this story of yours," said Old Jenkins.—'Captain Withers, you are a rascal, sir. You have abused my hospitality, and dishonoured my family,—you shall pay for it, sir; you are a villain!'

"Very well, old gentleman," I said, having now finished dressing, 'go on as much as you like, I shall have the honour, the moment I can procure a friend, of shooting you as dead as a herring. I certainly took a fancy to your daughter, and asked your consent to let me marry her. You said you were very happy—this old lady said the same;—but till we have had a meeting, of course, all negotiations are at an end.'

"We shall have no meeting, sir, rest assured of that, unless in presence of a jury," replied he. I put on my hat, and walked quietly out of the house, leaving the old lady with her face hidden in her handkerchief, crying out, 'Oh my character, my poor character!—lost—ruined—miserable—undone!'

"Well, gentlemen," continued Withers, "I suppose you all guess what was the real truth of the matter. Walton and Julia had gone off together, putting me into a deuce of a scrape by their folly. Old Jenkins forgave them with all his heart, as he was anxious for their evidence against me. They raised an action of damages for breach of promise of marriage. The widow was examined by the jury at great length. She swore to them I had asked her to marry—not in precise

words, for I was the most silent gentleman she had ever met with—but that I had told her, I sighed for a friend's company—meaning her by the word 'friend.' I was only a lieutenant then, you'll remember, and had some thoughts of giving Jack Morrell the difference for a captaincy in the line.

"Old Armageddon swore that I had certainly given him to understand that I was soon to be a brother of Mr. Jenkins's."

"Julia herself declared that she had looked upon her aunt as the cause of my frequent visits to their cottage, and related conversations, which she had understood in quite a different way from what I had meant them."

"Walton swore that I informed him positively that I was going to marry Mrs. Meddleton."

"But when old Jenkins told them, in addition to all that the others had said, the story of her being found, under very suspicious circumstances in my bedroom, the whole jury rose up in an agony of indignation, returned a verdict for the full amount of the damages, and expressed great sorrow they had not been laid at a higher sum. What could twelve low fellows, shut up in a box, know of promises of marriage, tender feelings, harrowing distress, and all the nonsense a chattering fellow in a wig talked to them about? But still they nibbled me, you'll perceive. I had to pay two thousand pounds, besides a great deal more for expenses. I gave up my castellated cottage, used great exertions to get on full pay, and have never from that day to this said a civil word to a woman, especially to a widow."

"Did you call old Jenkins out.?" said Somers.

"Oh, the old fellow would not come;—but, drink on, my boys, and ask me no more questions. I've told you the whole of my story, and not another syllable shall you get from me to-night."

Blackwood's Edin. Mag.

Varieties.

FRENCH SLAVE TRADE.—"During the month of October, 1830, his majesty's brig the *Black Joke* boarded five French vessels with 1822 slaves on board: from the river Bonny alone, and in the next month there were ten French vessels lying in the Old Balabar River, ready to take slaves on board, the smallest of which would embark four hundred. The *Black Joke* dared not detain one of them; indeed according to the letter of the treaty, the officer commanding her was

not permitted even to board a vessel sailing under French colours. So complete the immunity of slave vessels sailing under the French flag owing to the disabilities under which ships-of-war labour, and the perfect idleness and inactivity of the Gallic squadron, that before long, there is not a doubt but the tri-colour—the banner of liberty—the vindicator of the rights of man, under whose auspices so many diabolical murders have been perpetrated and such mad acts of injustice committed—the tri-colour will ere long be the only flag employed to carry on the slave trade; and under it, it will flourish, unless France is forced to grant the right of search on the coast of Africa, and the right to capture all vessels under her flag fitted for the reception of slaves, or having such actually on board. The King of Loango informed the officers of his majesty's ship *Primrose*, that since the English had left off the slave trade, he had no means of disposing of the greater part of his prisoners, and therefore was obliged to kill them; and just before the *Primrose* arrived here, a great number of unfortunate wretches who had been taken on a predatory excursion within the territories of a neighbouring tribe, after having been made to carry loads of the plundered ivory, &c. from the place of capture to the coast, on their arrival there, as there was no market for them, and as the trouble and expense of supporting them would be considerable, were taken to the side of a hill, a little beyond the town, and coolly knocked on the head."

A LOBBY JOKE.—There are two persons of the name of Fitzsimmons, members of the House of Commons, one the representative for the King's County, the other for the county of Dublin. The former is a stout and burly man, the other afflicted with a defect in the conformation of his nether extremity, usually designated a short leg, which occasions a very perceptible halt in his pedestrian movements. By way of designating these two personages, and of distinguishing one from the other—he of the portly person is denominated *Fat*—he of the imperfect gait *Foot*—simon. This *jeu de mot* is attributed to Mister Speaker, who, with all his assumed solemnity, is a wag at heart; but we will not vouch for the correctness of the information upon which this statement is put forward. We are more inclined to suspect *old Ruthen*, who is, as every body knows, a wit of the first water.

BUONAPARTE'S MEMORY.—When Buonaparte was paying his court to Madame de Beatharnois, (says M. de Bourrienne)

neither of them kept a carriage, and he, being passionately in love, and a most assiduous suitor, escorted his intended about the town, and especially on her visits to her agents. They went one day together to the office of the notary Raguideau, who, by the by, was one of the smallest men I have ever seen. Madame de Beauharnois, who placed great confidence in Raguideau, had come to him that day expressly for the purpose of communicating her intention of accepting the hand of the young general of artillery, the protegee of Barras. Josephine was accordingly closeted along with the notary, while Buonaparte waited in the outer office, occupied with the clerks. The door of Raguideau's cabinet, however, not being shut close the general overheard the lawyer dissuading Madame de Beauharnois from the marriage she was about to contract. "You are very imprudent," said the notary "you may have to repent this step as long as you live; it is madness to go and marry a man who has nothing, but his sword to depend on." "Buonaparte," said Josephine, when she told me these prior circumstances, "had never alluded to this, and I had no idea that he had heard what Raguideau had said. Imagine my astonishment then, Bourrienne, when on the day of the coronation, as soon as he had put on the imperial robes, he said, 'Go and find Raguideau,' and bring him here immediately." Raguideau soon made his appearance, and the Emperor said to him, "Well, and have I nothing now but my sword to depend on?" Eight years had elapsed since the scene at the office of the notary; and Buonaparte, although he had borne in mind the discourse of M. Raguideau, had never mentioned that he was privy to it, to a single soul, not even to Bourrienne, at the time when he was in the habit of making his secretary the confidant and depository of all his projects and secrets.

THE VALUE OF MARRIED MEN.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man."—"Of course not, my love: but I was not aware who your partner was."

EVERY BODY HAS HIS BUBBLY-JOCK.—The following anecdote of the late Sir Walter Scott has a genuine appearance, and we do not recollect of ever seeing it published. A gentleman, in conversing with the illustrious author, remarked that he believed that it was possible that per-

fect happiness might be the lot of somebody or other. Sir Walter dissented. "Well," said the gentleman, "there is an idiot, who, I'm certain, will confirm my opinion: he seems the beau ideal of animal contentment." The daft individual was snooving along, humming to himself, when Sir Walter Scott addressed him. "Weel, Jamie, hoo are you to-day?" "Brawley, ou brawley," answered he. "Now, Jamie, have you plenty to eat and drink?" "Ou, ay." "And keep you warm?" "Ou ay." "And are a' the folk kind to ye?" "Ou ay." "There," said the poet's antagonist, crowing, "is a perfectly happy creature." "Not so fast," continued Sir Walter. "Is there nothing, Jamie, that bothers you at a'?" "Ou, ay," said the idiot, changing his merry look, "there's a muckle Bubbly-Jock, (turkey cock), that follows me wherever I gang." "Now," said Sir Walter, "you see from this that the very simplest and stupidest of mankind are haunted by evil of some kind or other—in short every one has his Bubbly-Jock."

A LOVER REFUSED.—Zedekiah Smitherton fell in love with farmer Hobson's rosy daughter Elizabeth; and as no introduction is considered necessary among neighbours in that part of the world, he "just dropped in" one evening to pay her a visit. He found Hobson himself, a surly, fat old mortal, sitting in his elbow chair, with a pipe in his mouth and a mug of cider on the table before him. After the usual compliments, which on the farmer's part were almost lost in puffs of tobacco smoke, Zedekiah asked timidly, "If Miss Elizabeth was at home?" "To be sure she's at home," said farmer Hobson; "she's washing clothes;—do you want to see her?—Puff, puff, puff."—"Yes, sir," responded the lover blushing. "Bet!" cried the farmer in a tone which made Zedekiah tremble; "Bet, come out here; a man wants to see you—Puff!" Miss Betty came out accordingly, smoothing down her apron and looking delightfully. "Puff, puff.—Well, Sir, do you see her?" said farmer Hobson to Zedekiah.—"Yes, sir," says Zed. "Well, sir, you know the way out, I suppose.—Bet, go back to your wash tub—Puff, puff, puff, puff." This was Zedekiah's first and last visit to Farmer Hobson's.

THE LAWYER WITNESSES.—A bold and zealous defender of prisoners belonging to the home circuit had, in a late trial at Chelmsford, several times told a witness, whose character was not too high, that he must state nothing which did not pass in the presence of the prisoner. At length the time for cross-examination arrived. The learned gentleman began by asking:

—"Pray how often have you been transported?" "Nay," answered the witness, "I must not tell you that, for it was not in the presence of the prisoner."

PATRIOTISM.—During the war in Russia, in 1812, the King of Naples gave orders to Gen. Namouty, who commanded a division of cavalry, to charge the enemy. The horses being worn out with hunger and fatigue, the charge was unsuccessful. Murat having complained to the General, the latter answered, "I don't know how it is, sire, but the horses possess no patriotism. Our soldiers fight pretty well, even when they are without bread, but the horses will absolutely do nothing unless they get their oats."

KEAN.—This unrivalled tragedian had the virtues with the faults of genius. He was generous and grateful, and never forgot his early friends. Mr. Nation had presented him with a pair of old fashioned stone knee-buckles whilst he belonged to the Exeter company. When he afterwards came to Exeter as a star, and was dressed for Richard, he pointed to one of these buckles on his left wrist. Mr. Nation observed, "Why, surely, Kean, you do not wear these old things now?" "I have never played Richard without this buckle, Sir, and I never will. I value these buckles more than all the gifts I now receive. They were given me when I needed them."

ZIZEA'S DRUMSKIN.—Zizea, the renowned captain of the Bohemians, being sick unto death, desired his soldiers, when he was dead, to flee him, and make a drum of his skin, assuring them, that when their enemies should hear the sound thereof, it would put them to flight.

Z. P. Z.

FIRE SCREENS.—A beautiful fire screen is made thus:—Draw a landscape on paper, with India ink, representing a winter scene, or mere outline; the foliage is to be painted with muriate of cobalt for the green, acetate of cobalt for the blue, and muriate of copper or yellow, which, when dry, will all be invisible. Put the screen to the fire, and the gentle warmth will occasion the trees, flowers, &c. to display themselves in their natural colours, and winter be changed to spring. When the paper cools the colours disappear; but the effect can be re-produced at pleasure.

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—A steerage passenger must be very uncomfortable, especially when the weather is rough, and the waves beating over the sides and bow of the vessel. It is perhaps necessary, however, that one should have felt the misery of a steerage pas-

senger, in order to judge of the comparative comforts of a packet's cabin. "It is better to begin life in the steerage of society, and finish it in the cabin, than to have to walk forward in old age, or late in life."—*Mackenzie*.

A CONSTITUTION FOR RINGING A BELL IN THE MORNING AND EVENING AT GUILFORD.—"Anno xvi Car 2, Jan. 16, 1666. Whereas it hath bene an antient and laudable custome (as well in this as all others the most eminent corporations in this kingdome,) that a bell be rung constantly every evening in the year at eight of the clock, and every morning at four, to call up all journeymen, and apprentices to their worke and labour at that time in the morneinge, and to give their masters notice what tyme it is expedient for them to leave off, and returne to their rest in the evening. Ordered: That the good custome shall continue through the whole year. John Wadmore and George Cooke of the parish of St. Mary's, are at the present appointed ringers of the said bells jointly. Which said two persons are authorized to ring out the tenor bell at St. Mary's parish every morneing at foure of the clock daily for the space of a quarter of an houre, and likewise every evening at eight of the clock instantly in like manner. In case of non-payment a rate and tax to be made for the said bell-ringers, not exceeding sixpence per quarter."

HISTORICUS.

THE EXACT COACHMAN.—The late leader of the northern circuit was employed, some time before he left it, in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham coach. On the part of the defendant the coachman was called. His examination in chief being ended, he was subjected to the leader's cross examination. Having held up the fore-finger of his right hand at the witness, and warned him to give "a precise answer" to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the questions meant, he proceeded thus:—"You drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you once more; upon your oath, do you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No sir; I drive the horses."

THE WOODBINE AND IVY.—(From a rare work.)—The woodbine is a loving and amorous plant, embracing all that groweth near it; but without hurting of that which it loveth; and is contrary to the ivy, which is a type of lust rather than love, for it injureth that which it most embraceth.

P. J. R.



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Illustrated Article.

THE COURT MARTIAL.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raked emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell.
BYRON.

In the summer of 1827, the ——— regiment of foot was quartered at Thomar in Portugal. To men accustomed only to the moderate heats and genial winters of Britain the excessive warmth of a southern summer was very oppressive and injurious, in consequence of which the parades were generally held before the sun acquired sufficient strength to have an overpowering influence on the men, and so late in the evening that the cooling breezes tempered the burning heat of his setting beams. Orders were issued, prohibiting the men from rambling out of their quarters during the day, as several of them had been attacked by severe fever, and even some sudden deaths had taken place in the corps. Under these regulations the men had much idle time on their hands, which they contrived to get rid of in various ways—some lolled in-

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dolently half-sleeping, half-waking, dozing the day away—some busily employed at burnishing and regulating their arms and accoutrements, cleaning black and white by turns—others, more lively, amused themselves and excited laughter by a 'keen encounter' of the rude wit of the barrack room; while others whiled away their hours singing the songs of their native land and far off home, with their thoughts perhaps fondly engaged among the friends of their youth, and the scenes of their happy childhood.

The grenadier company of the above regiment was, at that time, composed of as fine a set of men as ever put on the British uniform; the greater number stout, athletic Irishmen, some blunt, brave, honest-hearted Englishmen, and but a few Scotchmen. They were not all young men—there was a sprinkling of steady, veteran-like warriors among them, who often tempered by their experience, advice, and example, the wild, headlong rashness of their more youthful companions. Coming into the corridor of the convent where the company was sheltered, one morning after I had been relieved off the general's guard, I found the men in an unusual state of excitement. Some were talking

about, with seeming earnestness, more were assembled in small groups, and in half whispers communicated their sentiments and opinions to one another. One man in particular, an Irishman too, for whom I entertained no good opinion, appeared to be the prime mover of all this agitation. He was a man of middle age, strongly built, and tall, and of a dark complexion. His features, taken singly, nay in the whole, and in quiet moments when the mind was at rest, were good, but when speaking or acting, there was a bitter gathering of the mouth into a sour sneering smile, that betrayed the workings of dark and evil passions. He was in reality a selfish, heartless, and ill-designing man; I could never like to meet his cold gaze; it seemed to dwell on you with such a designing expression, I wont say malignant, that you felt uneasy under it, without being able to assign to yourself any reason wherefore; you almost imagined you could feel that his eye was on you even while your back was turned to him. Yet this man possessed an influence among his comrades that was truly surprising; with the bold he was their equal in desperate and reckless daring, and their superior in art and cunning—he

made them feel, when he wished, that his aid and judgment were wanting in the direction, management and perfection of their schemes and plans. The imbecile and quiet-minded he over-ruled in almost every thing, by assuming an air of authority and a tone that they could not, or even dared not dispute. This may seem strange under the strict and regular discipline constantly kept alive in a British regiment; but every one must be aware that there is an internal management carried on among the private soldiers themselves, that even the non-commissioned officers cannot interfere with, as it does not come under a breach of discipline, or of military regulations; and should any plan be adopted by the men in general, and one dissentient voice be raised against it, they know so well the art of making that individual's life a burden to him, that he will very soon lose his anxiety to oppose, and feel proud to be admitted to their society again.

But to return, M'Namara, the man above-mentioned as the prime mover of the bustle in the barrack room, (if a part of a convent inhabited by soldiers can be called so,) had assembled some two dozen of his comrades round his berth, and

harangued them, in his own rude manner, with all the force of a practised orator, touching strongly and dwelling on the points of a nature the most exciting and likely to effect his purpose.

"Well, comrades, you's may think as you's please ov coorse, but by this blessed an' holy iron an' steel!" said he, at the same time emphatically striking the end of the ramrod which he had been brightning against the flags under him, "I think it's not fair to pass by such things; the company 'ill get a bad name in the ridgmint, an' we'll just be called the 'Grabbeas,' or the 'Look-sharps,' the same as the ridgmint was called long ago at Geebrathar. I tell you's I saw him wid my own two eyes stop behind me in the wine-house, an' he knew I was comin' away, and why didn't he follow me? Besides, you see he come up from the town quite hearty an' bragging about what he could do, as iv the niggardy Portuguese 'id gave him as much as the smel ov a tot ov *veeno** 'lithout the *des reas*,† iv he was dyin' dead wid the bare thirret, or one with his sort ov a coat on his back; no, they'd sooner give him the *cuttho*‡ in his guts, an' sure I know that the sorra farthin' he had in his company but three double *vints*.§ Then he was late for rowl call at tattoo, and only the cop'lar stood his frind he'd be stuck in the guard-house all night, and in the *darry-room*|| this mornin'. The Portuguese went persecute him for fear we'd tatter his house; but what signifies the likes o' that, oughtn't we let the captain and the colonel see that we have the sperrit ov men an' sodgers among us not to let such a mean thing be done and we in the middle ov furrinera. I'll tell you's what we'll do, the very minit he comes in we'll just put Josh Weldon at the head ov the table, an' pick out four ov the ouldest sodgers in the room' an' bouk a coort martial ov our own on him, an' that'll be better then reportin' him to the major or the colonel, an' gettin' the whole ov us confined to barracks."

"I say," replied a fair, open, honest-browed Englishman, about two-and-twenty-years of age, "I was always as much against pilfering as any other man in this here company, or put the corps to it either, but dang any hutions, if I can think Muldoon is such a feller as you say; I liked the chap always somehow or tother for

his fair ways. Have you good sound proof of this here business, think you?"

"Proof!" said M'Namara, in a tone between conciliation and astonishment, "do you think I'd say the likes ov id iv id was not thrue;—didn't I see him gettin sissen behind the *capote*¶ on the seat; an' when I came away, didn't he stop behind; an' didn't I tell you's all the shame an' the disgrace it id bring atop ov us, iv it came to the colonel's ears, or even to the general's? Why, be all the books that ever was shut or opened, we wouldn't see the outside ov the convent gate these three months to come; nor we wouldn't see the smell ov the rashin wine for three months more, but when he hears we done this, he'll say we're honest hearted chaps, that don't like roguery, and he'll give us credit for it."

"Why, so we are," said another Irishman, "an' who dare say any thing else, it was a shame for Muldoon, and so it was, an' we *will* thry him, an' *iv* he done it, why he's a deceitful fellow, an' that's all."

"Where's your proof? iv he done it! why, blur an agers boys, do you's take me for the garrison liar, that you's imagine I have nothin' else to do but tell lies by wholesale?" said the wily M'Namara, with well-feigned surprise, and knowing the *materiel* he had to work on, then adding with warmth and affected anger and indignation, "why, I say you's might as well say 'you lie' to me at once; but by the piper that played before Moses, I wouldn't take that from the best man in the ridgmint."

"Why, as for the matter of that," answered the before-mentioned young Englishman, "there is none cowards here no more than you Jeem M'Namara, nor, as I suppose, but thinks as much about these sort of things as you do; if you *can* prove the affair, why let Muldoon be tried, and if he done that there as you say, why, I say, he deserves it, but if he didn't, why no one should say so."

"Isn't it for the credit ov the company I'm doin' it," replied the proposer, in a softened tone of voice, seeing that the slight disapprobation at first manifested to the thing was melting away, "but then iv you's don't agree, I'll just consider it my duty to tell the whole affair to the colonel. I'll be hanged," he added in a positive and determined accent and manner, "iv I bear share ov any man's crimes, or any man's punishment; nor I don't want any comrade to take share ov mine."

* *Vinho*—wine.

† *Tea reas*, value about a halfpenny.

‡ The knife.

§ A large copper coin, value about three halfpence.

|| A room where soldiers suffer confinement for minor crimes.

¶ *Capote*—a large mantle worn by male and female.

This was conclusive, and it was therefore conceded *semper contradicente* that Muldoon should be tried by a court martial of his comrades. His crime was stated by M'Namara, and taken down by the secretary of the room. There is no barrack-room that has not a particular personage of this sort of no little consequence among his comrades, and importance in his own eyes, from his utility in writing their letters, petitions, complaints, passes, &c., for which he always has a set regimental form, and out of which it were loss of reputation to deviate even in a single letter; he is also the keeper of all the secrets — family, friends, births, and breeding, confided to him in right of his office, as writer in general to the men of his room, and often to a whole company. There was no accuser but M'Namara, and the proofs were wholly circumstantial.

Muldoon was a very young man; you might say from his appearance about two and twenty years of age, tall and straight, with fair hair and blue eyes. He was about two years and a half in the regiment, and of a gay, careless, frank, and merry disposition. He was generally esteemed among his comrades, as an inoffensive, agreeable companion, and no derelict or flincher from his duty. His character had never been impeached before, and they could now scarcely believe that the straightforward, manly, Milly Muldoon could turn a petty thief.

The members and president of the court were selected from the oldest soldiers in the room. The before named Jack Weldon, a gaunt, upright, iron featured veteran, with

"His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare,"

took his seat at the head of the table, and the secretary took his, at the opposite end, the other members, four in number, sat two on each side. Thus they awaited the arrival of the accused who had previously heard something of the charge, but repelled it with indignation.

He entered the room, and when matters were explained, he darted a fierce glance at his accuser, who sat cool and collected, with that heartless sneer, which he always called up, darkening rather than brightening his features, and then looking on the solemn yet grotesque preparations for his trial, he burst into a loud laugh.

The president was in his shirt sleeves, the secretary with a half-penny worth of paper, and his ink-horn before him, sat grimly waiting the signal to commence questions.

"You need not be after a laughing at

us, Milly Muldoon," said the offended president, "I have tried in my time better men than ever stood in your shoes, and for worse crimes than this here, and I tried them fairly too, for I acquitted but one out of eleven at different times — but you're a recruit yet, and don't understand this here business, till by and by, when the captain's approven will tell you a something."

"Why, tundher an' turf boys dear," said Muldoon, made something serious by the tone of the old man, "sure it's not in earnest you's are, or do you's b'lieve that I stole the capote good or bad. But this is Mac's doin's, for 'pon my conscience, I never laid a finger on it."

On being assured that everything was intended seriously, and that it was purely to clear the good name of the men in general, from the imputation of his knavery, and to avoid their being punished in consequence, and that if he was innocent, there was no danger of disgrace, Muldoon was obliged to submit. Besides he found that they had now come to a determination on the point; some for the fun of the thing, others, and the larger party, from the dreadful apprehension of having their wine stopped, and being confined within the walls of the convent.

"Joe—Mr. Secretary, read this here man's crime out loud," said the president, opening the proceedings, *pro forma*, and the secretary commenced with the sonorous twang, reading the crime, accusing Miles Muldoon, of number one, of the Grenadier company, with unsoldier-like conduct, in stealing a capote, or large dark watch-coat from the house of an inhabitant of the town of Thomar, such being contrary to the standing orders of the regiment, rules and regulations of the army and mutiny act; and unbecoming a soldier and a man."

"That's tipping them the Dic* of the business, more power to your fingers, Joe, as old Nick said to the Piper," said one of the spectators, to the secretary. Joe, who seemed to be full of the dignity of his own situation, and the high authority of the court, merely answered the interruption by casting a look of severe reproof towards that quarter of the laughing circle by which the court was surrounded, and from which it proceeded.

"Come, come," said the president, catching Joe's indignant glance, and taking the hint accordingly, "no noise here, the first as says one word shall be

* Dic—Dictionary, a barrack room slang term for high-sounding words, or language beyond their comprehension.

bundled out of this here room, I swear." Then turning to address the prisoner, he added, "What have you got to say in your own behalf, why sentence of death should not be passed on you by this honourable court, according to the black book, and the—"

"Hollo, Mr. President," said one of the members, interrupting him, "sure you won't pass sentence till we have tried him first?"

"And who gave you liberty to turn your jaw on me," gruffly asked the president, turning his scowling eye on the last speaker, "don't you know that I am your colonel now?"

"We must hear the wickedness of the business, please your riv'ence, first and foremost," said another.

"Hoot, mon," said a penetrating Scot, "ye dinna ken that you should first speer the prisoner, if he be guilty of the crime, or the contrair?"

"Do you think the man's a fool," said old Jack, "what's the good of asking him all that there?—did you ever hear a man say as how he was a rogue, before the justice?"

"It's only for the form o' the thing," answered the sagacious Scotchman, "I like to see business carried on wi' reegularity."

"You're right, Sandy, man," acquiesced the president, "nothing like regular motions, and strict discipline," then turning to the prisoner, "are you guilty of this here piece of roguery, Mily Muldoon or are you not?"

"Upon my sowl and conscience, and that's as good as iv I took the full or my two arms of an oath, I am not, Jack," answered the young soldier.

"Jack! Jack!" exclaimed the jealous president, "I'd have you to know that I am your officer, now, sir, and that you must use me with respect and all that sort of thing now, sir,—come take off that there furrage-cap of yourn before me. Jack, indeed, to me, sir!" then addressing the court, and to vindicate his claim to "reverence due" he began "I say, comrades, I have served many a bloody day on the Peninsular here before this, I was then drafted off to the Ingees, and after that to the frozen land of Amerikey. I have seen a good many strange sights to be sure, seeing as how I am the senior officer in this here room. I have messed with comrades both good and bad, and carried the kettle in my turn, both for rascals and gay fellows. I have stood many a court martial, but never a room one, though I was often chose a member for all that, but I never was called Jack before in this way, and I say it should

not be tolericated on this manner among men and soldiers."

This had the desired effect, and the accused was cautioned to use language fitting his situation in future.

"Shall I call the first witness in this trial?" enquired the formal secretary. The president gave an assenting nod, and James M'Namara was called, and he stepped forward with becoming gravity. He had been sitting apart, watching with anxiety the proceedings of his comrades; now and then a malicious smile curled his lip, as if in scorn and derision at their weakness and folly, otherwise his countenance was calm, and with an unmoved and a settled look, he met the angry and portentous flashings cast on him from time to time by young Muldoon. He stood before them as one impressed with the importance of a regular trial, though he inwardly scoffed and contemned their mockery of justice.

One of the members addressed him.

"Now, James M'Namara, private soldier in the Grenadier company of His Majesty's — Regiment of Foot," said he, "you shall give your *davy*, in the whole truth and all but the truth on this thrial, has Mily Muldoon been guilty of —"

"And who gave you leave to ax them there sort of questions," said the fiery old president, cutting short this legal harangue, "I thought I was the commander here in this case of life and death?"

"O, I beg your pardon, Mr. President," said the rebuked offender, smiling mischievously and with affected humility.

"And that's your duty, Bill, so mind your eye again," said the president; then turning to the culprit, and setting a special face on himself for business, he began his *examination* after the following manner:—

"Miles Muldoon I have known you since you joined. I saw you at drill and at duty, and I never could consider you were a rogue, as for the matter of that I do not say so yet, since you have not as yet underwent your full trial; but then you soon will, and there's one comfort, you must get a fair bearing; still I have no doubt as to the upshot of the thing, for Jem M'Namara says as how you stole the Portigee man's capote, and sold it, and you know what a disgrace such a thing is to the company you are in; and your comrades have stuck me here to put you through your facings on the head of it, so just see what you have got to turn out for yourself. I think, comrades, that's drilling him according to law."

"The devil a man in the company could do it half so well," said one of the spectators.

"A good right he has," said another, "for devil a man in the company heerd it so often as himself."

"Silence I say," said the president, rising in a rage at this direct attack on his character, by bringing at such an unwelcome and unhappy moment the memory of his many trials before their assembled comrades, "if I done anything I paid for it, and no man shall sling my punishment in my face, and I'm hanged if I bear it."

The men interfered, and he was induced at their solicitations to resume his seat at the head of the table.

"I tell you what, comrades," said Muldoon, "I never pilfered a farthing's worth from man, woman, or child. I am an honest man's son, and I defy a man in the regiment to say that ever Milly Muldoon was consarned in a mean or a dirty action, or that I ever stood back from taking a comrade's part when he wanted my helping hand. But let me hear all about the robbery and how it was done!" and again he darted a fiery glance at M'Namara, who all cool and collected, commenced his depositions in a clear, full, and decisive tone. He asserted, in a voice that seemed to defy contradiction, that himself and Muldoon went the evening in question into a wine-shop kept by a Portuguese named Miguel Ferreira; that on entering a little room where they usually sat to drink, he observed the capote hanging from a peg at the end of the room, and next to the place where Muldoon was sitting; that on Maria, the daughter of the *padrone** entering and engaging him in conversation, he became apprehensive of something not pleasant being the consequence, knowing the jealous, treacherous, and blood-thirsty disposition of the people, and accordingly he requested Muldoon to rise and come away; and on his refusal, he departed without him, and observed the capote hanging in the same place on his quitting. "Now you see," he added, "there was no person in the *casa de vinho*† since he left it, the capote is gone, Muldoon I know had no money, and yet he came home drunk and late; and let him account for how all these things came about. Now I have done. You can see yourselves how the cloak went, or how it could go."

"That's all very fair, no one could say a word against being found guilty on such a fair story as that there," said the

convinced president. "Have you all that down in your paper, Joe Lam?"

"Down, Sir," responded the precise Joe.

"Yes, Joe, you're the boy to tip them the long shot in short hand; but read the witness your interruption of his cross-examination," said the president, and Joe complied, and read with a gravity that would defy the sourness of a Diogenes to imitate, a most whimsical detail of evidence.

Another soldier was produced, who proved that the Portuguese, Miguel Ferreira, came up to the convent to look after both Muldoon and M'Namara, and accused them with having robbed him; that Mac. confronted him, and denied the charge, throwing the whole affair on his comrade, Muldoon, with which he (the Portuguese) seemed to rest satisfied, but on being told that if he made a complaint to the captain, he would be detained to prove it, and that some of the regiment would do him harm, besides never again entering his house, he departed. This was the substance of the accusation and proof, and Muldoon, from the nature of the circumstances, could bring no evidence of his innocence; so that on the *mature deliberation* of the court, he was found guilty, and sentenced to receive seven dozen lashes with a *sling belt*.

"Put down that regularly, without making a mistake," said the president to the secretary.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Joe.

"Seven dozen, without fail," said the president, again.

"Seven dozen, Mr. President, no more nor no less," answered Joe.

"Right, Joe; and now I dissolve this honourable court till further orders, and I'll take the mittimus here to the captain, for his holy fist to scribble one word at the tail of it, by way of a blessing on our work, and do you keep the door fast till I fetch it back."

After attentively reading the paper handed him by Jack Weldon, the captain, a gay young man, commended the spirit of the men, laughed heartily at the humour of the thing, and approved the finding of the court, with the exception of altering the figure of seven into a four. Old Jack, on his return, was received with three cheers, and they proceeded without hesitation to put the sentence into immediate execution, ordering the downcast young man to strip, which he, with desperation in his features, refused, at the same time avowing his innocence in language the most earnest and convincing. They were deaf to his asseverations, and a dozen stout fellows

* *Padrone*—Landlord, host, or master.

† *Casa de vinho*—Wine house.

flung themselves upon him, quickly bore him down and made him doff his jacket in a twinkling. He struggled violently; but without avail; they soon tied him hands and feet, with his face downwards, on a long form, and inflicted the stipulated number of stripes with exactness and according to military customs and usages, with a hard weighty musket sling.

Young Muldoon rose up; he glared madly about him, like a lion in the toils; he cast a furious scowl of withering hate and revenge on M'Namara, and snarling with pain and burning with shame, he darted from the room without uttering a word. He was absent the whole day, and the fun of the trial, and the shame of the punishment, furnished matter of discourse to the company during their hours of idleness. Towards evening, and while his comrades were busily preparing for the sun-set parade, Muldoon entered the corridor. He held his musket in his hand, and he rushed along the passage, throwing glances fraught with dreadful meaning on each side of him. He made directly for where M'Namara was seated, arranging his accoutrements and putting them in order. He levelled the musket against his breast, and M'Namara, alarmed at the action, and still more at the frightful expression of the young man's countenance, started in trepidation, but was scarcely erect on his limbs when he received the contents of the musket in his bosom. The report and the dreadful groan that succeeded it brought all the men in the room to the spot. Muldoon stood with his eyes fixed and his teeth set, without moving a muscle; the firelock had dropped to his side, and he seemed to be anxiously watching the writhings of the wounded man before him. He never attempted to move or stir till the non-commissioned officer made him a prisoner—then he looked about him, and again at the wounded M'Namara, and handing the musket quietly over to the corporal, he exclaimed:

"Now, the black-hearted dog? he laughed at me, yes, into my very face he grinned, and then went and told his stories to Maria. I knew well, and I know still, that I'll suffer for it, but I'm satisfied to die now."

He was taken to the guard-room, and M'Namara to the hospital. The surgeon examined the wound, and after extracting the ball, pronounced it mortal.

Maria Ferreira, the daughter of mine host of the Casa de Vinho, so much frequented by the men of the — regiment, was a fascinating little Portuguese girl, about fifteen years of age, warm and ar-

dent as the clime, with hair black as the "raven's plumage," and eyes dark as midnight, and passionately expressive, shaded by bronzed eye lids and long black lashes, her cheek glowing with health and her rich lip wreathed in happy smiles; Muldoon and M'Namara became her professed admirers, but the most indifferent observer could perceive at a glance to which the maiden had given the preference. The fair and ruddy cheek of Muldoon, his golden curling locks, and his lively light blue eyes, and tall manly soldier-like figure and bearing, made a deep impression on the young and fervid Portuguese even at first sight, and after acquaintance ripened the partiality into a deep-rooted affection. The young soldier admired her first, partly for her mildness and simplicity, and partly that the contrast in the style of her beauty, in her manners, language, and even in the music of her voice, when compared with the females of his own native land, made an impression on his heart which he could not well define; but when he felt that she loved him in preference to others, and when time and closer intimacy disclosed to him the ingenuousness and sincerity of the handsome girl, the ardour, still more than womanly tenderness, of her heart, and the glowing and romantic affection with which she regarded him, he gave up his whole soul to her, and he seemed as if inspired by her with the same devoted attachment. M'Namara made several fruitless attempts to sever the connexion; but the gentle Maria was unchanging and confiding. All the black and revengeful feelings of M'Namara's breast were roused into action by this obstruction to his wishes, and he was determined to destroy the hopes and happiness of his rival at any risk, and we have seen with what art, and how well he contrived and conducted his plan, and how dreadfully and fatally to himself he succeeded.

M'Namara passed the night in dreadful agonies—the surgeon and his assistant were constant in their attentions, and he was anxious in his enquiries concerning their opinions whether he was likely to do well or not. Towards morning, the symptoms of his approaching death were evident, and the head surgeon considered it his duty to inform the patient of his situation. When told that his hours were numbered in this world, and convinced by a warning voice from within speaking in the same awful accents, he became uneasy and distressed; he was silent for a few moments as if mastering the bitter thoughts rising in his bosom, or manning his soul with resignation, firmness, and resolution to meet the final moment. At

Importunity—One way to gain the affections of a woman.

Knowledge—Having the peerage by heart; being very expert at the newest and most fashionable tie of a neckcloth, and knowing something of the cut of a coat.

Leveller—A discontented rascal, who maintains the monstrous notion, that all men are naturally equal, and that they should therefore possess more equal civil advantages.

Looking-glass—A piece of furniture, sacred in the eyes of every man of fashion; and whether it be a noble "full-length," or only a companion for the pocket, always to be looked on with respect.

Matrimony—A matter of money; in which the heart is a thing of no consequence whatever.

Modesty—A vulgar and sort of milk-maid virtue, and, moreover, a very troublesome interruption to one's pleasures.

Mob—The swinish multitude; a beastly set, and fit for nothing but to till the ground and cater for their betters.

Money—The standard of excellence, wit, and even beauty in woman. In the same way a man's worth is always to be judged by his strong box.

Necessary—Every thing we happen to see and like.

Not at home—Sitting quietly in your own drawing-room.

Novelty—The stuff of which enjoyment is made.

Occupation—The privilege of those who work for their bread, and get a living by industry.

Old-fashioned—All those hum-drum old fogeys, male and female, who will not run into the whims and fashions of the day.

Old Age—The favour to which we must all come; but still an evil that may be combated, if not conquered: false hair, false teeth, rouge, a little youthful affectation, and a good milliner, will work wonders!

Poet—A wretch who thinks and lives by his brains. This whimsical fool is so occupied in observing others, that he forgets himself (which is about the greatest folly that can be committed.) He has generally more appetite than dinner, and has not unfrequently to solve that rather difficult problem, whether he shall break his fast to-day.

Pauper—A very poor man. Poverty is not merely a misfortune, it is a crime—a loathsome disease, and so contagious, that its victims are very prudently shunned by every one. Yet these outcasts of

Providence have not conscience enough to keep their wretchedness to themselves, but must be every where intruding their disgusting stories, and still more disgusting persons on well-dressed people!

Promises—Mere words, and, as such, forgotten as soon as uttered.

Quiet—The meaning not known.

Quiz—An excrescence upon society in a human shape. This is a very singular and amusing animal, and is to be met with every where.

Religion—Going to hear a fashionable preacher on the Sunday morning, before one takes one's drive in the Park.

Reputation—A bell which the least accident will crack; but luckily this cracked sound dies away as soon as it is heard. People of consequence, and the ladies especially, never trouble themselves about a possession of so little importance.

Self—The secret god of one's idolatry, though there is no occasion exactly to tell the world so.

Short-sight—A very elegant and aristocratic defect, which, combined with a sort of mincing or shuffling walk, serves to give the rabble an idea of your consequence. Besides, this imperfect vision gives you the privilege of flirting a glass, and it will be found an especially convenient failing, when you are unlucky enough to meet a poor relation or country acquaintance.

Thinking—The enjoyment of that sort of person who can admire the insipid writings and stupid morality of an Addison, and who, consequently, never can have tasted the sweets of dissipation.

Time—A thing of some consequence in music.

Ugly—An expression on no account to be made use of when speaking to a lady; for such an offence it were hopeless to expect forgiveness.

Vulgar—An epithet implying at once all that is wicked, beastly, and abominable.

Wrong—The fault of the poor with regard to their betters.

Waist—A part of the body, concerning which, however, nothing definitive can be said, either as to its situation or shape; these are, of course, varied at the will of fashion, and accordingly sometimes the waist is long, sometimes short—one season high, and another season low.

You—A person whose interest is not exactly mine; therefore my personal enemy.

Youth—The age of a woman, till she is in her coffin.

Zoological Gardens—A very good parade for Sundays; but, on a week day,

there are too many wild beasts (out of cages as well as in) prowling about one, to make such a condescension otherwise than degrading. F.

SUN-DIAL'S REFLECTION.

CONTAINING EXTRACTS FROM STOW'S
CHRONICLES ABRIDGED.

(FOR THE OLIQ.)

1551. *Coinage altered*.—The 9th of July the base monies coined in the time of King Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth was proclaimed, the shillings to goe for nine pence, the groat for three pence, which tooke effect immediately.

Seizure of the Stilyard Liberties.—The 16th of October E. Seymer, Duke of Somerset, the Lord Gray of Wilton, Sir Ralph Vane, Sir T. Palmer, Sir Miles Patridge, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir T. Arundel, Knights, and divers other gentlemen, were brought to the Tower of London. The next morrow the Duches of Somerset was also brought to the Tower. The liberties of the Stilyard were seased into the kinges hands.

1556. *Rose Pence*.—The 19th of Sept. the rose pence being a base coin, made in the raigne of Henrie the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, were forbidden to be any longer currant in England, but to be onely currant in Ireland.

1558. *Images destroyed*.—In August all ancient church reliques and new made images in Queen Marie's raigne were beaten down and burned in the open streets.

1559. *Lusus Naturæ*.—In March, a mare brought forth a foale with one bodie and two heades, and a long taile growing out betweene the two heads. A sow farrowed a pigge with foure legs, like to the armes of a man child, with hands and fingers, &c.

1564. *City Watch*.—Through sute of the armorers there was on the vigile of St. Peter a watch in the city of London, which did only stand in the high streetes, in Cheape, Cornhill, and so forth to Aldgate.

Lottery.—A great lotterie of 400,000 lottes, every lot 10s. being holden at London in Paules Churchyard at the west doore, was begun to be drawne the 11th of Januarie, and continued day and night till the 6th of May.

1570. *Ground opening in Hereford*.—The 17th of February, at Ryngstone, neare Marclech, in the countie of Hereford, was scene the ground to open, and certaine rockes, with a peece of ground, removed, and went forward the space of foure dayes. It removed itselfe betweene sixe

of the clocke in the evening and seven the next morrow fortie paces, carrying great trees and sheep-coates, some with threescore sheep in them. The depth of the hole where it first brake out is thirtie foote, the bredth of the breach is eight score yardes, and in length above 20 score yardes. It overthrew Rinnastone Chappel; also two high waies be removed nigh an hundred yardes, with the trees of the hedge-rowes. The ground, in all, is 26 acres, and where tillage ground was, there is pasture left in place, and where was pasture, there is tillage ground gone upon it.

1574. *Wheat and Meat*.—About Lammash wheat was sold at London for three shillings the bushell, but shortly after it was raised to 4, 5, 6 shillings, and before Christmas to 7s., which so continued long after: biese was sold for 20 pence the stone, and all other flesh and white meats at an excessive price.

Violent Storm.—The fourth of Sept., in the afternoone, such a storme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered, where thro' the chanel of the cittie sodainly ranne with such a forcible course, that a ladd, about the age of eightene yeares, neere unto Dowgate, was borne over with the streame, and by the same carried from the Conduit there towards the Thames, with such a swiftness that no man with staves or other waies could stay him, till he came against the cart wheele that stood in the water gate, afore which time hee was drowned, and found starke dead.

1575. *Earthquakes*.—The 26th of February, betweene foure and five of the clocke in the afternoone, greate earthquakes happened in the citties of York, Worcester, Gloucester, Bristow, Hereforde, and the countries about, which caused the people to runne out of their houses for feare they should have fallen upon their heades. In Tewkesburie, Bredon, and other places, the dishes fell from their cupbords, and the bookes in men's studies from the shelves. In Norton Chappel, the people being on their knees at evening prayer, the ground moving, caused them to runne away in great feare, least the dead bodies would have risen, or the Chappel have fallen. Parte of Rithing Castle felle downe, with certaine bricke chimnies in gentlemen's houses.

ON THE PUNSHMENT OF MURDER IN NORTH AMERICA.

"In this village, at the time referred to, were two Indians of considerable note: the one for his great strength and

activity, and the other for his stature, for he was at least six feet four inches in height. These two meeting each other one day in presence of a third, the tall man made use of some insulting language to the other. He called him a coward, and so provoked him by several expressions equally abusive, that the insulted savage altogether lost the command of his temper, 'You have called me a coward, truly,' he said, at length—'but you never will do it again,' and he stabbed him through the body with a knife, at the same moment, so that he dropped dead at his side. The alarm was immediately spread through the village, and a crowd of Indians assembled. The murderer made no attempt to fly. He heard the people crying—'Kill him, kill him!'—but, saying not a word, nor moving a step, he seated himself upon the ground near to the dead body, and calmly awaited the result. Still—whether they feared his strength or respected his courage too much to take his life—no one came forward to lay hands on him. He even placed his head and body in a proper posture for receiving the stroke of the tomahawk; but the Indians who had gathered round him, only tarried to take the body of the deceased, and then left him alone. Not meeting here with the treatment he expected, he rose from this place, went to a more public part of the village, and there lay down on the ground, in the hope of being the sooner despatched; but the spectators, after viewing him, all retired again. Sensible that his life was justly forfeited, and anxious to be relieved from a state of suspense, he took the resolution to go to the mother of the deceased, an aged widow, whom he addressed in these words: 'Woman, I have killed thy son; he had insulted me, it is true; but still he was thine, and his life was valuable to thee. I, therefore, now surrender myself up to thy will. Direct as thou wilt have it, and relieve me speedily from misery.' To which the woman answered: 'Thou hast, indeed, killed my son, who was dear to me, and the only support I had in my old age. One life is already lost, but to take thine on that account cannot be of any comfort to me, or better my situation. Thou hast, however, a son, whom if thou wilt give me in the place of my son whom thou hast slain, all shall be wiped away.' The murderer then replied: 'Mother, my son is yet but a child ten years old, and can be of no service to thee, but rather a trouble and charge; but here I am, truly capable of supporting and maintaining thee: if thou wilt receive me as thy son, nothing shall be

wanting on my part to make thee comfortable while thou livest.' The woman approving of the proposal, forthwith adopted him as her son, and took the whole family to her house. We shall now relate, in further illustration of the customs and feelings already spoken of in this chapter, a story related of two Choctaws, by a respectable American lady who was herself an eye-witness of the scene she describes. 'Jenny,' as the whites called her, was the wife of a Choctaw, who about thirty years ago, murdered an Indian of his own tribe; and then fled over the Mississippi into Louisiana, where, however, he was overtaken and killed by his pursuers. Jenny, with four or five small children, of whom the eldest was called by the whites, 'Tom'—in his own language, Hochtannubbee—afterwards moved into a tribe in the neighbourhood of St. Francisville. Here, among other new acquaintances, she met with a wealthy American lady, a widow, who had compassion upon her, and often relieved her wants. After she had lived here a long time, Tom, who was now twenty-five years old, unfortunately fell into dispute with an old Indian, of which the result was, that he murdered him on the spot. Of course his own life was demanded in satisfaction and a day was appointed for inflicting the public punishment of his crime. A large assembly was collected on that occasion, including all the friends and relatives both of the murderer and the murdered, and every thing was now ready for the expected execution of Tom, who silently awaited his fate in the midst of the gazing throng. The executioners and the instruments of death were beside him. At this moment, his poor old mother, Jenny, was seen pressing eagerly through the crowd. She came forward and addressed herself to the relations of the deceased, and to the company at large. 'Poor Tom is young,' she said; 'he has a wife, children, brothers, sisters, all dependent upon him for subsistence. As for me, I have only a few days at most, and can do but little more for my family. Nor is this just,' she added, turning to the chiefs who were present; 'it is a shame to take a new garment (meaning, the life of a young person) for an old one.' Whether the company agreed with her in this view of the matter, or whether the relations of the deceased were disposed to be satisfied with her own sacrifice, her offer was accepted, and a few hours allowed her to prepare for death. In this interval she repaired to the house of her kind friend, the American lady, which was not distant, for the purpose of seeing her for

the last time. The lady was all this time wholly ignorant of what had been going on in the Indian village. Nor did Jenny say any thing about the affair. She had come, she said, to beg a coffin and a winding-sheet for her son. 'When the sun has reached its height,' she added, pointing upwards, 'poor Tom must die.' The lady did all she could to comfort her, and gave her what she requested, without suspecting the arrangement she made to save the criminal's life. 'But how long must the coffin be?' she inquired. 'Oh, make them to suit my size,' Jenny replied, 'and they will answer very well for Tom.' Soon after she had left the lady's house, a messenger arrived in haste from the camp, and informed her that Jenny was about being executed by the Indians. She now hastened to reach the place in time to save the doomed victim; but Jenny, the moment she saw her carriage approaching, coming at a distance, doubtless imagining what was her object, standing by her grave, caught the muzzle of the gun, the prepared instrument of her death, and pointing it to her heart, entreated the executioner immediately to do his duty. He obeyed, and she fell dead.—During five years after this, Tom was treated with sneers and contempt by the friends of the old man whom he had murdered. They said to him, 'You coward! let your mother die for you! You are afraid to die, coward!' "—*Edin. Cab. Lib.*

PERRAN PANTH,

A CORNISH STORY.

Continued from page 343.

The consternation of the picnic party at the long absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at first the father agreed with her. But when he considered the impossibility of the lovers holding any communication with each other—that Norton, as was reported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had fallen into a shaft drove every other suspicion out of his head. For the whole night they were looking for her. Lanterns, torches were in great requisition; horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of making her hear was resorted to, but she did not answer. The moon went down, and the last hour before daylight was completely dark. About this time Mr. Franklin was by himself, separated from the rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just expiring, and he was trying to trim it, when it went out entirely; and he could see nothing but the lamps of his companions at a considerable distance,

and that only now and then, as they ascended and descended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch them; he called, but they could not hear. At last he gave it up; and fearing lest he should fall into a shaft he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even the cries of his companions became at length inaudible, and he almost fancied himself in another world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, however, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she.—"Ye turned from the mother's prayer—ye have refused to assist her to find and to bury the child she took delight in. Did I not tell ye? but ye did not hear; did I not advise thee? but ye were deaf. And now ye are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye seek, but ye cannot find; ye run, but it is past the time. What do ye here? She is away with the loved and the true; for Rosa gave, and Rosa healed the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the widow,—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the childless. Away, then, for she is not here,—away, then, for she is not home. For Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And holding her lantern close to the face of the astonished father, she repeated her last usual parting words, "Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he was startled—he was agitated; and his companions found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would forgive their daughter. At last, however, discovering that further resistance was not only useless but ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents. After their first visit, they were again invited to spend a longer time. The next time they were entreated to stay still longer; and at last the old people found that they could not live without them, and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves, on condition they lived with them always. In the meantime poor Rosa, after the stimulus of avenging herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was positively necessary, for the peace of the neighbourhood, that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton would by no means consent to this, before something had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her own expense, an eminent

physician was sent for; and by his advice it was settled that she should be deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son. The plan succeeded. For one year she would constantly visit the spot where the old church had been for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her son to be buried; but after that she gradually recovered her senses. We need not say that Mr. and Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had done them; for though she did not live above two years after the recovery of her reason, she spent them in the service of those she had been the means of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I shall be quite content, if, for the space of ten minutes, you are half as much pleased as I was with the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it first told in the little inn at Perran Path.

THE LIFE OF A JOCKEY.

THE modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds (in his *sweating walk*) four miles out; and then he has a house to stop at, in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire, and drinking some diluted liquid; he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of his weight, the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkably transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to shew condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh immediately on the relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockeys, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non misere vivit qui parce vivit*, is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practise, who—as is the case with Chifney, Robinson, Dockeray, and Scott—is naturally above our light racing-weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good Catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton meeting,

Frank Bakkele had always a goose for supper, his labours for the season being then concluded. But it will naturally be asked how these persons employ or amuse themselves during the dead months, of which there are five? At Newmarket, we believe, just as they did in Holcroft's time, in visiting their friends, coursing, and cock-fighting—the latter a favourite amusement; but with no species of gambling, beyond a few shillings on the event of a course or a battle. A few also take the diversion of hunting, or any other out-door amusement that keeps the body in play. Most of them have neat and well-furnished houses, and appear to enjoy the comforts of life.

Quarterly Rev.

DARING OF AN INDIAN WOMAN.

"It is related that early in the last century, during a long war between France and Great Britain, in which most of the northern tribes of the country, as well as the New England Provinces, were involved, a small band of Canadian Indians consisting of ten warriors attended by two of their wives, made an irruption into the back settlements of New England. They lurked for some time in the vicinity of one of the most exterior towns; and at length, after killing and scalping several people, found means to take prisoner a woman who had with her a son of about twelve years of age. Being satisfied with the execution they had done, they retreated towards their native country, which lay at three hundred miles distance, and carried off with them their two captives. The second night of their retreat, the woman formed a resolution worthy of the most intrepid hero. She thought she should be able to get from her hands the manacles by which they were confined, and determined if she did so, to make a desperate effort for the recovery of her freedom. To this purpose, when she concluded that her conquerors were in their soundest sleep, she strove to slip the chord from her hands. In this she succeeded; and cautioning her son, whom they had suffered to go unbound, in a whisper, against being surprised at what she was about to do, she removed to a distance with great wariness the defensive weapons of the Indians, which lay by their sides. Having done this, she put one of the tomahawks into the hands of the boy, bidding him to follow her example; and taking another herself, fell upon the sleeping Indians, several of whom she instantly dispatched. But her attempt was nearly frustrated by the imbecility of her son

who, wanting both strength and resolution, made a feeble stroke at one of them which only served to awaken him: she however sprung at the rising warrior, and before he could recover his arms, made him sink under the weight of her tomahawk; and this she alternately did to all the rest, except one of the women, who awoke in time and made her escape. The heroine then took off the scalps of her vanquished enemies, and seizing also those they were carrying away with them as proofs of their success, she returned in triumph to the town from whence she had so lately been dragged, to the great astonishment of her neighbours, who could scarcely credit their senses, or the testimonies she bore of her Amazonian intrepidity."

Varities.

A JEWISH TALE.—When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was 100 years of age: he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down: but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was; he replied, 'I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction.

SMALL-POX IN ABYSSINIA.—The small-pox is the most destructive complaint known in Abyssinia. As soon as its approach towards any district is ascertained, the inhabitants collect their children and others who have not had the disease, for the purpose of inoculation. Every one carries a piece of salt or a measure of corn, with which they proceed together to the nearest town in search of an operator. Having selected a person covered with healthy tubercles, they procure a dotter

skilled in his art, who takes a quantity of matter from him into an egg shell, and then cutting a small cross with a razor in the arm of his patients, he introduces a little of the virus, and finishes by binding it with a piece of rag. After this process they all return home, singing and shouting praises to God in a joyful manner, and beseeching him to preserve them from death during the approaching disease. So far all is well, but the subsequent treatment is most injudicious. From the moment the fever begins they are put into a close hut, where not a breath of air, and if possible not a beam of light, can enter. Here they are laid naked upon river-sand or wood-ashes, the latter being generally preferred when the eruption is copious. No male animal, dog, cat, or cock is allowed to remain near the house; there being certain superstitions which connect the presence of that sex with the anger of wicked spirits who seek the life of the sufferers.—In all the Galla districts, except those converted to the Mohammedan or Christian religion, the inhabitants on the appearance of the small-pox burn their villages and retire to a distance. As the diseased are consumed along with the houses in which they dwell, fathers, mothers, and the nearest relations, if unable to remove, fall indiscriminately a sacrifice to this barbarous practice.—*Edin. Cab. Lib.*

LORD LOVAT.—When he came to the Tower he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it very difficult to keep him there. At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog! Don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You ugly old — I believe I shall."

ANCIENT CUSTOM OF THE ARROW.—The "bow and arrows" were military instruments much used in former ages, before the invention of guns by us, and great execution was done thereby. And it was the custom of the Persians, when they went to war, for every one to put an arrow into a chest for that purpose, placed before the throne of their king; and, at their return, for every one to take forth an arrow, and by those remaining the number of the slain did better appear.

PYLADUS.

GAINSBOROUGH, THE PAINTER.—One day, whilst he was very young, he was making a sketch in his father's garden, when he observed a country fellow looking over the wall at a pear-tree; he immediately sketched him, and the likeness was so

striking that it was recognised by several neighbouring farmers who had had their orchards robbed, and upon the countryman being taxed with being the depredator he admitted the fact, and enlisted in the army to avoid a prosecution.

HIS PRESENT MAJESTY ON THE TURF.—Some amusing anecdotes are on record touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the royal pleasure should be sent down? "Send the whole *squad*," said the king; "some of them, I suppose, will win."

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.—A tailor of Bagdad during a severe illness dreamed that an angel appeared before him, bearing an immense flag formed from the pieces of cloth which he had abstracted at different times from his customers, and that he chastised him severely with a rod of iron while he waved the flag before his eyes. He woke in an agony of terror, and vowed that he would never again steal cloth from his employers. Fearing, however, the influence of future temptations, he ordered his servant to remind him of the flag, whenever he saw him too sorely tempted. For some time the servant's hint checked the tailor's avarice; but at length a nobleman sent him a piece of rich brocade to make a robe, whose beauty proved too strong for the tailor's resolution. "The flag, the flag!" shouted the servant, when he saw the shears taking a suspicious direction. "Curse you and the flag," answered the tailor, "there was not a bit of stuff like this in it; besides there was a piece wanting in one of the corners, which this remnant will exactly supply."

OLD Q.—The name and also the exploits of the late Duke of Queensberry. ("Old Q.") will never be forgotten by the sporting world; for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over the *six mile course at Newcastle* for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit; also his late Majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year (1789) he won two other 1000 guinea matches the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, 3 times round the "round course," or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage

match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest-bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket-ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe within the time. The duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgement he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his grace was "wide awake," and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—"Take it," said the duke, "I will bear you harmless." When the horse came to the post, his grace coolly observed, "This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride myself: when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle.

A YANKEE DIALOGUE.—"Jonathan, in what excavation have you trenculated my sickle? See, I am all ready to violate nature, you rascal!" (he was lathered for shaving). "Why, daddy, I just pared Jezebel's (the donkey's) hoof with him, and has lent it to Jim to open highwheers." "Tarnation take your exploits; go and rub it on an old Huron's tomabawk, and then if it does not mow proper, why, I guess I must grind it on a Susquehanna stone to take the blunt out."

HONESTY OF THE PERSIANS.—Lord Byron and Sir John Malcolm met at the table of Mr. Murray. Lord Byron talked of travelling in Persia. "What must I do when I set off?" said he to Sir John. "Cut off your buttons." "My buttons! what, these medallions?" "Yes, the Persians are, in the main, very honest fellows; but if you go thus bedizened you will infallibly be murdered for your buttons."

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is not a little singular that the heirs to the thrones in England, Spain, and Portugal are all little girls; and it is possible, nay, probable, that at one and the same time there will be queens reigning in these three countries. It is also worthy of remark, that the aspirants for the thrones in these countries and in France (Henry the Fifth) are all minors.

THE VILLI DANCE.

A TALE OF HUNGARY.

By Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

WITH scowling eyes the proud Lord of Oroszlanko, or "the lion's neck," gazed from his lofty castle upon the road which, winding along the sides of the mountain, extends through the vale of the river Vag towards Trenchin, and a great distance is lost to sight. A fine youth stole out from the castle, mounted on a spirited courser, that with loosened reins he left to his pleasant way. The baron smiled savagely in his vindictive rage, and in a harsh voice ordered one of his servants, to tell his daughter Emelka to come forth:

As the star of love shining through the parting clouds, did she present herself to her father; he silently led her out upon the terrace of marble pillars, and demanded of her impetuously, "Dost thou know yon prancing rider?" "Yes—yes—my father," answered she stammering, lost in alarm and confusion; "Yes, surely it is Zalan, thy knight." "And it is he whom thou seest for the last time," thundered the old man. The trembling virgin became deathly pale, and staggered towards the edge of the high terrace, but the nervous arm of her sire threw her back, and gave her half dead to her maids. Meanwhile Zalan disappeared, surmising nothing of the snare which the dark-browed baron had prepared for his life. He thought that the end of his journey was the Templars' hospital at Postyen, for he bore a letter to the prior, with strict orders to deliver it secretly; he endeavoured now, as he had always done, to satisfy his lord to the full; and finding in the secret mission a sign of his confidence, his spirits rose, and fairy dreams of futurity beamed gaily on him—on the youthful lover.

By twilight he arrived in the neighbourhood of the proud Templars, but thinking it better to enter the hospital by dark, he waited for night on the verge of a wood. To the finest May-day, a beautiful evening succeeded; the gold and purple of the rich sun-set melted into the tender blue of cloudless height above his head; the spreading darkness of the deeper, quiet vales; the lonely holiday silence, sighed through by the warbling of nightingales and the playing of a faint breeze upon the lightly moving boughs—all, all, sank so tenderly, so deeply, into his heart, that he would have desired to press the whole wide world to his breast. As the sounds of life lost themselves slowly and softly, and the glittering of the heavens shone out more fixed and bright,

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the mild, undulating tones of a distant bell, reminded him that he had to ride farther. He left the thicket, and continued his way along the banks of Vag; a quick murmuring sound was upon the waves of the river, as if it too were driven by the passion of love. At length the monastery, on a lofty steep, presented itself to him, in its grave and cold aspect, as the world often presents itself to love. Zalan halted before the portal, and according to his lord's instructions, gave a signal to procure admittance. The iron gate revolved without the least jarring. "From the order!" demanded a gruff voice in the dark. "From the lord of Oroszlanko to the prior," answered Zalan. "Follow," said the *serviens*, or domestic. The narrow vaulted corridor echoed their footsteps to its very end, till they arrived at a winding staircase which led to the upper part of the building. At the first door they came to, the conductor stopped and beat three times severally and smartly upon it; the watch word, "I am alone," was pronounced within; the *serviens* intimated by a gesture that Zalan was to enter, and anon disappeared.

Zalan opened the door. Upon an old carved arm-chair was sitting the prior, palely lighted by a cresset, and resembling in his mute abstraction a statue on a vault tomb; as the youth stepped nearer, and came in the light, the Templar drew his hand across his brow, like one in whose soul rises the memory of past things—past things of which he would fain have clearer images. He opened the presented letter without speaking; during the perusal, the traits of his face drew up into still greater gravity, and he fixed his eyes more firmly on the writing. In that deep, suspensive silence, Zalan could hear his heart beat. "Thy name?" at last said the prior. "Zalan." "The names of thy parents?" "Geysa Thekel was my father's—Agnes Lodan my mother's name." A quick blush ran over the prior's pale face; he beckoned Zalan to a chair. "And that ring?" "Was the gift of my dying mother." The Templar remained silent and thoughtful. At length he issued from his abstraction: "Thy baron, as I see here, is not aware of the change that has happened in the priorship of this house; my predecessor died suddenly, and notice had not yet been generally given of his decease; the letter you deliver concerns him; and these lines '*death to the bearer!*'—though of lower condition, he dares to love my daughter—secretly remote him from the number of the living,' are directed to him and not to

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me." "What! does the pure, the noble passion of the heart acknowledge a difference of origin—does it depend on an ancestral line, or on castles and domains!" exclaimed the youth. "Of that the letter says nothing, but by my superiors it is strictly imposed on me to fulfil the wishes of the baron." The prior was silent, and Zalan burst into flame. "My son, I pity thee," sighed the Templar. "Swear silence and secrecy, and I will save thee." The youth swore.

With a soft tone, in which trembled the passions of his heart, so long restrained, and at length tenderly poured forth, the prior resumed: "Thou must go away this very night—hence, without delay. Here is a letter to the master of our order in Croatia; it was written for another name, but take it, read it, and retain its contents well; by the influence of the master thou shalt be received into our order. Be strong—the rest confide to heaven; and when all abandon thee, thou may'st turn to me." "Oh! how have I deserved so much pity!" asked the afflicted youth, his eyes filling with tears. "Thou leadest me back to past—to happier times," said the prior; "my melted heart is about to disclose what has long been buried in its most secret recess—what has never yet passed my lips. Know, young man, thou owest a second time thy life to thy mother. Alas! I loved her in my pleasant youth with the most excessive warmth of the sweet passion, and the remembrance of the happy hours I passed with her, are still the leading, the brightest stars of my long night of sorrow. Often did I see the blooming virgin in her sire's castle, and—there—thy father also saw her, and—loved her—as I did. Oh! who would not have loved her? I cannot describe the agonizing struggles of my heart; they became at length intolerable, and no longer able to suffer incertitude, I determined at once to ascertain my fate. I set out with this determination. I had been absent a short time; as I reached her father's castle, a man at arms spoke to me under the gate, and informed me I had arrived opportunely for the marriage; long shouts of joy, and acclamations to Agnes the betrothed, told me the rest! Flame and ice shot through my brain. I took off a ring, and begging the man to give it to his young lady, I turned my horse, galloped back, and became a Templar. One day, soon after the marriage, a horseman appeared at the hospital where I resided, having been already bound by my vows to the order. He narrated many things to which I did not

listen; but when he named thy father, my heart started. He described the nuptial festivals—the sadness of the bride; and said he had it from report, that she had long loved another, and had given her hand only from filial duty and obedience. His words were to me like so many dagger-stabs. From that moment I never heard of her more; for I repressed the desire I had of seeking tidings of her. I was sent by my order into Holyland, where on many a field of blood I sought for death and could not find it. Some weeks ago I returned to my native country, and some days ago was dispatched hither: and I no longer bewail my fate, which would not let me fall beneath the sword of the Saracens, as I can now be thy deliverer. Hence youth! the time counsels, the stars begin to dim their fires—haste! God be with thee! and when, thou sufferest, think of me!—remember that I too have loved and suffered." In speechless emotion the youth falls into the prior's arms; the Templar rings the bell, the *serviens* enters; Zalan staggers out, and is in his saddle ere he is half conscious of what has befallen him. He looks sorrowfully towards the spot where Crowszanko will shine in the morning sun, and his heart dies away within him as he turns his steed from the well known path to a new and strange road.

Sad silence reigned in the halls of Oroszanko. Hardly had Emelka recovered from her astonishment, when tidings came from the Prior of Postyen, that the baron's messenger, in attempting to swim his horse through the river Vag, had been drowned in its rapid waves. The only child of his house, the fair Emelka, pined away; terror seized the strong heart of the baron; he summoned the leech-monk, who rescued her from immediate death; but alas! his drugs could not reach the head source of her malady. Thus passed the spring, and summer, and also the autumn, and Emelka still faded and drooped.

The surly winter comes on; the baron is assiduous in the chase, and scouring with his hunters after the bristly boar, seeks in the whirlwind of action to deaden the inquietude of his soul: but still more frequently he repairs to the castle of Count Temetveny, with whom he seems to be treating affairs of weight.

The snow was flinging to and fro in thick flakes burying the landscape under its white, wavy surface; the desolate Emelka mournfully looked from her lofty casement at the weather, which was troubled and stormy like her breast; and when the lazy darkness spread its weary wings, and all sank into a still more

fearful silence, interrupted but by the screams of, the eagles as they wheeled round the battlements, or by the cries of the lonely sentinels in the outward towers, the hapless girl bent her head upon a pillar, and prayed to heaven for relief. At times her faithful old nurse Gunda, as they sat by the crackling hearth, would endeavour to recreate her with busy words: yet rarely was she able, with all her tales, to draw her from her own sad fancies. She would talk of the deeds of the olden age, the wanderings of the Hungarians, their heroic leaders, the miracles of their first missionaries; she would tell how constant love was always rewarded; how phantoms to revenge faithlessness whispered forth from the grave at midnight; and she described most eloquently the joy with which those disembodied spirits fly into each other's embrace, who in life were held apart by cold worldly considerations. But Gunda's fancy loved best to dwell on the tale of the Villies, which she always begun thus:—

"A Villi, dear child, is the ghost of a young maiden that dies while she is a bride. The Villies are continually wandering about by night, hand-in-hand, in rings; they hold their dances on cross-roads, and when they get a young man among them, they close him in their circle, and make him dance to death; and then his shade becomes the bridegroom of the youngest Villi, who anon goes to rest. Even such an unhappy girl was my youngest sister. Ah! how often have I seen her in the clear moonlight!" After this exordium, Gunda was wont to recount the heart-moving events of her sister's love, her sufferings, and her death. In such a fairy land the afflicted Emelka could sometimes wander; and as she traced her own fate, and saw her own feelings reflected in her nurse's tales, she at times melted into the luxurious enjoyment of grief, at others opened her breast to the pangs of despair.

The spring was again approaching, when one day the baron, on his return from Lord Temetveny's, gave his daughter to understand that she was a bride, and moreover the bride of Temetveny. Emelka, knowing her father's violence and obstinacy, retired in silence. The Baron, with self-delight, looked along the fertile vale of the Vag. "Here, and to the right hand, and to the left, and on the other side of the mountains, these vast possessions are all mine, and my daughter's husband's. I may everywhere command!" His swollen soul was absorbed by this one thought; but Emelka, on gaining her chamber, fell to the floor: "My heart opened once to love, to a heart

above price, and to that it must remain for ever; no man shall tear me from it, be he even the proud possessor of a kingdom. Alas! alas! can splendour make me happy?" Sighing this, her words were choked, she shuddered, and stretched out her lovely limbs. "God help us! Emelka is gone!" shrieked out Gunda to the baron. The cruel and terrified father flew to her chamber, and there saw his daughter with the colour of parting life on her face and on her lips, with her brilliant eyes closed, and her dishevelled raven hair flowing about her shoulders and arms. Emelka, at the voice of the baron, once more opened her eyes. "I forgive thee, my father, for having torn Zalan from me," she murmured with her last breath, and expired in the arms of Gunda.

The baron stood beside the cold body of his daughter, like a man blasted by a thunderbolt. He could not weep—he had no tears; but the destruction of his only child, and of that handsome, gallant youth, whom he also once loved, gnawed his soul with indescribable agony. When in the dark night Emelka was carried to her grave, by the pale light of flambeaux, he, roaring like a maniac, stopped the weeping procession, and threw himself on her coffin—in vain! the warmest bursts of penitence cannot awaken the dead. Alone he staggered back to the desert halls of his castle, that had now lost its rose, its beauteous spring: the object had vanished to which he had bound up all his proud purposes. "In wealth, in abundance, poor, lost, miserable wretch that I am!" cried he, again and again, beating his brows with clenched fists; and the trembling shade of Emelka seemed to start up before him with these words: "Too late thou comest back to thyself, my father! did not Zalan descend from noble blood? did not his many noble qualities weigh as much as Temetveny's castle?"

Unable any longer to resist the tempest of his sins, he summoned a holy monk, confessed himself, and relinquishing the world, retired to the grove which contained his child's grave, and there passed his days in contrition and fervent prayer.

News of the misfortune and desertion of the castle of Oroszlanko soon reached Croatia by means of some merchant-travellers. "Back, back to the hillock over her grave," cried Zalan, as he left the Templars by night; "does not my life resemble the flower which, in its blooming, is trampled in the dust! let the dried leaves then fall where my happiness lies buried, and if the savage baron will not

permit me to watch with him over his daughter's tomb, let him kill me there."

It was late in the night when, after his long sad journey, Zalan arrived at Orosslanko: reluctant, yet impatient and hurried, he enters the mysterious grove of the tomb; a soft whispering trembles around him, like the fallen leaves of autumn whirled by the wind, and sweet low sounds, like those of a far-off flute, reach his ear in delicious indistinctness; the minute lightning of the roving fire-flies, like scintillations of a flame celestially pure and brilliant, glance through the shades of the grove; the moon issues from a cloud—the hour of midnight is written on her face—the traveller is standing upon a crossway—he is among the Villies!

Tenderly rose their voices in an obscure ode, like the last sighs of hopeless love; he felt their balmy breath upon his cheek; they danced around him, they contracted their circle, they came nearer and nearer, and flew round rapid and more rapid; the glittering bridal rings on their fingers glittered more brightly; the myrtle wreaths shone clearer in their hair, which floated in loose lengthening curls, like a spreading vapour. Now one of the Villies quits the flying ring, steps to the wondering youth, and grasps his arm. Zalan looks up—"Emelka," exclaims he—and his eye is instantly fixed as if it were of stone; the Villi presses him to her bosom—his heart curdles—he freezes and dies under the kisses of his beloved.

The following morning the baron found a body lying near a bower of roses, and in it recognized his young knight. "God of mercy, forgive my sins!" cried he with boiling tears; and, taking the youth on his shoulders, he himself buried him by the side of his daughter. Ofttimes afterwards appeared, in his dreams, the pair that had been so unhappy in their lives, shining in united loveliness like the morning star, smiling their serene pleasure on the sorrowing man.

Court Mag.

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

On beds which odours sweet diffuse
Compos'd of flow'rs of various hues,
'Midst pleasure's blandishments reclina'd,
I'll banish sorrow from my mind.
Whilst Love, so trim, shall bring me wine,
"And all Elysium shall be mine."
Swift as the Olympian car's career,
Life's rapid current down we steer;
And Death's imperial mandate must
This fabric soon consign to dust.
Then on my tomb why incense burn?
Why pour libations on my urn?
Whilst yet I live, with wreaths, ye fair,
Of roses, come, and deck my hair!
Devoid of care, and free, I'll live
'Midst ev'ry pleasure life can give.

ABYSSINIAN COURT FOOL.

At the court of Welled Selasse there was a remarkable buffoon, who supplied to the chiefs in attendance upon the Ras the want of a circus, an opera, and a theatre. Mr. Salt assures us that he was one of the cleverest mimics he had ever seen, the command which he possessed over his features almost equalling that which was displayed in London by Suet, an actor to whom in other respects he bore a considerable resemblance. One of his main acquirements consisted in the singular art of making other people—particularly strangers who had not been apprised of his intention—imitate the contortions of his features: a power which Mr. Salt repeatedly saw him exercise with success, and which, on one occasion, drew himself into the same kind of ridiculous situation without his being conscious of the changes in his countenance, till he was roused by a friendly hint from the Ras.—At the desire of his master, he afterwards performed some finished pieces of acting, which evinced very extraordinary native talent. One of these was the imitation of a chief in the field of battle, who had not been remarkable for his courage. At first he came in very pompously; calling out in an overbearing manner to his soldiers, and vaunting what he would do when the enemy approached. He then mimicked the sound of horns heard at a distance, and the low beating of a drum. At hearing this he represented his hero as beginning to be a little cautious, and to ask questions of those around him whether they thought the enemy strong. This alarm he continued to heighten in proportion as the adverse party advanced, until at length he depicted the unfortunate leader as nearly overcome by his fears; the musket trembling in his hand, his heart panting, his eyes completely fixed, while, without being sensible of the movement, his legs began to make a very prudent retreat. This part of his action excited among the spectators the share of contempt due to the original character; when, dexterously laying hold of the circumstance, he affected to be ashamed of his cowardice, mustered up his whole stock of courage, and advanced, firing his matchlock at the same moment in a direction exactly contrary to that in which the enemy was supposed to stand, when, apparently, frightened at the noise of his own gun, he sank down upon his knees, and begged for mercy. During this time the expression of his countenance was inimitable; and at the conclusion the whole of the spectators burst into a shout of admiration.

tion.—Totte Maze, for this was the name of the performer, had one day so much offended the Ras by certain liberties, that he commanded him never again to set his foot on his carpet, which it may be remarked extends in Abyssinia only half-way down the room. On the morrow, however, to the great surprise of the company, the jester made his appearance mounted on the shoulders of one of his attendants, in which ludicrous position he advanced close up to his master, and with a very whimsical expression of features cried out, "You cannot say that I am on your carpet now!" Welled Selasse, who like most of his countrymen delighted in humour, could not refrain from smiling, which ensured the forgiveness of the mirth-maker and his return to office.

Ed. Cab. Lib.

A CHAPTER ON HATS.

(FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.)

"Your bonnet to its right use—'tis for the head."

There is no people so ingenious at expedients as the Yankees. It would never enter the heads of persons out of New England to use their hats for any other purpose than as a covering for their heads. In other parts of the globe, when a man bows graciously to a friend, he takes off his hat. Such a custom cannot be adopted here, for a man's hat is his pocket book, his satchell, his pantry, his clothes bag, his tool chest, or his cigar box, as occasion may require, and if he should take off his hat in a hurry awkward consequences must needs ensue. We once knew a young gentleman who, having purchased a dozen of eggs for his mother, forthwith popped them into his hat. On his way home he met a pretty girl, with those charms he had long been smitten, and wishing to be particularly polite he took off his hat, preparatory to making a low bow. The twelve eggs obeying the laws of gravitation of course were precipitated to the pavement and instantly smashed to atoms, and the beautiful white garment of the astonished girl was bespattered with the yolks! She never forgave him.

How often, during a windy day, do we see a balless wight chasing a cloud of papers which have made their escape, and are borne away on the wings of the wind.

It has been remarked by foreigners that the natives of New England are generally round shouldered. This is undoubtedly owing to the enormous weight which they carry on their heads! A lawyer is seldom seen with a green bag in his hand; his legal documents, and sometimes his law

books, are deposited in his hat; a physician's hat is not unfrequently an apothecary's shop in miniature; a merchant's hat is crammed with samples of merchandise; and a stage-driver's hat is stuffed with bundles and packages. A person about to take a short journey seldom burthens himself with a trunk, but takes a change of apparel in his hat; a late Member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who represented a town not more than twenty miles from Boston, always carried his dinner to the State House in his hat; and we have seldom seen the hat of an editor which was not stuffed with damp newspapers, stolen paragraphs, and unanswered letters! Hence editors are always round shouldered.

The change which has lately been effected in the shape of the hat has been much complained of as its reduced dimensions put the wearers to much inconvenience. A hat of the most approved modern style will contain but little else than a pocket handkerchief, a pair of gloves, and a few cigars. But we hope this change in fashion will produce a corresponding change in the prependicularity of certain individuals, and that those persons who hang down their heads while wearing a ball-crowned hat will soon strut about as stiff and upright as a platoon of well-drilled soldiers.

HYENAS.

These animals generally inhabit caverns and other rocky places, from whence they issue under cover of the night to prowl for food. They are gregarious, not so much from any social principle, as from a greediness of disposition and a gluttonous instinct, which induce many to assemble even over a scanty and insufficient prey. They are said to devour the bodies which they find in cemeteries, and to disinter such as are hastily or imperfectly inhumed. There seems, indeed, to be a peculiar gloominess and malignity of disposition in the aspect of the hyena, and its manners in a state of captivity are savage and untractable. Like every other animal, however, it is perfectly capable of being tamed. A contradictory feature has been observed in its natural instincts. About Mount Libanus, Syria, the north of Asia, and the vicinity of Algiers, the hyenas, according to Bruce, live mostly upon large succulent bulbous roots, especially those of the fritillori, &c.; and he informs us that he has known large patches of the field turned up by them in their search for onions and other plants. He adds that these were chosen with such care,

that after having been peeled, if any small decayed spot became perceptible, they were left upon the ground. In Abyssinia, however, and many other countries, their habits are certainly decidedly carnivorous,—yet the same courage or at least fierceness, which an animal diet usually produces, does not so obviously manifest itself in this species. In Barbary, according to Bruce, the Moors in the daytime seize the hyena by the ears and drag him along, without his resenting that ignominious treatment, otherwise when by attempting to draw himself back, and the hunters, when his cave is large enough to give them entrance, take a torch in their hands, and advance straight towards him, pretending at the same time to fascinate him by a senseless jargon. The creature is astounded by the noise and glare, and allowing a blanket to be thrown over him, is thus dragged out. Bruce locked up a goat, a kid, and a lamb, all day with a Barbary hyena which had fasted, and he found the intended victims in the evening alive and uninjured. He repeated the experiment, however, on another occasion, during the night, with a young ass, a goat, and a fox, and next morning he was astonished to find the whole of them not only killed, but actually devoured, with the exception of the ass's bones!—The general size of the striped hyena is that of a large dog. Bruce regarded the Abyssinian species as distinct from those described as natives of other parts of Africa, but recent observation has failed to confirm that impression of the Scottish traveller. This species was known to the ancients, and was exhibited at Rome for the first time in the reign of Gordian. One which died a few years ago in Paris was of an irritable and dissatisfied disposition, and had eaten away in its impatience all the toes of its hind legs.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENTS DERIVED.

For the Ollio.

MANTUA MAKER.—The word *mantua* is by some supposed to be corrupted from *manicau*. Others assert, that a court gown was early known in England by the name of *mantua*, either from its having been invented at Mantua; or the celebrated Manto, a native of Thebes, as in an old print:—

"Putte on the *mantua* and appare
Whom thy true knight loiters."

MILLINER.—The term is generally supposed to be derived from *Milan*, the inhabitants of which are said to have been the first that made female head-dresses. *Morse* milliners are of consideration and

adepts in all the gear which appertains to the turf, the chase and horsemanship. But it is no uncommon thing to see men employed in the most effeminate branches of art and commerce; the artificial florist and the *man-milliner* are the most conspicuous in this class. Who that has feeling can endure the sight of young and artless females, employed at all seasons, and in all weathers, to carry a bandbox, from morning till night, exposed to the insolence of street libertines, and the perils of vicious example; while, with unwet feet, the perfumed coxcomb measures the riband at home, or folds the gauze as he lisps fine phrases to females of distinction?

PINS—PIN-MONEY.—Before pin-making was discovered, the ladies used wood skewers. One of the articles of the statutes of the ancient pin-makers of Paris was, that no master should open more than one shop for the sale of his wares, except on new year's day, and its eve; this we mention to recal to mind the agreeable simplicity of our forefathers, who contented themselves with presenting *pins* for a new year's gift. Hence, the custom of still giving the name of pins, or pin-money, to certain presents that accompany the most considerable bargains, in which it is usual to give something towards the pins of the wife, or children, of the person with whom the agreement is concluded. Hence, too, the term *pin-money* is applied to the allowance that is generally made by the husband to his wife for her own individual use. Z. F. Z.

THE STAR OF DARKNESS.

Seest thou the pale, though radiant star
That gleams through yonder troubled sky,
Still burning there alone and far,
The only light that shines on high?

Though mingling clouds and storms to roll
Around its desert path are seen,
Beyond their dark and wide control
It smiles all silent—all serene!

That self same star on many a night
Of spangled splendour meets your gaze,
Though scarcely noticed then its light,
Whilst orbs more brilliant 'round it blaze.

'Tis but beheld, as now, alone,
And in that wild and threatening sky,
Whose influence all besides must own,
That its soft beauties fix your eye.

Just such is Virtue's star, though fair;
'Midst kindred lights of joy 'twill shine,
'Tis only through the mists of care
That its mild radiance beams divine.

And when the cheering orbs of life
Have darkly set, no more to rise,
It smiles upon the storms of strife,
From its high home in cloudless skies!

ANTIQUITY OF GLEANING.

It may be inferred, the custom of 'gleaning' has not been so profitable of late years, as it was formerly, by comparing the small quantities which fall in the laps of the poor, with the poetic accounts scattered over the pages of old books. It was, indeed, the store of the ant provided for the day of winter—now, 'tis the grasshopper's share, barely sufficient to serve till the Autumn has past. In the Hebrew language, the word does not limit its sense to a 'corner' of the field in which the ear should be left, but is extended plurally to 'corners' in any part, or portions of the field; the outsides or outskirts, in fact, are comprehended in the canon. As, for instance, he that reapeth his field, must not reap it wholly, but leave a little 'standing corn' for the poor, in the end of the field, whether he cut it, or pluck it up; and that which is left is called 'peah,' or the 'corner.' And, as he must leave of the field, so of the trees when he gathereth the fruits, he must leave a little for the poor. Then, if the owner transgressed and reaped all the field, or gathered all the fruits of the trees, he must have taken a little from either of his own, for the poor, as a command. Though he had ground it, or baked it into bread, yet he must have given a corner to the poor. But, what is meant by the measure of the corner? By law it is not defined; for, if he leave but one ear of corn, he is discharged from the obligation,—one ear of sixty is not deemed enough to serve the poor; the owner is esteemed in proportion to his disposition. Three times of day were anciently appointed for the dividing the corner; morn, noon, and eve. This latter time is usually devoted to gleaning, unless the field has not been gleaned previously, (though some farmers allow their gleaners to follow the waggon), and if one or two ears fall from the sickle, it is the gleaners'; but if three or more, it is not. If the wind scatter the corn, so that it be mixed with that which is to be gleaned, then the owner regulates the quantity allowable for the poor. Whatever quantities are gathered by the hedges in the field in carrying, or gathered by the branches in the lanes, are the privilege of the poor. The antiquity of gleaning is of undoubted authority and use. To the poorest parishioner, to the oldest creature that never creeps beyond the threshold on other occasions, to the little sun-burnt child that fills its apron, to the Ruth of the hamlet and the decent poor of all ages, not better employed, the field in full operation of gleaning, in

which more than enough is left by the good-hearted patron, Boaz, is a scene of no ordinary interest. The blessings of industry are never better collected. They who have earned their wholesome corn, know how fully to relish it in bread. It is the sweet morsel cast on the waters that returns after many days. It is the crust of faith, which affords strength under a piercing sun. May the owners of fields reap abundant reward in ratio to the gifts they scatter over the springing stable!—May the poor be grateful!

F. J. R.

I WEEP THE HOUR.

BY LADY EVELINE STUART WORTLEY.

I weep the hour when I was born,
Since thou canst find it joy to grieve me;
Yet, even if I deserved this scorn,
Forgive me—Oh, forgive me!

I but desired thy faith to prove,
To try if thou'dst the heart to leave me;
I only wished to try thy love—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

Let peace and rosy joy return—
Ah! spurn not thus the flowers I weave thee;
By day I weep, by night I mourn—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

And must this prayer be prayed in vain?
Wilt thou not pity nor believe me?
My heart dies for that smile again—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

O, of that smile's sweet rosy ray
Wilt thou for evermore bereave me?
While still, with choking sobs, I pray,
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

If thou wert wan—if thou wert sad—
I'd give my life blood to revive thee;
O say! my breaking heart to glad—
I do—I do forgive thee!

MADAME ROLAND.

THE trial and execution of this lady is thus graphically described in Mr. Alison's work on the French Revolution:—"On the day of her trial she was dressed with scrupulous care in white. Her fine black hair fell in profuse curls to her waist, but the display of its beauty was owing to her gaolers, who had deprived her of all means of dressing it; she chose that dress as emblematic of the purity of her mind. Her advocate, Mr. Chaveau Lagarde, visited her to receive her last instructions; drawing a ring from her finger, she said, 'To-morrow, I shall be no more; I know the fate that awaits me: your kind assistance could be of no avail; it would endanger you without serving me; do not therefore, I pray you, come to the tribunal, but accept this as the last testimony of my regard.' Her defence, composed by herself the night before the trial, is one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the revolution; her answers to the interroga-

toxies of the judges—the dignity of her manner—the beauty of her figure, melted even the revolutionary audience with pity. Finding they could implicate her in no other way, the president asked her if she was acquainted with the place of her husband's retreat. She replied, 'that whether she knew it or not, she would not reveal it, and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature!' Upon this she was immediately condemned. When the reading of her sentence was concluded, she arose and said, 'You judge me worthy to share the fate of the great men, whom you have assassinated; I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold.' She regained her prison with an elastic step and beaming eye. Her whole soul appeared absorbed in the heroic feelings with which she was animated; and she spent the better part of the night before her execution in playing wild music; not any regular tunes, but strains and gusts of unpremeditated harmony, such as soothed the elevation, soothed the anguish, and calmed the perturbation of her mind. She was conveyed to the scaffold in the same car with a man whose firmness was not equal to her own. While passing along the streets, her whole anxiety appeared to be to support his courage. She did this with so much simplicity and effect, that she frequently brought a smile on the lips that were about to perish. At the place of execution she bowed before the gigantic statue of liberty, and pronounced the memorable words, 'Oh, liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name.' When they had arrived at the front of the scaffold, she had the generosity to renounce, in favour of her companion, the privilege of being first executed. 'Ascend first,' said she, 'let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow.' Turning to the executioner, she asked if he would consent to that arrangement? He replied, 'that his orders were peremptory that she should die first.' 'You cannot,' said she, with a smile, 'refuse a woman her last request.' Undismayed by the spectacle which immediately ensued, she calmly bent her head under the guillotine, and perished with the serenity she had evinced ever since her imprisonment."

Partisanship.

THE EYE.—The use of shades and bandages on every trifling affection of the eye is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, opthalmal, and even total blindness, is not unfrequently the consequence of what, being perhaps mostly a slight flow of humour, or a little extravasated blood, would have subsided in a few days if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself. *Curtis on the Eye.*

KITCHEN STUFF.—An Irish servant-girl, riding on the outside of a coach, on an exceeding wet day, with an umbrella over her head, the draining of which she was freely bestowing on her immediate neighbours, said to her fellow servant, who was sitting on the opposite seat, "Well, cook, are ye pretty comfortable?" "Cook!" said a half-drowned poor fellow, seated beside her, "I should have thought you were the cook from the quantity of *dripping* you have to dispose of."

THE AQUATIC SPIDER.—A property of these araneides, not less singular, is the capacity of constructing for themselves, in the bosom of the water, a kind of aerial mansion, a true diving bell, where they can respire freely, live in safety, and which serves as a cradle for their family! This may be compared to a diving bell, not only because it has the destination, but the same form, namely, that of a cap, or that of one half of a pigeon's egg. It is entirely filled with air, perfectly close, the under part excepted, where there is a tolerably large aperture, giving an entrance and exit to the animal. Its walls are slender, and composed of a tissue of white silk, strong, and close, a great number of irregular threads fix it to the stems of plants, or other bodies. Sometimes the upper part is out of the water, but most generally it remains entirely immersed. Its inhabitant is thus environed with air; she remains there quietly, the head usually down, a situation which permits her to see more easily what passes, to watch her prey, and to escape from the least danger. Degeer has seen her with her head upwards, and the feet applied against the body.

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The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No I.—Vol XII.

Saturday, August 3, 1832.



See page 5

Illustrated Article.

THE UNCLE'S WILL.

A TALE.

For the Otto.

"Marriages are made in heaven."

On dit.

"AND so you do not love your cousin, Fred?"

"No, mon ami, no."

"And yet you mean to marry her?"

"Even so, how can I avoid it. Are not the preparations already being made; the day fixed and rapidly approaching. What would the world say were I to renounce her now? Would not the busy tongue of slander wag with unholy blasphemies, and the pure air be tainted with the foul surmises of calumny should I rudely dissever the gordian knot that binds me to her. No, Richard, wed her I must in spite of love—in spite of Emma!"

"And so, perchance, render yourselves unhappy for life. Is there no way of escape from this dreaded catastrophe? Why not confess to her—"

"Psha, tell her I have altered my

mind, and perhaps break her heart by the news."

"Break her heart!"

"Yes, Richard, break her heart, for that I am beloved by her I little doubt; her first and best affections I can claim as mine."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Too sure—there is a tenderness in her manner—a fluttering interesting air about her, (especially since our marriage has been decided upon), whenever I am in her company that speaks more plainly than mere words can do, the language of her heart. Ah, yes, she loves me! Richard; and would—I could return her affection. Would it were in my power to think upon her with a more glowing ardour than that of mere friendship and esteem. Would I had ne'er beheld that enchanting widow. Would I had never seen her still more enchanting sister."

"Who is this new charmer that seems to have smitten you so deeply?"

"Faith, I can scarcely tell you, any more than that she is of good family, but small fortune, and lives with her sister, the youthful widow of a gallant officer who fell a victim but a short time back to

what we call the laws of honour. Alas! that such a noble plant should be watered by such sanguine streams. How I obtained an introduction, and where I first beheld her, it matters not—suffice it she is beautiful as—”

“Enough, Fred, I’ll take it for granted; and now, having listened to your story, I am going to surprise you by a little anecdote of my own. What would you say were I to announce to you that I am deep in the same quagmire as yourself, namely in love—over head and ears eternally, consumedly in love!”

“Can such things be?”

“They can, they are, and so attend as quietly as possible to the tale of my affliction. Some three months back, I visited the theatre. You know I seldom honour the disgusting buffooneries that disgrace our modern stage with my presence, but the announcement of a new play by Knowles was a temptation I could not resist, and so I went: there, seated in a private box, did I first behold the object of my passion. Her gentle, lady-like demeanour—her graceful form—her dark and penetrating eye attracted my observations to that particular spot during every pause in the performance. My ar-

dent gaze was noticed by the fair cause of it—she blushed and turned away apparently displeased. Still—still I gazed on, and just before the curtain finally dropped, I hastened out to meet her, if possible, as she left the place. I succeeded in obtaining a parting glance, but again the rising blush mantled o’er her fair face as she caught my anxious eye; she clung close to her companion’s arm, (an old gentleman’s) who quickly handed her into a carriage containing two other ladies, and then following himself, she was soon hurried far—far away.”

“Well, and who was she?”

“Heaven knows, not I.”

“What, man, hadst no wit about thee! no tongue to make enquiries! no manœuvre to thrust yourself upon their notice! no money to bribe the coachman, or buy over the Johnny? O thou dull pated and heavy-headed wight. Go study the art of impudence, or thou’lt never be the hero of an adventure, or make love with a coup de grace.”

“Well, Fred, as to my wit, you know it is none of the brightest; my tongue not the most fluent at an impudent sally, or my purse the fullest in the world; but I have made enquiries—have met her twice

since, have dodged her steps, have bribed others to obtain news for me ; but, alas ! all my efforts have been in vain, and I am now literally in despair."

"Hast no means of guessing who she is?"

"None, except that from her appearance I should conjecture, she moves in the higher circles of life ; and if such be the case even should I discover her of what use would it be to me. You know my income is of such a low value that competition with the higher powers is impossible."

"Well, faint heart never won fair lady, so do not despair. We will meet again to-night, and—By the bye, Richard, during the whole time I have known you, you have never paid me a visit—neither have you seen my cousin—you have often promised me, but never fulfilled your engagement. I shall take no denial to-day, but expect you to dinner at six o'clock, and I will then introduce you to Emily. Come, don't hesitate—I must have you promise—after dinner we can talk over our little matters, and advise each other. Is it agreed?"

"It is—I'll be with you."

"Remember at the hour of six."

"I'll not fail, and by the way, Fred, time is on the wing—I've an appointment at three, it wants now but twenty minutes of that hour, and here have I been strolling through the streets with you in a contrary direction. O what a bewitching thing is a gossip, it robs us of many a moment unnoticed and unthought of!—Addio."

While our friend keeps his appointment, we will, as briefly as possible, explain the circumstances in which the two young men were placed whom we have just (somewhat unceremoniously,) introduced to our readers. Frederic Walton was left an orphan at the age of eight years old, when he was taken under the protection of his uncle. This gentleman had just married a young widow, who also honoured him with the incumbence of a youthful daughter about four years of age, the fruit of her former alliance. No offspring ensued from her union with Frederic's uncle, indeed she was a burden to him but for a short period, for being of a weak and delicate constitution, the effects of a violent cold brought her to an untimely grave within a few years from the period when, for the second time, she changed her name. The shock was severely felt by her surviving partner. For a long time he shunned all intercourse with society, and seemed at length only to awake to the cares and business of life, in order to attend more

closely to the wants of those children, who had been placed by such unexpected circumstances under his protection. They were, indeed, his only comfort ; he literally doted on them, and denied nought that could minister to their pleasures or comforts, without pampering their improper appetites or evil inclinations. His sister, a lady who had been doomed to pass a life of single blessedness ; but who, nevertheless, possessed a heart warm with the milk of human kindness, and a disposition most affable and gentle, was sent for on the death of his wife, and continued to reside in his house. One darling wish was uppermost in the good man's mind ; that was, the desire of seeing his two proteges united in the endearing ties of matrimony when they arrived at the years of maturity. To this there appeared to be no obstacle ; the children grew up together in mutual love and fellowship, and, while the little Emily laughingly claimed the youthful Frederic for her future husband, the latter never denied her right to his protection, but gallantly vowed with a kiss to be her lawful pilot and protector through all the storms that ruffle the ocean of life. But however things were to turn out, their guardian was not allowed to see his favourite plans carried into execution. Time rolled on, and Frederic had just passed his eighteenth year, when after a short illness, death claimed his uncle for the tomb. Brevity compels us to pass over the sorrow this untoward event caused to those whom the deceased left behind him. A true friend is seldom thoroughly appreciated until laid in his last resting place. The sweet savour of Mr. Walton's Christian philanthropy mingled itself with the very air the orphans breathed ; there was not a thing they touched, not an occupation they were employed in, but recalled some token of his affection and anxiety for their best interests. Some kind word—some gentle precept uttered by the tongue that was now for ever silent seemed to be resounding through the walls of the chamber he once occupied, and they would often start with surprise at the clearness with which fancy summoned up the voice of their departed friend, and seemed literally to realize the expression of one of old—"He being dead yet speaketh." The will of the deceased was a singular one. We should have mentioned before that Mr. Walton was a man of good property, the successful result of his own and his father's strict attention to the duties of life. He had only retired from mercantile pursuits three years previous to his death, and was seeking by rural enjoyments to

rescued his health and spirits, when he was summoned by a command he could not disobey, to seek "another and a better country." He left various small sums to distant relations; his sister also was well remembered; to Frederic he bequeathed 10,000*l.*, to Emily 20,000*l.* provided she married her cousin on his coming of age; if not, the amount was reduced one half, and the remaining 10,000*l.* went to a stranger, whom nobody seemed to know much about, and who was at that period living abroad. Time is a gentle mollifier of youthful griefs, and our young couple having removed to London with their aunt, (who was appointed sole executrix) after the funeral, soon began less rigidly to honour the memory of their worthy protector. Nearly three years had elapsed from the sorrowful event we have just mentioned, and Frederic was within two months of his twenty-first year when our tale opens. His marriage with Emily was fixed to take place on his birth-day, in accordance with the terms of the will we have alluded to. The busy note of preparation already began to be heard, and how stood the parties affected towards each other? From the conversation we have just related it will be seen that Frederic's views had lately changed. They had indeed. To speak the truth plainly, he never loved his cousin save as a sister or friend. But, indeed, it did not occur to him that any very ardent affection was needed. He considered all such ideas as lightly as the merest tale of fiction that ever issued from the pen of a novel-struck enthusiast. He knew the marriage was a profitable one—he esteemed and admired the lady—fancied she loved him as well, or better, than the rest of mankind—made his proposals, and was accepted. A few weeks after, he met at a small pic nic party the young girl he mentioned to his friend. He thought her the most graceful being he had ever seen! He loved to hear her talk. What elegance of diction, and what a sweet voice! Her singing too! Why it was as far superior to Emily's as Pasta's to the heroine of the "Grecian Saloon." His cousin was beautiful to be sure—her eyes were dark and piercing, but, ah, how much more expressive the calm deep blue of Emma's! What was the matter with him?—was he beginning to feel that romantic enthusiasm he had so often ridiculed? He came home, and could not sleep that night. He could think of none but Emma, and hated the very name of his cousin; he felt himself tied, bound by a chain, and how could he free himself from the shackles. He knew not what to do, indeed scarcely knew what

he was *doing*. He saw Emma again, framed an excuse for visiting her, and would have done so again and again, had not her sister remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his paying such marked attentions to one lady, when he was so soon to be united in matrimonial bonds to another. He felt the truth of her remarks. What could he do? Could he forsake his cousin. No. What would the world think—what did his own conscience testify on such a matter? He knew not what to do; and in this emergency he applied to his friend Richard Burnett, the result of which application our readers are already partially acquainted with. A few words in respect to this latter gentleman. Frederic had known him about the space of a year and a half, having first met him at a place of literary resort, and, pleased with each others habits and general opinions, the acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. Burnett was a few years the senior, and not in such prosperous circumstances as his friend. He had spent the greater part of his early days in India, indeed had only returned to his native land two years prior to the opening of our tale. He was now employed by a large mercantile house, and from his excellent abilities and sound moral principles commanded respect and esteem from all that knew him. But how felt Frederic's cousin with regard to the announced nuptials. Was her mind as unsettled as his own, or was she longing for a more speedy hastening of that hour which would make him her's—her's only, and for ever? Our readers shall judge for themselves. If they please we will introduce them to the place of her abode, about half an hour before the clock strikes six, the period be it remembered at which our two friends are to meet and dine together. She was seated in the drawing room apparently employed in conning over the pages of the "Hunchback." By her side was her aunt, a plain dressed benevolent looking elderly lady evidently of the "good old school." Emily was an elegantly formed girl, her dark black eye shot forth a penetrating glance from beneath the finest arched eyebrows a painter e'er conceived, and her glossy ringlets shaded a face of the most expressive character and yet delicate beauty. "It's of no use, Emily, you may say as you please, but I am sure you are not well!" said her aunt. "Why don't you shake off the dullness that has latterly clung to you, and imparted such a gloom to your character and habits." "My kind—my only protector—you misconceive me—the older I grow the graver I must become; you would not al-

ways have me act the silly child that laughs it knows not why; and 'jests at scars, because it never felt a wound.' Indeed, indeed, I am well—quite well—and—and—happy."

"That tone contradicts your words. Come, come, I must know the cause of this sudden change—what is it? you shake your head—do you refuse your confidence to one that loves you better than all the world beside?"

"No, my dear aunt, no,—but"—

"But what? come, my child. speak candidly to one who altho' somewhat declined into the vale of years can yet sympathize with the wants and feelings of more youthful hearts. Does the thought of your approaching nuptials cause?"

"Aunt, no more of that, the subject is unpleasant—unkind," and the girl burst into tears. "Aunt," continued she, hastily drying her eyes, "I beg of you, avoid the subject—my resolution is fixed—my word is pledged—my hand given, and I will go to the altar, though I be led there as a victim to the sacrifice."

"My dear girl, what is the meaning of this language?—though you should be led as a victim—I do not understand these dark allusions. Is it possible that you could be so fickle—so—no, no, I'll ne'er believe so harsh a thing of one I love so well, beshrew me for the thought. Come, kiss me, Emily, reassure my doubts, and make them doubts no longer—kiss me, and say thou lovest thy cousin."

"Aunt, I dare not take your challenge—were I to press my lips to thine, and utter words like those, I should be guilty of the veriest deception ever used by mortal—No, aunt, strange as the avowal may seem to thee, painful as the truth may ring upon thine ear—hear it thou shalt. I will deceive thee—I can deceive myself—no longer. I have done so too long already—here the deception shall end—the veil shall be rent from thine eyes, aunt; and thou shalt know and feel that I do not love my cousin." The old lady started back in her seat on hearing this unexpected announcement. She seemed stunned, and bewildered by the energetic and excited manner of her beloved protégé—the latter continued.

"Yes, aunt, it is all too true—in a foolish hour I consented to this match—What is wealth to me without love? I thought not of such a term when I promised to be his, but fatal experience has made me feel its power. And yet I dare not say I love another—a stranger—an entire stranger. I have never even heard the sound of his voice; but I have seen his face—have watched his ardent gaze, and it has entered my very soul. Aunt, what

shall I do? Do not—do not despise your wayward child; but, O pity, counsel, and support her." She flung herself in a passion of tears at the old lady's feet; but was gently raised to her heart.

"My dearest Emily, this is indeed an unexpected blow—a match, too, my poor Charles had so much at heart, but be of good cheer, my child; befall what may you ne'er shall wed against your will."

"Aunt—my own dear aunt."

"Cheerly, love, cheerly—go, prepare yourself to receive your cousin's friend—I will see him anon, and devise some means for thy comfort. But for this stranger thou speakest of—"

"Think not of him, aunt, think not of him—let but this marriage be deferred—avoided—I will forget him—if—if I can." So saying, our heroine left the apartment in company with her aunt, and as we did not promise to introduce our readers into the young lady's dressing-room, we will leave her at the threshold, and return to the two friends with whom we opened this our tale. And now, we shall take the liberty of skipping over the dinner part of our narrative. Eating descriptions are generally the driest in the world, and we will, therefore, gentle reader, recur to our two young gentlemen, while they are calmly and comfortably enjoying their wine after the removal of the dining materials, and departure of the ladies.

"And now, Richard," observed Frederick, "let's to our affairs, as Cassio says; and, imprimis, what think ye of my cousin?"

"That she is a prize fit for a monarch Fred, and that the man who can think of forsaking her deserves to be publicly whipped as a deserter from the ranks of gallantry and good feeling."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! what ails thee, most virtuous protector of the rights of women? what quixotic spirit of knight errantry has so suddenly taken possession of thy sober brain? Explain most doughty hero, explain."

"The sentiments you have just heard, Fred, are the sentiments of my heart—my soul."

"Pshaw! then thy heart and soul are marvellously changed within the last six hours. By the way, too, what on earth ailed you when I introduced you to Emily. One would have thought by your behaviour that you had never fixed oculars on a pretty girl before. Never did I behold such stammering and stuttering—mouthing and blushing. What possessed thee, man? Why thou didst even impart a species of thy mock modesty to my in-

tended herself, and were it not that I know it is your first meeting I should conjecture something detrimental to the consistency of thy character. But, come a truce to raillery, and let us return to the subject of this morning's confab. What shall I do, Richard,—how manage this difficult matter? must I wed my cousin, or can thy ingenious brain hit upon an honourable way to avoid the match?"

"It was a very singular will."

"Ay, it was, indeed, but as for the money I value that but little. You are aware I possess a tolerable income from my late father's fortune, and another 10,000*l.* is of little moment to me. It would make considerable difference to Emily though."

"A very strange will."

"Yes, and then this great unknown—this foreign wanderer that is to come in for a share of the spoil—who and what he is, Heaven alone can tell—is it not most annoying to throw away the cash on him? An inhabitant of Calcutta, too—some swarthy ignorant dummy of a nigger, I guess, who'll require to be educated ere he knows how to count his revenue. What my worthy uncle could be thinking of, or what connection he could have formed over there, is to me inexplicable. Why he never left England in his life!"

"An unaccountable will."

"Why, my dear fellow, what are you after—why do you sit there with eyes fixed, and chin on hand, looking more like the ghost in Macbeth than a rational being. 'Speak now, or ever after hold thy tongue.' What am I to do?—Phsa! 'Echo hears, and answering mocks the sound.' Are you awake, or paying a visit to your forefathers in the land of Nod—indulging in bewitching dreams and tender fancies?—speak, I say."

"Well—"

"Zounds, Burnett, it is not well; here have I been treating you with a long tale of misfortunes, and when I ask for advice, am greeted with the monosyllable—well! Out upon such careless friendship!"

"My dear Fred, I ask your pardon a thousand times; but, indeed, my brain seems to be whirling round at such a tremendous rate, that if it continues its high pressure motion, I shall certainly lose my wits. Have you drugged your wine?"

"Drugged my wine!—nonsense; why, man, you have scarcely tasted it; so don't abuse the generous liquor to cover thine own transgressions. But, come, I forgive you, and, egad, an idea has just crossed my mind, which I wonder never

occurred to me before. Were you not for some time in Calcutta?"

"Indeed, I was—too long for my own happiness or comfort—"

"True; I remember you told me once a long story about being ill-treated by your employer, and, in consequence, taking French leave of the dear swarthy inhabitants of 'India's sultry clime.' It is most likely then that you know, or at least may have heard of the individual to whom the remainder of my cousin's legacy goes in case she should not marry me."

"It is very probable—do you recollect the name?"

"Let me see—hum—it was By—By—something."

"My dear fellow—"

"Stop a moment, man,—stop a moment—it's coming, and will be out like a shot in an instant—'Gad I have it—Byfield—that's the name.'"

"What?"

"Byfield."

"Byfield?"

"Byfield, my good Richard, have you really lost your sense of hearing; it was once acute enough."

"And is the Christian name Roland?"

"You are right. Come, then, we shall, at last, know something of this nigger's 'whereabout.'"

"And did he leave England when a boy, with a person of the name of Austin?"

"My dear sir, I know nothing of his leaving England, but the person in whose employ he is described as being bears the name of Austin sure enough."

"Is it possible! Then, at last, I know the kind guardian that protected one helpless and—phsa—my wits are wandering with the bright dreams so suddenly conjured up before my mind's eye—let me be myself—Fred—my dear Fred—you do not wish to wed your cousin?"

"What on earth ails you, Dick—never did I see a man act in such an incongruous manner. Have you really taken leave of your senses. But, a moment ago, you were so dull, you could remember nothing—think of nothing—do nothing; and now, you are capering about as frantic as a March hare. Do you then know this—"

"Never mind what I know—what I am, or what I do—esteem me mad—foolish—cracked or any thing; but, once more, let me hear you say you do not love your cousin."

"I have already told you twenty times I do not; but, to satisfy you again, I repeat the truth, that, however much I may esteem Emily as a sister or friend, I can never love her as a wife—And—"

"Stay—you would avoid the marriage—don't look angry—say you would once more, and I vow to relieve you from your trouble—"

"I swear I would—and—"

"Enough—enough—don't speak, or you'll disarrange my ideas—don't interrupt me, but listen—'be silent and obey'—do you go and make love to the widow's sister; and, in the mean time, let me have a private conference with your cousin—don't stare man—don't speak, or you'll fluster me, so that I shall die outright with—with joy and surprise—there—there go, and do as I bid you—send your cousin hither and away to the widow's." Fred's doubts as to the sanity of his friend's mind were certainly neither few or weak, nevertheless, he was somewhat carried away by the enthusiasm of his manner, and obeyed the instructions. He found Emily, and had no small difficulty in persuading her to consent to the interview. She could not conceive what the gentleman wanted with her—quite a stranger—might not her aunt go with her—it was very odd—uncommonly singular—but, as her cousin wished it, (and she was sure he would not wish her to commit an act of impropriety,) why she supposed she must go, although it was certainly rather a strange request. She went, and away posted our hero to his place of attraction; but, this world is full of disappointments, and Fred happened to stumble over one. Neither the fair widow or her sister were to be found, and, accordingly, he retraced his steps in no very enviable mood.

"I am a very ass," said he to himself, "to be led away by the excited manner and speech of a man whose brain appears to be affected by the change of moon. If I had considered, for a moment, I might have been sure Emma would be from home at this hour of the evening, and even if not out, I know very well her sister would prevent my seeing her, if possible. He certainly is touched. And yet, there is something singular in all this—his evident confusion on seeing Emily, and her blushes and hesitation all proclaim a mystery beyond my fathoming. Can they have met before?—do they know each other?—It is highly improbable—very unlikely. Can there be an intrigue between the two? No, no, no; I will never believe that of my cousin—she is too reserved—too maidenly to adopt such a course. Methinks I almost wish there were—and yet no—Richard is no match for her—should I not wed her, she must build her nest on higher ground. This Byfield, too, it is evident he knows something of him; but, why should that cause such an ebullition of transport?—

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange.'—What connection can Richard Burnett have with Roland Byfield, that can at all influence the prevention of my nuptials; and yet, he seemed mighty positive as to the result. What can he want with Emily—what tale has he to unfold—what weighty arguments to use against her union with myself. O, it's all quite unaccountable, and I begin to esteem my conduct as strongly akin to that of a fool, for sending my cousin without first demanding a fuller explanation. Ah, well, "nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit," and perhaps, after all, I am doing him wrong by my own suspicions. I have known him long enough to have proved him, indeed, my friend, upon more than one occasion; and why should I doubt him now?—well we shall see." With such thoughts as these lightly floating over the surface of his mind, Frederic reached his home. The first question he asked, on crossing the threshold, was, if Mr. Burnett had left the house?

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Where is he, then?"

"In the little parlour, sir."

"And—and my cousin?"

"In the little parlour, too, sir."

"How long have they been there?"

"Ever since your absence, sir;" and the man might have added that Frederic's aunt was getting mightily surprised at what the gentleman could want so long with Miss Emily, for they had now been together upwards of an hour.

"Death!" thought our hero, lightly springing up the stair-case, "this is too bad—what can be the meaning of all this confabulation—it must be as I suspected—they love each other—my engagement's cleared then; but she is no match for thee, Richard Burnett, and must find a wealthier male than thou—No, Richard, no—" He had reached the room—he paused a while, and listened—there was a low and apparently earnest conversation going on within, but he could not catch the words. He felt ashamed of his situation as a listener, and put his hand on the lock—he gently turned it—the door yielded, and flew back on its hinges, and there—there he beheld Richard Barnett seated by Emily's side, one arm tenderly encircling her waist whilst his eloquent and glowing countenance plainly showed that he had been delivering the finest set of speeches ever uttered by a love-making mortal. How Emily blushed, stammered, and almost fainted we have no room to describe. We must hasten on with our tale, or thy patience kind reader will have oozed out at thy elbows ere we have come to a finale.

To be concluded in our next.

FI-HO-TI ; OR, THE PLEASURES
OF REPUTATION.
A CHINESE TALE.

FI-HO-TI was considered a young man of talents; he led, in Peking, a happy and a comfortable life. In the prime of youth, of a highly-respectable Japanese family, and enjoying a most agreeable competence, he was exceedingly popular among the gentlemen whom he entertained at his board, and the ladies who thought he might propose. All the pleasures of life were at his command: he drank, though without excess, the cup of enjoyment,—ate, laughed, and loved his fill. No man in Peking was more awake during the day, or enjoyed a serener slumber during the night.

In an evil hour, it so happened that Fi-ho-ti discovered that he possessed the talents we have referred to. A philosopher,—who, being also his uncle, had the double right, both of philosophy and relationship, to say everything unpleasant to him—took it into his head to be very indignant at the happy life which Fi-ho-ti so peacefully enjoyed.

Accordingly, one beautiful morning, he visited our young Chin-Epicurean. He found him in his summer-house, stretching on luxurious cushions, quaffing the most delicious tea, in the finest little porcelain-cups imaginable, reading a Chinese novel, and enlivening the study, from time to time, by a little conversation with a young lady, who had come to visit him.

Our philosopher was amazingly shocked at the prospect of so much comfort. Nothing could be more unphilosophical; for the duty of philosophy being to charm us with life, she is anxious, in the first place, to make it a burthen to us. The goddess is enamoured of patience, but indignant at pleasure.

Our sage was a man very much disliked and very much respected. Fi-ho-ti rose from his cushions, a little ashamed of being detected in so agreeable an indolence. The novel fell from his hand; and the young lady, frightened at the long beard and the long nails of the philosopher, would have run away, if her feet would have allowed her; as it was, she summoned her attendants, and hastened to complain to her friends of the manner in which the pleasantest *foles-a-foles* could be spoilt, when young men were so unfortunate as to have philosophers for uncles.

The Mandarin,—for Fi-ho-ti's visiter enjoyed no less a dignity,—seeing the coast clear, hemmed three times, and commenced his avuncular admonitions.

"Are you not ashamed, young man," said he, "of the life that you lead?—are you not ashamed to be so indolent and so happy? You possess talents; you are in the prime of youth;—are you deaf to the noble voice of Ambition? Your country calls upon you for exertion,—seek to distinguish your name,—recollect the example of Confucius,—give yourself up to study,—be wise and be great."

Much more to this effect spoke the Mandarin, for he loved to hear himself talk; and, like all men privileged to give advice, he fancied that he was wonderfully eloquent. In this instance, his vanity did not deceive him; for it was the vanity of another that he addressed. Fi-ho-ti was moved; he felt he had been very foolish to be happy so long. Visions of disquietude and fame floated before him; he listened with attention to the exhortations of the philosopher; he resolved to distinguish himself, and to be wise.

The Mandarin was charmed with the success of his visit; it was a great triumph to disturb so much enjoyment. He went home, and commenced a tract upon the advantages of philosophy.

Fi-ho-ti surrendered himself to study. He retired to a solitary cavern, near upon Kaifongu; he filled his retreat with books and instruments of science; he renounced all social intercourse; the herbs of the plain and the water of the spring sufficed the tastes hitherto accustomed to the most delicious viands of Peking. Forgetful of love, and of pleasure, he consigned three of the fairest years of his existence to uninterrupted labour. He instructed himself—he imagined he was capable of instructing others.

Fired with increasing ambition, our student returned to Peking. He composed a work, which, though light and witty enough to charm the gay, was the origin of a new school of philosophy. It was at once bold and polished; and the oldest Mandarin or the youngest beauty of Peking could equally appreciate and enjoy it. In one word, Fi-ho-ti's book became the rage,—Fi-ho-ti was *the* author of his day.

Delighted by the novelty of literary applause, our young student more than ever resigned himself to literary pursuits. He wrote again, and again succeeded;—all the world declared that Fi-ho-ti had established his reputation.

Was Fi-ho-ti the happier for his reputation? You shall judge.

He went to call upon his uncle, the Mandarin. He imagined the Mandarin would be delighted to find the success of his admonitions. The philosopher re-

ceived him with a frigid embarrassment. He talked of the weather and the Emperor,—the last pagoda and the new fashion in tea-cups; he said not a word about his nephew's books. Fi-ho-ti was piqued; he introduced the subject of his own accord.

"Ah!" said the philosopher drily, "I understand that you have written something that pleases the women; no doubt you will grow solid as your judgment increases. But, to return to the tea-cups—"

Fi-ho-ti was chagrined; he had lost the affection of his learned uncle for ever, for he was now considered to be more learned than his uncle himself. The common mortification in success is to find that your own family usually hate you for it. "My uncle no longer loves me," thought he, as he re-entered his palanquin. "This is a misfortune."—Alas!—it was the effect of REPUTATION!

The heart of Fi-ho-ti was naturally kind and genial; though the thirst of pleasure was cooled in his veins, he still cherished the social desires of friendship. He summoned once more around him the comrades of his youth; he fancied they, at least, would be delighted to find their friend not unworthy of their affection. He received them with open arms;—they returned his greeting with shyness, and an awkward affectation of sympathy;—their conversation no longer flowed freely—they were afraid of committing themselves before so clever a man;—they felt they were no longer with an equal, and yet they refused to acknowledge a superior. Fi-ho-ti perceived, with indescribable grief, that a wall had grown up between himself and the companions of past years; their pursuits, their feelings, were no longer the same. They were not proud of his success—they were jealous;—the friends of his youth were the critics of his manhood.

"This, too, is a misfortune," thought Fi-ho-ti, as he threw himself at night upon his couch.—Very likely;—it was the effect of REPUTATION!

"But if the old friends are no more, I will gain new," thought the student. "Men of the same pursuits will have the same sympathies. I aspire to be a sage: I will court the friendship of sages."

This was a notable idea of Fi-ho-ti's. He surrounded himself with the authors, the wits, and the wise men of Pekin. They ate his dinners—they made him read their manuscripts—(and a bad calligraphy in Chinese is no trifle!)—they told him he was a wonderful genius,—and they abused him anonymously every week

in the Pekin Gazette.[¶] The heart of Fi-ho-ti, yearning after friendship, found it impossible to expect a single friend amongst the literati of China; they were all too much engrossed with themselves to dream of affection for another. They had no talk—no thought—no feeling—except that which expressed love for their own books, and hatred for the books of their contemporaries.

One day Fi-ho-ti had the misfortune to break his leg. The most intimate of his acquaintance among the literati found him stretched on his couch, having just undergone the operation of setting.

"Ah!" said the author, "how very unlucky—how very unfortunate!"

"You are extremely obliging," said Fi-ho-ti, touched by his visitor's evident emotion.

"Yes, it is particularly unlucky that it should be just at this moment; for I wanted to consult you about this passage before my new book is published to-morrow!"

The broken leg of his friend seemed to the author only as an interruption to the pleasure of reading his own works.

But, above all, Fi-ho-ti found it impossible to trust men who gave the worst possible character of each other. If you believed the literati themselves, so envious, malignant, worthless, unprincipled a set of men as the literati of Pekin never were created! Every new acquaintance he made told him an anecdote of an old acquaintance which made his hair stand on end. Fi-ho-ti began to be alarmed. He contracted more and more the circle of his society; and resolved to renounce the notion of friendship amongst men of similar pursuits.

In the small circles, in the distant provinces, of the Celestial Empire, the writings of Fi-ho-ti were greatly approved. The gentlemen quoted him at their tea, and the ladies wondered whether he was good-looking; but this applause—this interest that he inspired—never reached the ears of Fi-ho-ti. He beheld not the smiles he called forth by his wit, or the tears he excited by his pathos;—all that he saw of the effects of his reputation was in the abuse he received in the Pekin journals; he there read, every week and every month, that he was but a very poor sort of creature. One journal called him a fool, another a wretch; a third seriously deposed he was hump-backed; a fourth that he had not a shilling in the world. In Pekin, any insinuation of that last offence is considered as a suspicion of the most unpardonable guilt. Other journals, indeed, did not so much abuse as misrepresent him. He found his doctrines

twisted into all manner of shapes. He could not defend them—for it is not dignified to reply to all the Pekin journals; but he was assured by his flatterers that truth would ultimately prevail, and posterity do him justice. "Alas!" thought Fi-ho-ti, "am I to be deemed a culprit all my life, in order that I may be acquitted after death! Is there no justice for me until I am past the power of malice! Surely this is a misfortune!"—Very likely;—it was the necessary consequence of REPUTATION!

Fi-ho-ti now began to perceive that the desire of fame was the chimera. He was yet credulous enough to follow another chimera, equally fallacious. He said to himself—"It was poor and vain in me to desire to shine. Let me raise my heart to a more noble ambition:—let me desire to instruct others."

Fraught with this lofty notion, Fi-ho-ti now conceived a more solid and a graver habit of mind: he became rigidly conscientious in the composition of his works. He no longer desired to write what was brilliant, but to discover what was true. He erased, without mercy, the most lively images—the most sparkling aphorisms—if even a doubt of their moral utility crossed his mind. He wasted two additional years of the short summer of youth; he gave the fruits of his labour to the world in a book of the most elaborate research, the only object of which was to enlighten his countrymen. "This, at least, they cannot abuse," thought he, when he finished the last line. Ah! how much was he mistaken!

Doubtless, in other countries the public are remarkably grateful to any author for correcting their prejudices and combating their foibles; but in China, attack one orthodox error, prove to the people that you wish to elevate and improve them, and renounce all happiness, all tranquillity, for the rest of your life!

Fi-ho-ti's book was received with the most frigid neglect by the philosophers,—First, because the Pekin philosophers are visionaries, and it did not build a system upon visions,—and secondly, because of Fi-ho-ti himself they were exceedingly jealous. But from his old friends, the journalists of Pekin—O Fo!—with what invective, what calumny, what abuse he was honoured! He had sought to be the friend of his race,—he was stigmatized as the direst of its enemies. He was accused of all manner of secret designs; the painted slippers of the Mandarins were in danger: and he had evidently intended to muffle all the bells of the grand pagoda! Alas! let no man wish to be a saint unless he is prepared to be a martyr.

"Is this injustice?" cried Fi-ho-ti to his flatterers. "No," said they, with one voice; "No, Fi-ho-ti,—it is REPUTATION!"

To be concluded in our next.

I MOURN THE PAST.

FOR THE OLIO.

I mourn the past,—not for the joys it lent me,
For few indeed they've been that's worth regret,
Though blest with memory, it ne'er has sent me
One thought I'd fain remember or forget.

I mourn it, as I would some hall forsaken,
Where laughter once its nightly vigils kept,
Now mute those dulcet strains that once could
waken
The hearts, that long beneath its walls have
slept.

I mourn it, as I would some favourite flower,
That perfumes sweetly, though its bloom has
fled,
For even there does memory hold its power,
Like useless tapers, burning round the dead.

But for the past, there's cause enough for sorrow,
For time mispent, and hours that's passed in
vain,
To know that though the future, joys may borrow,
We never can retrace those paths again.

Thus, when the morning star of life was shining
I trusted, to the noon-days brightening ray,
And while the wreath of pleasure I was twining,
The flowers, all drooped their heads and died
away.

HENRIETTA —

THELWELL ON ELOCUTION.

What a satirical lecturer is this sapient gentleman in black! But,

If severe in aught,
His love of *Elocution* is in fault.

He is not, however, satirical without being just; nor are his portraits criticised without a long tried course of experience; he shows up the inattentive and obstinate professors of the drama, pulpit, bar and senate, in a style of personation which convinces his auditory how much better the several characters would be sustained were the principles of elocution employed, and their useful positions illustrated. But the greater pleasure arises, by hearing the Lecturer so spontaneous in his manner of delivery, and so apt in his manner of reasoning; for his examples are well chosen, and he possesses the knack of giving a sidewind to writers and public speakers without personalities. This is refreshing to those who like to hand the cap over to the next, till it may fit the wearer. And it does the nerves of Mr. T.'s auditors good to see him almost as vigorous as ever, sporting with his old friend, Time! drawing his finger along the edge of his scythe without feeling the

notches of his years and shaking the sand-grains in their equilateral descent, unwasting their force, or injuring their fall. He skips and starts along the platform imitative of youth. His limbs and features are enlarged and contracted, and suited to the passion he portrays. He is an excellent—but—"do I not hear his footsteps? Is his utterance not approaching?—I must withhold—Demosthenes has thrown his pebbles aside" "Ah! my dear Thelwell! is it thou?" OLIO.

DR. FRANKLIN.

The following excellent letter, shewing the opinion Dr. Franklin had of giving apprentices their own way, is extracted from Franklin's Familiar Letters in the New Monthly:—

"TO MRS. JANE MECOM.

"*Philadelphia*, (date uncertain.)

"DEAR SISTER,

"I received your letter, with one for Benny, and one for Mr. Parker, and also two of Benny's letters of complaint, which as you observe, do not amount to much. I should have had a very bad opinion of him, if he had written to you those accusations of his master which you mention; because, from long acquaintance with his master who lived some years in my house, I know him to be a sober, pious, and conscientious man; so that Newport, to whom you seem to have given too much credit, must have wronged Mr. Parker very much in his accounts, and have wronged Benny too, if he says Benny told him such things, for I am confident he never did. "As to the bad attendance afforded him in the small-pox, I believe, if the negro-woman did not do her duty, her master or mistress would, if they had known it, have had that matter mended. But Mrs. Parker was herself, if I am not mistaken, sick at that time, and her child also. And though he gives the woman a bad character in general, all he charges her with in particular, is, that she never brought him what he called for directly, and sometimes not at all. He had the distemper favourably, and yet I suppose was bad enough to be, like other sick people, a little impatient, and perhaps might think short time long, and sometimes call for things not proper for one in his condition.

"As to clothes, I am frequently at New York, and I never saw him unprovided with what was good, decent and sufficient. I was there no longer ago than March last, and he was then well clothed, and made no complaint to me of any kind. I heard both his master and mistress call upon him on Sunday morning

to get ready to go to meeting, and tell him of his frequently delaying and shuffling till it was too late, and he made not the least objection about clothes. I did not think it anything extraordinary, that he should be sometimes willing to evade going to meeting, for I believe it is the case with all boys, or almost all. I have brought up four or five myself, and have frequently observed, that if their shoes were bad, they would say nothing of a new pair till Sunday morning, just as the bell rung, when, if you asked them why did they not get ready, the answer was prepared, 'I have no shoes,' and so of other things, hats and the like; or if they knew anything that wanted mending, it was a secret till Sunday morning, and sometimes, I believe, they would rather tear a little than be without the excuse.

"As to going on petty errands, no boys love it, but all must do it. As soon as they become fit for better business, they naturally get rid of that, for the master's interest comes in to their relief. I make no doubt but Mr. Parker will take another apprentice as soon as he can meet with a likely one. In the mean time, I should be glad if Benny would exercise a little patience. There is a negro woman that does a great many of those errands.

"I do not think his going on board the privateer arose from any difference between him and his master, or any ill-usage he had received. When boys see prizes brought in, and quantities of money shared among the men, and their gay living, it fills their heads with notions that half distract them, and put them quite out of conceit with trades, and the dull ways of getting money by working. This, I suppose, was Ben's case, the Catherine being just before arrived with three rich prizes; and that the glory of having taken a privateer of the enemy, for which both officers and men were highly extolled, treated, presented, &c. worked strongly upon his imagination, you will see, by his answer to my letter, is not unlikely. I send it to you inclosed. I wrote him largely on the occasion; and though he might possibly, to excuse that slip to others, complain of his place, you may see he says not a syllable of any such thing to me. My only son, before I permitted him to go to Albany, left my house unknown to us all, and got on board a privateer, from whence I fetched him. No one imagined it was hard usage at home that made him do this. Every one that knows me, thinks I am too indulgent a parent, as well as master.

"I shall tire you, perhaps, with the

length of this letter ; but I am the more particular, in order, if possible, to satisfy your mind about your son's situation. His master has, by a letter this post, desired me to write to him about his staying out of nights, sometimes all night, and refusing to give an account where he spends his time, or in what company. This I had not heard of before, though I perceive you have. I do not wonder at his correcting him for that. If he was my own son, I should think his master did not do his duty by him if he omitted it, for to be sure it is the high road to destruction. And I think the correction very light, and not likely to be very effectual, if the strokes left no marks.

"His master says farther, as follows:— 'I think I can't charge my conscience with being much short of my duty to him. I shall now desire you, if you have not done it already, to invite him to lay his complaints before you, that I may know how to remedy them.' Thus far the words of his letter, which, giving me a fair opening to inquire into the affair, I shall accordingly do it, and I hope settle every thing to all your satisfactions. In the mean time, I have laid by your letters both to Mr. Parker and Benny, and shall not send them till I hear again from you, because I think your appearing to give ear to such groundless stories may give offence, and create a greater misunderstanding; and because I think what you write to Benny, about getting him discharged, may tend to unsettle his mind and therefore improper at this time.

"I have a very good opinion of Benny in the main, and have great hopes of his becoming a worthy man, his faults being only such as are commonly incident to boys of his years, and he has a good many qualities for which I love him. I never knew an apprentice contented with the clothes allowed him by his master, let them be what they would. Jemmy Franklin, when with me, was always dissatisfied and grumbling. When I was last in Boston, his aunt bid him go to a shop and please himself, which the gentleman did, and bought a suit of clothes on my account, dearer by one-half than any I ever afforded myself, one suit excepted; which I don't mention by way of complaint of Jemmy, for he and I are good friends, but only to show you the nature of boys.

"The letters to Mr. Vanhorne were sent to Mr. Whitfield, under my cover.

"I am, with love to brother and all yours, and duty to mother, to whom I have not time now to write, your affectionate brother,

"B. FRANKLIN."

LOVE.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

It has been said to be a peculiar felicity for any one to be praised by persons who are themselves eminently subjects of praise; how much happier to be prized and loved by a person worthy of love! A man may be prized and valued by his friend, but in how different a style of sentiment from the regard that may reign in the bosom of a wife or mistress. To feel that we are loved by one whose love we have deserved, to be employed in the mutual interchange of the marks of this love, habitually seeking the happiness of one by whom our happiness is studied in return, this is the most desirable, as it is the genuine and unadulterated condition of human nature. I must have some one to sympathise with; I desire to experience a confidence, a concord, and an attachment that cannot rise up between common acquaintances. In every state we long for some fond bosom on which we may rest our weary head; some speaking eye, with which we may exchange the glances of intelligence and affection. Then the soul warms and expands itself; then it shuns the observation of every other beholder; then it melts with feelings inexpressible. But that the heart understands without the aid of words. Then the two persons thus blest are no longer two; distance vanishes; one thought animates—one mind informs them.

Thus love acts; thus it is ripened into perfection. Never doth man feel himself so much alive, so truly ethereal, as when bursting the bonds of diffidence, uncertainty and reserve, he pours himself entire into the bosom of the woman he adores.

H. O. D.

SUNSET. A REFLECTION.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE sun is setting. What a splendid scene is extended along the beatitudes of the west! He is large and round in his eternal power; bright and glorious in his immaculable beauty. The hill-tops are illuminated in his presence. The exhalations of the earth are rising in misty fragrance round his foot-stool. Seas of silver, lakes of gold, clouds of many-tinted hues are concentrating to assist in tokens of duteous obeisance for the essential properties of light and heat. Now the radiance is changing, the tone fainter, mellow, and the curtains round the mighty orb less gilt. He has departed with an evening blessing, in the assurance of an early return; and teaches

manly fortitude, affection and peace.— Another moment, and now the change is that of evening. Calm sheets of clouds are spread, twilight softly and voicelessly creeps over the departed refulgence, and the evening star heralds the reign of night.

MARIA.

NUTTING.

For the Ollio.

Few customs are more interesting to country people, at this time of the year, than that of 'Nutting.' A fine Monday is chosen, the party selected, and carriers furnished. Some well-known copse, or sidehill wood, which never fails to produce a lapful of the real slipshelled, is resorted to. To make this out-of-town enjoyment more than commonly engaging, the party should be of the friends of various ages—old, middle-aged, and young, so that friendships should be present, and affections encouraged.

Starting across the corn-fields and meadows from one point, the return will be understood to be the same. For, while the elder will rest here and there, and muse on the scenes once actively filled by them in sportive character, the younger will wander out of the well-trod paths of times gone by, and seek more retirement by deviating into shades and nooks, for a mutual exchange of passion, a lip intercourse, a press, and a sentiment.—Those who go nutting seldom return home without a familiar scratching by brambles and thistles, which lift their thorny crowns and outstretching arms over the tiny paths, and aspire to a despotism wherever they creep. But urchins and others, bred to the principles of freedom and liberty, are not repelled by slight obstacles, and the power of usurpation is vanquished by perseverance. The nuts must grow, and their browning clusters be gathered. Though many a hallo and scream are heard in the deep hazel seclusion, the responsive merriment give sanction of safety, and a pledge of unanimous pleasure. The baskets, wallets, and aprons filled—what so inviting as the green sward, near a rivulet, just out of the depth of trees and their shadows? what so covetable as the forming a gipsy-like, or fairy-formed ring, to view the surrounding country—to chat of the disaster, or success, and rest for an evening repasture homeward!

Ye virgins come! for you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And where they burlish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning bush.

Amiens, a handsome town in the de-

partment of Somme, and late province of Picardy, in France, was taken by the Spaniards, in 1597, by the following stratagem. Soldiers, disguised like peasants, conducted a cart loaded with *nuts*, and let a bag of them fall just as the gate was opened; and while the guard was busy in gathering them up, the Spaniards entered, and became masters of the place. It was retaken by Henry the Fourth, who was assassinated at Paris, 1610.

Nut-brown ale is derived of the colour which the nut assumes when long kept; and

King Hardicanute, 'midst Danes and Saxons
stout,

Caroused on *nut brown ale*, and dined on groat.*

And Milton invites the

Young and old, come forth to play,
Till the live-long daylight fail,
Then to the splay *nut-brown ale*.

Botolph-lane, in the waterside vicinity of London, is the depot for imported nuts of all kinds and distinctions. The worst, and, therefore, the cheapest, are here purchased principally by Jews, and distributed through all the holiday avenues of the metropolis, agreeably with time and season.

HISTORICUS.

WHY KING JAMES IS CALLED THE BRITISH SOLOMON.

The Bishop of Lincoln, then Lord Keeper of the great Seal of England, in his sermon at King James's funeral, speaking of Solomon and King James, hath these expressions.

I dare presume to say, you never read in your lives of two Kings more fully parallel'd amongst themselves, and better distinguished from all other Kings besides themselves. King Solomon is said to be *Unigenitus coram Matre sua*, the only son of his mother, so was King James. Solomon was of a complexion white and ruddy, so was King James. Solomon was an Infant King, *puer parvulus*, a little child, so was King James, a King at the age of thirteen moneths. Solomon began his reign in the life of his predecessor, so, by the force and compulsion of that state, did our late Sovereign King James. Solomon was twice crowned and anointed a King, so was King James. Solomon's minority was rough, through the quarrels of the former Sovereign; so was that of King James. Solomon was learned above all the Princes of the East, so was King James above all the Princes in the universal World. Solomon was a writer in prose, and verse so in a very pure and exquisite manner was our sweet Sovereign

* Now—groats, or grills.

King James. Solomon was the greatest Patron we ever read of to church and churchmen; and yet no greater than King James. Solomon was honoured with Ambassadors from all the Kings of the earth, and so you know was King James. Solomon was a main improver of his home commodities, as you may see in his trading with Hiram. And God knows it was the daily study of King James. Solomon was a great maintainer of shipping and navigation, a most proper attribute to King James. Solomon beautified very much his capital city with buildings and water-works. So did King James. Every man lived in peace under his vine and his fig-tree, in the dayes of Solomon, and so they did in the blessed dayes of King James. And yet towards his end, King Solomon had secret enemies, Razan, Hadad, and Jeroboam, and prepared for a war upon his going to his grave, so had and so did King James. HISTORICUS.

Fine Arts.

DIORAMA AND PHYSIORAMA.

THE first painting gives a dioramic view of Mr. Martin's "Belshazzar's Feast," painted by M. H. Sebron; and exhibits the assembled thousands in the Banqueting-house of the Babylonish king, his princes, his wives and his concubines. The hand-writing on the wall, to the left, appears lit with the fiery wrath of heaven, and the peopled avenues, from the throne to the distance, are filled with consternation. The king, thus disturbed in his glory, is surrounded by the terror-stricken females; but

"The Mede is at his gate;
The Persian on his throne;"

and the vengeance of the skies indicates that his reign is over. The subject of this Exhibition has occasioned Mr. Martin to apply for an Injunction.

The Physioramic Views, some of which are newly painted, by Mr. J. W. Allen, are about fourteen in number. The Ruins of Carthage, and Piazza de Populi, are among the best in this style of art. But we need not descant on the one or the other acquiring additional interest at the Queen's Bazaar. OLIO.

Varieties.

NAPOLEON'S MANNER OF MAKING A DUKE.—After the taking of Dantzic, Napoleon, wishing to reward Marshal Lefebvre for his distinguished services during the siege, sent for him one morning, at an unusually early hour. The Marshal obeyed the summons immediately, and his arri-

val was announced to the Emperor, who was then transacting business with Prince Berthier. "Ah! ah!" said Napoleon, "I see, with pleasure, that Monsieur le Duc has not lost time at his toilet." Then, turning to an officer in attendance, he added—"Go and tell the Duc de Dantzic, that my object in disturbing him at so early an hour was simply to have the pleasure of his company to breakfast!"—"But, Sire, observed the officer, "beg leave, respectfully, to remind your Majesty that the person attending is not a Duke, but the Marshal Lefebvre."—"Monsieur," retorted his Imperial Majesty, "when I make a Duc, I beg leave to remind you that it is not a *comte*." Disconcerted by this *jeu de mot* the officer stood still. "Go, sir, and tell the Duc de Dantzic," said Napoleon, laying much emphasis on the last words, "that he may come in, as breakfast is ready." The Marshal was introduced, and they sat down to breakfast. The repast was soon over, and they rose from the table. Napoleon then took from his bureau a small sealed, square packet, in the shape of a cake of chocolate, and presented it to the Marshal, saying, "Duke of Dantzic, I know that you are fond of chocolate: here is some of an excellent sort; such small courtesies cherish friendship." Lefebvre bowed, put the packet in his pocket, and considering what the Emperor had meant by calling him Duke during the whole time, soon after returned to his quarters. Once alone, he proceeded to open the parcel, and found—not the smallest particle of the promised chocolate, but letters patent, creating him Duke of Dantzic, and, moreover, bank-bills to the amount of a hundred thousand francs.

UNIVERSALITY OF DISCONTENT.—A gentleman, it is said, had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he always said, "Are you contented?" The general reply was, "I am!" "Then," rejoined the gentleman "what do you want with my field?"

THE REBEL COUNTESS.—There is a tradition common among the peasantry of Tipperary, in Ireland, that when the Countess of Ormond headed a famous assemblage of rebels (if such they may be called), she, in passing the river Shannon, was struck with the singular beauty and romantic situation of a splendid gothic mansion, whose owner (an immensely rich gentleman and extensive land proprietor) spared no expense to render the natural beauty of the spot more so, by causing the shrubbery of the avenues by which it was surrounded to be so fan-

tastically arranged, that nothing could exceed its picturesque appearance. On learning the name of its envied possessor, and that of the demesne, which was Ballidine, she broke out in the following extemporaneous effusion:—

O, sweet, enchanting fairy spot,
Luxuriant Ballidine!

May my country's wrongs be all forgot,
If thou shalt not be mine!

The rebel countess and her adherents were soon overpowered by superior numbers; and the estate still continues in a branch of the same family. J. S.

ORRERY.—The machine representing the solar system having received the approbation of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, in Ireland, was called after his title—an *Orrery*. ***

DILEMMA OF AN INDIAN HUSBAND.—Misfortune attacked Matonabbee on the tender side of his eight wives, the handsomest of whom eloped in the night, accompanied by another woman. Both having been carried off by force, it was suspected they had fled to the eastward with the plan of seeking their former husbands. Scarce had the savage polygamist recovered from this blow, when he experienced a fresh mortification. An Indian of great strength, from whom Matonabbee a short time before had purchased a stout, and therefore valuable wife, insisted on taking her back, unless he instantly surrendered a certain quantity of ammunition, a kettle, some pieces of iron, and other articles. The hardship of this case arose from an extraordinary custom, by which the men are permitted to wrestle for any woman to whom they are attached, the victorious party carrying off the prize. It is for this reason that the great emulation prevails in all athletic exercises among the young Indians; and the children are perpetually seen trying their powers in wrestling, under the idea that this is the education which will chiefly benefit them when they grow up. A weak man seldom long retains a wife whose services another wants; for when the helpmates of an able-bodied savage are too heavily laden with furs or provisions, he makes no scruple of seizing the spouse of his weaker neighbour, and transferring part of the burden to her back; whilst, if the injured party cannot challenge the aggressor to a wrestling-match, he must not otherwise complain. The distress, therefore, of Matonabbee upon this occasion may be easily accounted for, as he was wounded in his pride and in his property, if not in his affections. But a personal contest was out of the question, and he was obliged to purchase his favourite over again, by yielding up all that was demanded by his antagonist.

BON MOT.—In a newspaper, the other day, it was announced that the wife of a publisher of a periodical, was delivered of her tenth child: "Ay, (observed a wit,) that is quite appropriate; his works always appear in numbers."

Colonel Hodges was abusing an old grey-mustachioed drummer at Oporto, who had been with Napoleon at Moscow, for his devotion to brandy:—" *Vous êtes une vieille canaille*" (you are an old scamp), said Col. Hodges. "*M. le Colonel*" (Ah, my Colonel), replied the incorrigible Frenchman, "*si je n'étais pas une vieille canaille, je ne serais pas ici*," (you are right, if I were not an old scamp I should not be here).

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.—One of the most (perhaps the most) extraordinary instances of a person abstaining from food of any kind, for so long a period as forty days, is the following, which is duly authenticated by a record in the Tower of London:—In the 31st year of the reign of Edward the Third (1347), Cecely de Rygeway was indicted for the murder of her husband; she however refused to plead, notwithstanding all the threats and arguments of her judges; she was then ordered for her obstinacy to be kept in prison, without meat or drink of any kind for forty days, and strange to say she survived that period. This instance of abstinence was deemed so miraculous, that the king pardoned her.

GHOSTS.—Ghosts commonly appear in the same dress they wore when living, though they are sometimes clothed all in white; but that is chiefly the churchyard ghosts, who have no particular business, but seem to appear *pro bono publico*, or to scare drunken rustics from tumbling over their graves. Dragging chains is not the fashion of English ghosts, chains and black vestments being chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres, seen in arbitrary governments. Dead or alive, English spirits are free.—*Gross.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT FAULT.—At our public schools declamation is taught on a grand scale. Sometimes the boys enact Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c., and tear poor Warren Hastings to tatters; in other places they appear in *propria persona*, to argue a topic of historic lore; and at a school near Dublin last week the question debated was—" *Was Cæsar a great man?*" It was a knotty point, and not to be solved without the presence of a Judge, accordingly the dominie makes known by advertisement that the Hon. Baron Sir W. C. Smith was among the auditors, "who, with his usual urbanity, condescended to pronounce a high eulo-

gium on the merits of the speakers." The question, was decided in the negative—that Cæsar was not a great man, but a very little fellow.

HONESTY.—A diamond merchant, in Holland, on proposing a bill, at a certain date of credit usual in such transactions, was interrupted by the vendor of the jewels, and told that as he had been a bankrupt, he could not take his acceptance. No, cried the mortified man, why I paid every body, three days after the docket was struck against me, twenty shillings in the pound. You did, replied the merchant, and therefore I will not give you credit. Had you paid them ten shillings, you might have had money remaining.

THE CHOICE OF LIFE.—The causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating. Very few live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own.—*Dr. Johnson.*

INVENTION OF CARDS.—Cards, it is said, were invented for the amusement of Charles V. The alleged origin of the invention of cards, produced one of the shrewdest replies I ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The Dr.'s testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted, that the person in question played admirably well at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capability for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequence of this reply was decisive.

A CURIOUS COMPLIMENT.—Fasli was the ugliest man in Bagdad, but was not aware of his deficiencies. One day, while conversing with a friend in the streets, a lady covered with a veil stopped before him, and for a long time contemplated him very earnestly. Gratified by such

attention, he went and asked her why she gazed at him so earnestly—"I have violated the laws of Mahomed," she replied, "by looking with pleasure on a beautiful youth; I must therefore punish my eyes, and I trust that my voluntary penance of looking at you for so long a time will save me from the tortures of hell."

THE EIDER DUCK.—While many sea-birds deposit their eggs on the bare rocks, the eider duck lines her nest most carefully with the feathers from her own breast, which are particularly fine and light: the nest is robbed, and she, a second time, unplumes herself for the accommodation of her young. If the lining be again taken away, the drake lends his breast feathers; but if after that the unreasonable persecutors deprive it of its lining, they abandon the nest in despair, the master of the domicile wisely judging that any further sacrifice would be useless. P.

PARIS IN 1767.—UMBRELLAS.—"I must do Paris the justice to say, that in two points of cleanliness they exceed us. The water they drink, though from the river, they render as pure as that of the best spring, by filtering it through cisterns filled with sand; and the streets with constant sweeping are fit to walk in, though there is no paved footpath. Accordingly, many well-dressed people are constantly seen walking in them. The crowd of coaches and chairs for this reason is not so great. Men, as well as women, carry umbrellas in their hands, which they extend in case of rain or too much sun."

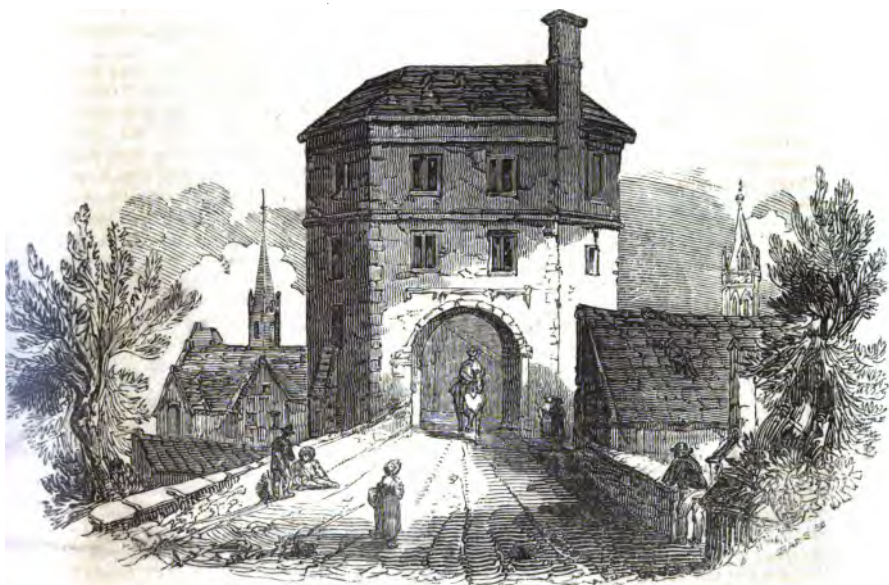
JUNOT AND HIS STEWARD.—Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes, was extremely kind to his servants, and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. "They may take a few bottles of wine, or a few pounds of meat, I believe," said Junot, when his friends referred to the circumstance, "but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe he plunders me by wholesale." "Then why not get rid of him?" "It is of no use," replied the marshal; "he is in other respects a good man; he is attached to me, and has rendered me some services: besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another." On the first day of the year, a grand day in France, the numerous servants belonging to the marshal came to offer their customary congratulation. On each of them he conferred a gift—"As for you, sir," said he, addressing his steward, "I now make you a present of every thing you have robbed me of during the past year." The steward made a low bow and retired.

The Olto;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No 11.—Vol XII.

Saturday, August 10, 1833.



THE GATEWAY TO FRIAR BACON'S PRIORY, OXFORD *

CORALDA, THE SPIRIT OF THE DEEP.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

For the Olto.

Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams and ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea snake hath life,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells—

BYRON.

NIGHT was fast drawing her mantle over the face of the waters, as the ship Dryad cleared out of Table Bay. The breeze, which had hitherto blown steadily, now ceased for a short period, and the elements seemed hushed into an awful, death-like stillness. Table Mountain

* In consequence of an accident, we are this week compelled to omit our usual illustrative Engraving.

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was gradually enveloped by the damp, vapoury clouds that encompassed its dusky form, and quickly hid it from the view. It was indeed a threatening night; the dark clouds, overcharged with rain, hung heavily overhead, and a long swell was setting in from the north-west.

The individual with whom this narrative has most to do, was a “boy from the *gim* of the ocean,” or, in other words, a native of the sister kingdom; and as fine a boy was Dan Kennedy as ever turned quid, or stepped foot into a long quartered shoe.

“By the hockey! we’ll get a dirty night of it,” said he, as he doffed his thick pea jacket, and assumed in its place one composed of water-tight oilskin. “Its a quare place this same an’; its a place that God began to make on Satherday night and didn’t finish it yet any how.”

Having thus eased himself of his sentiments, he took a hot coal out of the galley fire, with an iron spoon, with which he set light to his *dhudeen*, and seating

himself at the same time on the windlass (quite convenient), he peered out a-head, to examine the state of the weather, whiffing in a most exemplary manner. One long white streak along the horizon alone remained of the departing day, and that was speedily obscured by the rising mist, which began to spread itself with surprising velocity over the heavens. A heavy sea continued to roll in, in that tremendous manner peculiar to the Cape coast—the sure forerunner of the much-dreaded nor-wester—causing the vessel to stagger to and fro like a drunken man; while her sails were being torn to pieces by flapping heavily against the masts. Presently a low moaning of the sea was heard; it was soon followed by the breeze, which came down in gentle cat's paws at first, but increased with a fearful degree of rapidity, so much so that there was no time to reef the top-sails; they were therefore furled, and stowed with all possible dispatch. The rain now fell in deluging torrents, and every sound was lost in the wild turmoil of the contending elements, while the vessel plunged furiously through the sparkling foam, that boiled around her broad bows in whirl-

pools of brilliant light, seeming as though she would have dived down to the fathomless depths of the dark and howling waters. Sea after sea broke over them. At length a gigantic wave struck the ship; a thundering crash succeeded; the decks were inundated, and every moveable thing was swept overboard. The wave passed over, carrying with it Dan Kennedy.

Leaving the vessel to her fate, we must follow the fortunes of our hero, who was doomed to an adventure in the "blue depth of the waters." He felt as if something had him in its grasp; and such was the speed with which he was hurried downwards, that he became insensible. On the return of animation, he found himself in a spacious cavern. Dan was bewildered; he pressed his fingers to his eyes, when something cold and clammy seized his hand. He started up, and beheld a figure standing beside him of the most grotesque, and at the same time horrible description; it had an enormous head, exactly resembling that of a shark, the back covered with long green hair, which trailed along the ground. The little, rotund, pot-bellied body, also of a dull sea-green colour, covered with tiny

scales, was mounted upon a pair of huge, broad-spreading, webbed feet; the creature's arms were sufficiently long to admit of the hands touching the ground, without the necessity of stooping. Its mouth was fearfully wide, displaying the "three decks of grinders;" and the large, silvery, brilliant eyes were fixed on the astonished and almost terrified Dan;—while he was irresistibly dragged by the monster through a damp, noisome passage, covered with sea weed; from which they emerged into a beautiful grotto, the roof of which was so lofty, that it was lost in obscurity and gloom. In the centre stood a fantastic rock, on which a red flame was steadily glowing; the rocks around were covered with shells, coral branches, and glittering spar, intermingled with sparkling gems, which reflected the light, and spread a brilliant radiance throughout the grot. Within a car, composed of a single shell, was seated a female of perfect beauty: her hair was braided with strings of pearls, and a wreath of coral branches encircled her brows; the dark green vestment in which she was habited was clasped round her slender waist by a broad zone of pure gold; and a small conch shell was suspended from her neck by a chain. Around the car were arranged numbers of monstrous figures, similar to the one just described, as if to exhibit the greatest possible contrast to their mistress. Dan gazed in wonderment, he could scarce believe his senses. "By J—s," muttered he, "this is a quare advinthir any how. The blessed cross be about us!—what'll I do!—I'm bother'd intirely." So mustering up all his courage, he made a polite bow, (for where is the Irishman that is not *p'lite* to the ladies, God bless them!) and commenced hemming and stammering, but nothing definite could he ejaculate, by reason of his embarrassment. "Oh! bad luck to me!" thought he, "its impossible for me to spake to her."

"Mortal!" said the figure addressing him, "listen; and thou shall learn wherefore I have caused thee to be conveyed hither. Know, then, that I love thee! Say, then, wilt thou consent to forsake the dull pleasures of the upper world, to dwell with Coralda beneath the depths of the ocean? Thy every wish shall be complied with; nay, the most extravagant desires that the heart of man can conceive, shall be thine, if thou wilt comply with my request."

"Troth, madam!" returned Dan, "an' it's mighty glad I'd be to take you at your word—but—but—if you'd be so kind as to let one of these gentlemen put me

aboard the Dhryid again, I'll be aqually obleeged t'ye."

"Dost thou hesitate?" returned the spirit; at the same time casting upon him a languishing look; "can'st thou refuse me?"

"By dad! she's a purty crathur," muttered our hero; "why shouldn't I?—But thin, what'll I do with Norry an the childher? No, I can't do it—I'll up an' tell her so at wanst. I'd be happy to make ye Misthress Kinnidy!" said he, aloud, "but for Norry."

"Norry!" exclaimed Coralda, "who is Norry?"

"Oh!" replied the sailor, "sure an' Norry is Norry Kinnidy, the wife, good look to her—who should she be? An' my jewel, ye'd not find such a tidy winch as herself from this to Limerick!"

"So, then I have a rival in your affections," exclaimed the spirit of the waters, colouring with indignation; but quickly recovering her temper, she continued—"but you must forget that creature of clay, and live only for Coralda."

"By my sowkins!" said Dan, "it's a hard case for a man to be held by the button, whether he will or no. The book about good braidin' says that's not gintale any how; but I must get out ov it some way.—Madam," said he to the spirit, with all the gravity he could assume, "I'm entirely obleeged t'ye for the honour you intinded me; but, at the same time, I'd thank ye once more to let that ugly gulpin yondher (saving his presence) put me aboard the Dhryid, like a swate, good nath'rd, tinder hearted, young lady, an' I'll give Father O'Reilly, the good praisit, a month's wages to say the blessed mass for ye."

At the mention of the word *mass* the blood rushed up into the face of Coralda, and her beautiful features assumed the expression of an incarnate fiend—

"Dost thou, then, refuse my offer!" exclaimed she.

"I'm sorry to be unp'lite to a lady," returned the perplexed Dan, "but, my darlint, I've got one wife already, and the ordinances of the holy church (lave alone the laws of the land) do not allow of big'my—that's all, my dear."

"'Tis well," said the spirit, "thou hast scorned my love, prepare to receive the doom that awaits those who oppose themselves to the wishes of Coralda. A dreadful fate is thine, to lie in a torpid state one hundred years, engulfed in the black, unfathomable depths of the stormy wave. Rise, waters of the deep, and overwhelm the mortal!"

She blew a blast on her conch shell,

and in an instant every particle of light had vanished, and the cavern was involved in the blackest obscurity and gloom. Dan essayed to make his escape, but found his feet transfixed, as if they had been pinned to the earth; while his ear was assailed by the gurgling of the waters, as they rose around him; it was then that he felt the horrors of his situation.

"Oh! that I had died like a Christian when I was washed overboard—that would have been a dacent way of going out of the world any how; but to be dhrown'd in the dark, like a blind puppy, is more than flesh and blood can bear."

In the mean time, the water had gradually attained an elevation equal with that of his chin; a cold sweat hung on his brow; he had resolved to bear his misfortunes like a man—but the certainty that another minute would not have elapsed, ere he should be *swamped*, deprived him of all courage, and as the briny flood trickled round his lips, he had well nigh fainted; when, at that moment a brilliant light burst forth, and he again beheld Coralda riding on the wave, with her grotesque court-sporting around her. Her countenance wore a contemptuous aspect, and a bitter, scornful laugh burst from her lips. At the sight of the spirit, Dan's energies returned for a moment, and concentrating all his exertions for a final effort, he vociferated—

"Bad cess to the likes of you, ye dhundrin', deceitful——"

What the conclusion of this very complimentary and most courteous salutation would have been, is uncertain, inasmuch as it was curtailed by the discharge of a dense column of water, which burst upon his devoted head, reducing him for an instant to a state of stupefaction, from which he was speedily aroused by a peculiar loud laugh.

"*Hogh, hogh, hogh!*" followed by the ominous words, "Holloa, boys! Tom, hand me the other bucket; quick, my son!" in a voice marvellously similar to that of Mr. Matthew Maul, chief mate of the good ship Dryad. The above sentence wrought a miraculous effect upon our friend Dan. He started upon his feet wide awake, as quickly as if he had experienced an electrical shock—but not until he had been anointed with the contents of the aforesaid bucket.

"Why, holloa, my bo!" bellowed the mate, "where have you been to for the last hour?—in the land of Nod, I take it."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said Dan, as he stood on the Dryad's deck, dripping like a drowned rat; "it's myself that's behoulden to you for that same bucket;

an' may the *devil* resave me if ever I'm cotched slaping on my watch again. By J—s! the whole of Davy Jones's crew have had me in tow this blessed night; an' I'd like to have been stowed in the same hold wid the auld dare-devil Dutch skipper Vanderdecken."

"*Hogh, hogh, hogh!*" roared the mate, "why, man, your senses have gone a wool-gathering. What say you to an airing on the royal yard! Come, tumble up, my lad, and stop there till your jacket is dry."

Poor Dan ascended to his exalted station, amid yells of laughter from men and boys; and he had sat on the yard an hour to the full, shivering like a dog in a wet sack, as he expressed it, ere he could come to the conclusion that it was a *dhramme* he had been *dhramin'*. W H Y.

FARREN'S UNCLE FOOZLE IN "MY WIFE'S MOTHER."

FOR THE OLIO.

A keg of cordial humour mellowed down
By discord's fermentation, and the frown
Of wedded contradiction, timely spent;
A bubbling, chuckling, sparkling spirit, pent
And gurgling forth in genial seasoned years,
Like joy's resistless, hearty, gushing tears,
In others' bottled tenements of mirth,—
The dearest drops which rise and shed in earth
A temperament that, for its own behest,
Is happy in the quiet zone of rest;
To sleep and dress; to walk and feed exact,—
A fine exemplar of the "Comfort Act." His
His "dear, departed Mistress Foozle," laid
In silence, by her debt of nature paid—
The torment to a sland'ring woman's art;
By very dint of ease, though shrewdly tart,
Bast'ning so mildly, bearing with such ease,
Without design, yet sure the point to seize.
Decrepit, but with efforts which control,
And down the merry constitution roll;
Shrunk in the nutshell of declining age,
With grains of wisdom from instruction's page;
Rounded by time; his boots of calves bereft,
His limbs without a steady motion left,
His white, warm wig, his watch and pliant chair,
Devoted to his slumbers and his care;
The audience watch his foibles; and is heard
Convulsive laughter every look and word.

J.P.R.

A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON FINGERS.

FOR THE OLIO.

These are the counters; these the instruments
Which give and take the mind's direct intents:
To these, we owe our good, or ill, or fate,—
Our rise in arts, in sciences and state.

BUT we do not intend to prove either, more than in a desultory way just as our instances may come to *hand*. Because the subject, fully considered, would lead us into a discussion of topics already understood, and palm on the patience volumes of historical detail. Not that the

right hand should forget her cunning, 'or that she should not shew forth her handy works;' but, that the compositor should be relieved; and he that 'soundeth the ten-stringed instruments' be rested. Not that they should not knuckle down, as occasion may require; but, clench the fist and hit the right nail on the head as opportunity may offer. Thus we are, at once, reminded of the days of our childhood, when our freckled tempers were tampered with; and feel the force, to the present moment, of the taunting 'Nursery Rhyme':—

'Cry, Baby, cry!
And put your finger in your eye.'—

A suitable admonition to peevishness; and with many a preventive axiom, *not* to put 'your finger' into the presence of so bright a pupil and valuable an associate of the 'Temple of Understanding.' Fingers support the memorials of friendship and affection; sometimes in their mould and decay. Whoever that condescends to read 'Police Reports,' the 'Hue and Cry,' and 'Newgate Calendar,' is constantly reminded of those successful Mercurys of the fashionable generation, the 'light fingered gentry,' and almost tempted to, passively, endure the loss of a watch, a pocket-book, or handkerchief, so dexterously and politely is the feat performed:—merely a 'sleight of hand' effort, a shadowy transfer and relief from so many scruples of earthly bitterness: the scratching of 'itching fingers,' durable only as they are borne. Three-string-fingered Jack was a hero of this class, and a palpable quicksilver barometer, to the spendthrift's clutch, or the miser's grasp, when he "slipped through their fingers." If there be any innocent hoax, amusing trick, or badinage played in a friendly circle, the sly satiric rogue who dips in a periodical and lampoons in a newspaper is guessed at, because none doubt but he has 'a finger in it.' When the mind is disordered by various causes, and the eye wanders amid the gloom of church-yards and ruined baronies, every ghost that raps the creaking porches, and each spectre that visits the sequestered granges, never fails to exhibit as ominous signs of corruption—'Death's bony fingers,'—lean and long enough to scrape the grave mould aside for the reception of the scared perceptor. What lover that has sat sighing and weeping by his maiden's side in a chamber of virtue and sickness, where nothing is rosy but the hectic flush followed by the smile of sensibility, but knows too well the symptomatic press of the 'consumptive finger,'—clammy and creeping over what it touches with

the almost transparent hand. When health does not supervene delicacy, how are a lady's taper-fingers admired in the sculptured fancies of beauty, and they are called ladies-fingers in compliment to the laburnum flowers which drop over their branches in vernal ease and graceful foldings. None ever attempt to draw a bow with hope of success across the Scylla and Charybdis of a violin, or harp, without the evidence of a fine-finger, or the action of a rapid finger. Even the boy, in complacent ecstasy, that put his finger in a pie, considered the feat equal to any of those achieved by a Marlborough, Napoleon, or Wellington. A violoncello would be a nonentity to a novice without a finger-board, as a board at a table would be without the proper application of the fingers at meals, though it is affirmed that fingers were made before forks; and no young lady ventures to place herself at a piano with music, unless it be illustrated by the art of fingering. He that hath clumsy fingers is only fit for a vulgar calling, and may never aspire to be a medical man, a divine, to shew his diamond ring, or a barrister to elevate it in court. Many a cowardly Cymon has cut off his fore-finger (the noodle!) because he would not go for a soldier; and many a gallant sailor has spliced his on, because he would be able to fire at the foe and conquer. What a beautiful picture! and how well the artist has exemplified the design and character of 'The Cut Finger!' a burnt finger dreads the fire, and is careful not to put too many of those irons into it at once. Some boast of a crooked eye; but he that possesses a crooked finger hooks off more abundance in any pursuit, the one only sees what it cannot seize, but the other takes, which is seizing. Sheridan made Sir Lucius O'Trigger feel the impulses of cowardice 'tingle to his finger's ends.' But the fingers, which are the leaves of trees in scripture, clap their hands together, and press their points to heaven. The middle finger is characterised as bearing the ring of the betrothed, and deserves to be held sacred—the little finger is the slim ornamental wearer of all fancied and proud illustrations. Shakespear mentions it with similitude; and few satirists, whether of the old Juvenal, or modern Pythagorean school, forget to exalt the follies of which its owner is susceptible in his decorations of gold and stone, hair and glass—How prettily flies, bees, and spiders, clean their fingers. The snuff-taker, by the aid of the forefinger, renews the digits to his olfactories. The finger of scorn is well known to receive the most malignant instructions; we must, there-

fore, avoid it by our drawing near to conclusion, or we may be acquainted with its neighbour the 'thumb,' which, though it belong to an alderman, may be forced back by the screw. What, then, cannot these anatomical joints of natural mechanism perform? An amusing account may be written of the "Travels of the Fingers." A clever Filch would, by the effort, acquire dignity with Gulliver and Munchausen; and, perchance, rival some of the notorious concocters of the volumes which grace (*query*, grease!) the shelves of dog's-eared and finger-leaved libraries, without incurring blame with the fair sex, who understand the art, by wearing rings on different fingers, of ascertaining and signifying their decisions in all affairs connected with the heart, and the tender passion.

MAJOR NEWBY'S STORY.

"I was stationed, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, in the ancient town of Coventry. It is, beyond all doubt, as dull a town as there is any occasion for in a Christian country, and I should think the suicides were pretty considerable there in the course of the summer months. However, as I had nothing else to do—as there was no possibility even of getting into debt, I managed, as the second best thing in my power, to fall vehemently in love. Sir Orlando Blunt had a house a few miles from the town; he was an old militia officer, a retired Cockney, and very fond of war and warriors—as pompous and stupid as a turkey cock.

'He had gold in his coffers—he had sheep, he had ^{hine};
And one bonnie lassie—his darlin', and mine'

"Sophia was as pretty a girl as any one requires to fall in love with in country quarters, and after dining with her a few times, and knowing her a little better, I thought it well worth standing the proxy nothings of the old fellow to have half an hour's chat with the daughter; in short, what I had intended for a few weeks' amusement, actually in a few days degenerated into real affection. I became the laughing-stock of the mess—my vivacity disappeared, and I was as drooping and sentimental as if I had been a poet. My spirits became still more depressed when Sophia told me that they were going for two months to Leamington. Leamington was no great way off, to be sure, but then I had become attached to the solitude of the country, which had been so irksome and disagreeable at first. Trees, and

streams, and shady walks, are great helps to a man in love; there seems something very ridiculous in sighing within sight of a lamp-post, or whispering soft things in front of a mercer's shop. But, alas! my regrets were of no avail, and in a few days I was invited to a farewell dinner at Maldon Court. I went very early—so early, that my visit answered both for a morning call and the evening party. Old Sir Orlando was out somewhere in the park. Now or never is the time, thought I; so, without a moment's hesitation, I made my declaration. I had only time to hear her say something about objections and her father, when that old blockhead came blundering into the room.

"Major Newby, your most subservient. This is really very kind. Ah! we military fellows know the advantage of being at our post in time. When I was in the North Warwick, punctuality, said I, my lads, punctuality is the soul of business."

"Very true, sir," said I, while Sophia made a quiet retreat from the room.

"There is something, my dear Major, in the habits of an old military officer, which it is very difficult to forget—a sort of upright stiff carrying of the head, straightness of the back—I can't get quit of them in spite of all my attempts."

"Now it was quite impossible to resist laughing at this. He was a little red-faced old fellow, with five or six chins rolling half-way down his waistcoat, his back bent like a scimitar, and a couple of legs like the sides of the letter O. I must also tell you that he had acquired all his fortune, and gained his knighthood in trade, and made the most ludicrous mistakes between his recollections of the militia regiment and the counting-house. Accordingly, I laughed till I could hardly stand at hearing his description of his figure and carriage, but he was blessed with a most happy unconsciousness of the possibility of his ever being ridiculous.

"'Tis true, upon my honour," he continued; "and in my addresses to the regiment, I frequently told them to look at myself for a model. Look at me, my lads, says I, look at me. Now, mark me, uprightness is the best policy—now square your columns straight, and file off by the rule of three."

"I have no doubt, Sir Orlando, they made excellent soldiers; but isn't it time for us to retire and beautify the evening approaches?"

"Ah! quite right, major, we of the martial department mustn't neglect the twilight—halt! dress!"

"And off I marched to my twilight, as

he called it, wondering how such an insufferably silly old individual could be the father of my beautiful little Sophia. Well, we dined; half a hundred of the county people were there, who doubtless laughed at the vanities of Sir Orlando almost as heartily as they ate his venison and drank his champagne. I had no other opportunity all that night of advancing my suit, or even getting an intelligible reply to the proposal I had made. Objection! I thought, what could her objection be? for I was pretty well convinced it did not arise from herself; and accordingly I determined to ride over on the following morning, and open the trenches in form before the old governor.

"Sir Orlando," I said, on making my *adieu*, 'will you allow me to wait on you to-morrow morning to request a favour?'

"Favour! my gallant friend," he replied, 'any thing I can assist you in your way, (we of the sword, you know, Major, ought to be brotherly,) I shall be happy to do. What is't about?'

"I may presume, I hope, upon your acquaintance, and upon all you have seen and heard of my conduct, and from the predilection you have expressed for my company, to ask you to review——"

"Review!" he cried out, interrupting me, 'with all my heart. Come early to-morrow, and we'll settle it all. A soldier's life's the life for me. Your company, Major Newby, I must say, is admirable—I have the highest respect for your company—be here in time—good night.'

"I could not stay and explain to him what I meant, especially as the party had not yet entirely gone: and delaying all farther explanation till the morning, I jumped into my Stanhope, and drove home. Next morning I again presented myself at the Court, and was most kindly received.

"Right, right," said the old noodle, as he shook me by the hand, 'you come to the office punctually at your hour, like a true son of Mars. Ah! when I was in the North Warwick!——'

"I have come, sir," I began, 'to ask a very great favour of you indeed.'

"Speak on, Major, I'll grant it."

"You passed very high encomiums on my company last night. I hope it has not been disagreeable to any member of your family."

"Not a bit, not a bit; my little Sophia is delighted with it; tinsel, and gewgaws, and frippery, you know, Major, have great charms in the eyes of a girl of eighteen."

"I bowed very low to this compliment, and could not divine what the old

fellow was driving at. 'Then I may hope, sir,' I added, 'on your favourable report at head-quarters?'

"I doubt it not, Major; indeed, I think I may say I haven't the least doubt of it; but isn't a little previous examination necessary?'

"Certainly," I said, 'I am glad you come so honestly to the point at once.'

"Ah! quite my way, I assure ye. When I was in the North Warwick!——"

"I shall be happy to lay every statement in my power before you."

"Ay, ay, I must look to your equipments, — to your effective force, as it were."

"You are very good, sir; if the amount is not so great as you might expect for Miss Sophia!——"

"Poh! Never mind her. What the deuce should she know any thing of such matters? I consider it very kind in you to think of her at all. She will certainly join with me in inspecting the state of your corpse."

"Heaven forbid!" said I, wondering what the old booby could mean by thinking I was so soon to be in the land of the dead.

"Well, well—you will only be a skeleton, we know; but we'll make allowances for that—he said very condescendingly."

"Upon my honour, Sir Orlando, you are too good—I hope not to be disembodied quite so soon."

"I hope not—though it must be very pleasant too. I assure you I have been very happy since it happened to me."

"Since what happened, sir?" said I, as soothingly as I could, being now thoroughly persuaded that the fatgoggle-eyed little monster had become seriously deranged.

"Why, since I was disembodied to be sure—but I still retain the warmest recollections of my former life!——"

'He cares not for sorrow whenever it comes,
But rattles away to the sound of the drums,
With a row de dow, row de dow.'

"Sir Orlando," I said, as the old gentleman went marching round the room, 'I came here to request that you would give me leave!——'

"Yes, Major, I know it—go on."

"That you would give me leave to lay myself at the feet of your daughter."

"He stooped short in the joyous buckle with which he had heard me, rubbing his hands all the time, and looking as important as a bantam on a wall."

"Lay yourself, where, sir?" he said—"is it this you have been thinking of all this while?"

"Yes, it certainly is the object of my visit here this morning."

"And you did not come to ask me, as a senior officer, residing in the neighbourhood, to review your company—to inspect your corpse, to give a favourable report of you at head-quarters?"

"No, sir, I never thought of asking you to do any thing of the kind."

"Then, by Mars, Major Newby, you may lay yourself in a ditch, or hang yourself on a tree; but what the devil do you want with my daughter? Good morning, Major Newby."

"As I went out of the hall, I heard the disappointed and angry little man hollowing out to his valet—John! you need not mind about brushing up my uniform, and go and tell Rogers to put the sabre on its nail in the hall; I have changed my mind."

"This explained all the queernesses I had discovered in our conversation, and though I was somewhat nettled at his impertinence, still, as I had no intention of marrying him, I consoled myself with the resolution of revenging myself, by running off with his daughter on the very first opportunity."

"There were few days upon which I failed to present myself in the spacious streets of Leamington. The quiet walks in the neighbourhood, and the license of a fashionable watering place, gave me many opportunities of meeting my pretty little Sophia without the superintendence of her troublesome papa. Every thing went on as favourably as I could wish, and I was hugging myself on my good fortune, when one day, on turning round a corner, I ran bump on a little fellow as he stood gazing up into the sky. I had scarcely time to catch him in my arms, and keep him from tumbling into the gutter, when the voice exclaiming, 'Caitiff, for this thou diest!' and an inimitable twist of the eye, assured me it was none other than my poetical friend Sam Mead. Our recognition was mutual. 'Sam, my boy,' I said, 'what are you doing here, gaping up like an astronomer; there are no stars to be seen in the daytime!'"

"False, false and foolish philosophy," replied Sam; "to the inward eye of poetical contemplation stars are at all times visible; but, by Apollo, my dear Newby, there's a new planet in Leamington—so clear, so bright, so beautiful!"

"And her name?" I enquired.

"Venus, of course. Her ordinary designation in the ears of the profane is vulgar; I call her Potosi."

"Miss Potosi; that seems rather a

queer name for a planet; where is her seat in heaven?"

"In the train of Ursa Major; a damned ugly bandy-legged little star, whom the vulgar denominate her father."

"And his name upon earth?"

"Is Blunt Sir Orlando—Blunt."

"The devil it is—and Miss Potosi, the planet, is his daughter, I suppose?"

"Thou hast it. Ah, Newby, what a fund of poetry and association there is even in a surname, if people will only take the trouble to find it out! There, now, is the name of Blunt—what is Blunt? Isn't it money? And Potosi—what does it contain? Money, too. Don't you see the reason I have christened her my Mexico, my Peru, my Potosi?"

"Oh, very plainly—are you acquainted with the lady?"

"Not what the uninitiated would call acquainted; but mark me, we are not strangers to each other; we never spoke, to be sure, but then the eye, Newby, it is a great thing in a man's favour to have an expressive eye!"

"Sam looked at me, when he said this, with such a diabolical expression of impudence and conceit, that I had the greatest inclination to chuck him into the Leam."

"That is an advantage, Sam, which you certainly possess. Few people can doubt your meaning, if they once take notice of your look."

"She does, depend on't. She never sees me without a very odd quickening of her pace, and an attempt to escape my glances; but she's fascinated in spite of all her efforts."

"Does she know your name—who you are—or any thing about you?"

"How should I know? but I suppose so. Those watering places are so inquisitive, that if any one, out of the common way, makes his appearance for half-an-hour, it is known all over the town in a moment. I flatter myself I have made a sensation."

"I have no doubt you have. What do you intend to do?"

"What about! About my Potosi? Work the mine, to be sure. Write a sonnet or two to the lady, and a letter on business to the old man. I should think very little more would be requisite to have all the success I want."

"You had better make haste, then, Sam, for I am given to understand they leave Leamington to-morrow morning, and return to Maldon Court."

"Whew! better and better. This looks something like an adventure. I'll

drop odes and elegies on her path on the secluded walks of the park—'twill be admirable. The Marquis of Exeter was an ingenious fellow; I wonder if he wrote verses.'

"I don't know whether he did that, but you know he married 'sweet Helen, our hamlet's pride,' in the disguise of a rustic, and she wakened one morning a Marchioness.'

"Well, Potosi won't waken a Marchioness, to be sure, but she'll marry me in the disguise of a wandering obscure, in fact, almost a fool; and she'll waken some morning the wife of a very disting—in short, my wife.'

"The devil she will, thought I, as I scarcely knew whether to laugh or be angry; but it is useless telling you any more of the conversation of little Sam Mead, who is, without exception, the most ugly snobbish-looking fellow in all England.

"Sophia had told me that her father was summoned home on very disagreeable business; and in a few days from the time I met Sam Mead, the incendiaries began their horrible work all over that part of the country; we were kept so busy, marching hither and thither, in pursuit of the miscreants, that I had no time to think of my Dulcinea, and still less to waste a moment on the vapouring of my ridiculous friend. The service we were on was very harassing, and so many applications were made for our assistance, either to disperse the agricultural labourers, who met in several places in very large numbers, or to protect the property of the unpopular farmers and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that I had very few men left at my disposal. One night, however, I received a note addressed 'To the officer commanding at Coventry,' something to the following purport, 'Sir Orlando Blunt is sorry to be obliged to ask a favour of Major Newby; but, Sir O.'s household is in such a state of alarm during the present disturbed condition of the country, that Sir O. will thank Major N. for the loan of five men and a corporal, to remain for a few nights in the house. Sir O. is an old military man himself, and will take the command in person.'

"This was far too good an opportunity to be lost, as you may suppose, and half an hour saw me on my way, with half-a-dozen of my steadiest dragoons, to take on us the defence of Maldon Court. A rattling trot brought us to the spot in a very short time, and as I knew the c-devant militiaman retained more of the counter than of the hero in his composi-

tion, I fixed on my line of action in a moment. I drew up my men in grand form in the quadrangle of the court, took military possession of the premises. Up the hall I marched, scarcely attending to the reception I received from the gallant knight; merely assuring him, that I thought his house such a central point for my diversified demonstrations, that I relied on him, as a loyal subject of the King, to give my men the best accommodation in his power.

"The 'diversified demonstrations' did the business at once; and, besides, he was in such a prodigious fright, that at that moment there was no favour he would have ventured to refuse me.

"'You have sent, Sir Orlando Blunt,' I began very formally; 'you have sent for the protection of his Majesty's forces; may I ask on what specific information you ground your apprehension of danger?'

"Major Newby—sir, you speak to the point. I was too hot perhaps the last time we met in this hall, but military blood, you know, is soon fired—ha! mercy, what's that?'

"It is nothing but a door slamming, sir; don't be alarmed.'

"Alarmed, sir, what d'ye mean? When I was in the North Warwick'——

"Do you apprehend any immediate attack?' I said.

"God knows what I apprehend—but certainly, in the present state of the country, I think, unless I had been happily of a very courageous temper, I should have been terribly alarmed with the threatenings I have received.'

"In what shape have you been threatened, sir?'

"By letters,' he replied; 'here is one.' And he took an elegantly folded paper out of his pocket, and handed it across the table.

"I could scarcely keep my gravity the moment I saw the hand. It was an epistle from my friend Sam. It was in these words—

"'Oh thou, for whose hand this simple composition is intended, I hereby vow and swear, that I shall not rest satisfied till I have kindled a flame that shall revenge me for the sufferings I have experienced in your service. The obduracy of your heart has driven me to distraction; but persist no longer in such behaviour; for by the light that plays in heaven's fiery orb, I'll tear thy heart out of thy bosom, and place it next my own! You have no common man to deal with! My character is a compound of the earthquake and the alligator. But if you will come to my terms, and give me every thing

I require—heart, soul, mind, and body—you shall have no truer slave and servant than your incognito Amoroso.'

" 'This is certainly a most alarming production, Sir Orlando,' I said, as I returned him the paper.

" 'Alarming! I'm glad to hear you say so, Major Newby. Sir, when so gallant an officer confesses he is alarmed, I am not ashamed to confess that I have been in the most painful state of agitation ever since I received it. In fact, I have been in a cold sweat the whole time.'

" 'What should you recommend me to do in the first instance? Miss Sophia, I hope, is not alarmed?'

" 'Not so much as she ought to be. I have ordered her to restrict herself to her room.' This he said with a very peculiar look; but I easily saw he was terribly afraid I should desert him, and leave him in the hands of the incendiaries, if he offered the smallest opposition to my wishes.

" 'I'm sorry, Sir Orlando, that the etiquette of the service, and the weighty responsibility I have taken on myself, will not allow me to dispense with an examination of every member of your household. I must request the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with the lady, as I am by no means convinced that she cannot throw some light upon the mysterious letter you have now shewn me.'

" 'Sir—Major Newby—I can't help thinking it is an extraordinary mode of proceeding'—

" 'Very well, sir, then I must relieve myself of all responsibility. I shall return to Coventry immediately.'

" 'No, no. The diabolical villain talks of tearing my heart out, and kindling flames—but tell me—must you see Sophia?'

" I bowed.

" 'Well, I suppose you must; but when I was in the North Warwick'—

" 'May I see the young lady this instant?' I interposed.

" 'Certainly,' he said; 'if you must, you must.' And he gave directions for Miss Sophia to be summoned.

" When she came into the room, her surprise was unbounded, and her awkwardness very manifest. The old fellow kept fidgeting about the room, and presented a most ludicrous visage, in which was very plainly to be seen a struggle going on between his inordinate fear and his offended dignity.

" 'I must converse with the young lady alone, sir.'

" 'The devil you must, sir! What d'ye mean to'—

" 'Merely to ask the young lady a few questions in my official character as commandant for the time being of this mansion.'

" 'Well,' he said, with a deep sigh; and toddled out of the room as submissively as heart could desire.

" In a few hurried words I told Sophia all that had occurred, and begged her to carry on the plot, trusting to fortune for a favourable opportunity either to obtain her father's consent, or to provide for our own happiness without it.

" 'Worse and worse!' cried the old man, bundling into the room. 'We shall infallibly be murdered. Save us—Oh! save us, my dear Major, and ask any thing that is in my power to give you.' He no longer affected to conceal his fears, but walked up and down in a most particular state of agitation, after throwing another note upon the table, with a look of blank despair. I opened the letter. 'There is no hope of your escape'—it ran thus—'My toils are spread sure to catch you! This very night I'll come up to your window, and slip a composition into your chamber that will realize my hopes. Then, my Potosi, the vulgar name of Blunt shall be blotted out for ever; and, oh! how sweet to purchase the gratification of becoming your lord and master, though with the surrender of my liberty; ay! though I forfeited life itself. At twelve to-night—the witching hour—I'll come with uncumbered followers in my train. Hope shall place the ladder, Love shall light the torch, and then you shall see the success of my plans. Adieu!'

" 'There! did you ever hear of such a d—d cold blooded cut-throat in your life?' said the knight, with the most rueful countenance. 'This very night he's coming at twelve o'clock with an innumerable train—the whole labourers in the parish—and that drunken fellow Hope is going to bring a ladder, and one of the Loves is going to set fire to the house. I always thought it would come to this, when their father took to keeping a licensed beer-shop. Dear, dear, what are we to do?'

" 'It seems to me a very serious matter,' I replied. 'Our force, servants and all, consists of no more than ten or eleven men—Yourself, Sir Orlando'—

" 'Me! for God's sake don't talk of me! No, Major, my fighting days are over. When I was in the North Warw'—

" 'Oh, never mind the North Warwick, but give me leave to make all the arrangements. I'll undertake to save you all, without the loss of a man.'

"'You will? are you sure of it! Do, and I'll refuse you nothing.'

"'Well, sir, I here take Miss Sophia to witness your promise—hark! what sound is that? At that moment I thought I heard a slight movement outside; and sure enough, on going to the window of the library, I heard a violin playing some die-away Italian melody, at a little distance from where I stood. The knight and Sophia had followed me into the room. 'There they come,' said Sir Orlando, in a deuce of a fright: 'how strong they must be to come up so boldly! Shall I call the men!'

"'No—leave me to manage. I went out, and sent a very steady old fellow, the corporal, with a couple of soldiers, to seize the serenader, and, after a little scuffle, they succeeded in bringing him into the hall.

"'I give you my honour I never saw such a ludicrous scene in my life. There was Sam tightly grasped by the collar by two prodigious soldiers, his fiddle kept as a trophy by the corporal—Sir Orlando still in a state of immense alarm—and Sophia and myself ready to sink with suppressed laughter.

"'You thief! you dog! you cut-throat!' the knight began, 'what the devil do you want, prowling about at this time of the night.

"'Thou knowest not, old man, the person you address,' replied Sam, not recognising me.

"'Hold him fast, my men,' continued Sir Orlando; 'he is the ugliest, most diabolical-looking villain I ever beheld. What's your name! Where do you come from?'

"'My name is not altogether unknown. Impressed with a vision of celestial beauty, I bowed before the shrine of a goddess who'—

"'Come, come, you infernal rick-burn-ing rascal, none of your ranting nonsense—tell me what brought you here—did you write these letters?'

"'I did.'

"'And you still stand to their contents?'

"'I do.'

"'What! all that about Hope planting a ladder, and Love bringing the torch?'

"'Yes; I thought you would not persist long in your unkindness.'

"'Now, tell me this—remember that a timely confession may ensure your being transported'—

"'Delightful hope! sir, I will answer any thing!'

"'Well, now the Love that was to set

fire to the premises, was it John Love, or his brother Edward?'

"'Sir,' exclaimed Sam, apparently more enraged at his metaphor being mistaken, than at any thing else that had been said, 'twas an allegorical enumeration of the passions that boiled within my bosom!'

"'Ho! so you won't answer any more questions? you won't peach? Well, Major Newby, you will write down as much as he has confessed. My blood creeps at the very sight of such a brutally ugly-faced scoundrel.'

"'Major Newby!' exclaimed Sam, 'did I hear the name of Major Newby? Ah, Frank, my dear fellow, do tell your myrmidons to lift their profane claws from my neckcloth.'

"'The fellow's mad,' exclaimed Sir Orlando. 'Don't go near him, Major Newby—he'll bite you, to a certainty.'

"'I now step forward, and could not have the cruelty to carry on the joke any farther. I explained my acquaintance with Sam as well as I was able. The knight did not know how to behave on the occasion. His happiness at finding his fears unfounded, was almost counter-balanced by his regret at having his cowardice discovered. However, he made a compromise between the two. He acted as if there ought to be some tacit agreement to sink the whole concern in oblivion. He could not with any propriety draw back from the promise he had given, and in a few weeks after Sam's memorable serenade on a broken fiddle, I was married to the knight's only daughter, and only child. We get on as happily together as possible, I never interrupt him in his long rignaroles about the North Warwick Militia, and have even learned not to laugh too openly when he boasts of his gallant achievement in capturing a tremendous incendiary with his own hand, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, which he calls the year of the conflagrations.'—*Black. Mag.*

MARVELLOUS CAVERNS.

We give the following description as we find it, addressed to the Editor of the Tipperary Free Press:—

SIR—About six weeks ago, as some workmen were employed in quarrying stones in a limestone quarry, situated within seven miles of the town of Caher, and six miles of Mitchelstown, on the old line road, they discovered, at the distance of twenty feet from the surface, an opening into the rock capable of admitting the

body of one person. Prompted by curiosity one of the men entered the opening and proceeded along a sloping declivity, which terminated at the distance of forty or fifty feet. Unable to proceed further he returned, and having procured a ladder, he, accompanied by two or three of the workmen, proceeded to explore the cavern. Having descended the ladder, they proceeded along a passage about three hundred yards in length, forty feet in height, and generally between thirty and forty feet in breadth, at the termination of which a superb cavern, nearly one mile in circumference, presented itself to their view. This grand cavern seemed to be supported by about one hundred and fifty chrysal columns, varying in height from thirty to forty feet, and in diameter from one to eight feet. In the middle of this spacious cavern is placed a chrysalised petrefaction exactly resembling a table, about seven feet in length and two feet in breadth, surmounted with chrysal candelabras of the most curious construction. The subject would be endless were I to enumerate the variety of surprising creations which nature has displayed in this subterranean palace.

At the distance of seven or eight hundred yards, and immediately opposite the entrance, lies another passage, which led them into what they called the lower cave, which is about three quarters of a mile in circumference, supported like the former cave by lofty pillars, and decorated with the most fanciful productions. Having proceeded through this cave, they discovered an aperture, which having ascended by a flight of eight steps, a sight presented itself to their view capable of impressing the strongest emotions of surprise and astonishment on the mind of the spectator. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of this astonishing hall; suffice it to say that it is about three miles in circumference, supported like the other caves with innumerable pillars, and adorned with almost perfect imitations of all that art and nature presents to our view. However, I cannot forbear remarking that in the centre of this magnificent hall, and depending from its roof, appears a petrefaction resembling the body of a horse, through which, at the distance of fifteen feet from the floor, issues a stream of pure water, which, after forming several evolutions on its chrysalised bed, disappears, with hollow murmurings, at the furthest extremity of the hall.

Through an opening to the right in the last-mentioned hall they descended by a flight of ten or twelve steps to a cavern,

called the long cave, about a mile and a half in circumference, supported in like manner by superb columns, and adorned with many of the same imitations of nature and art. Amongst the imitations of art is a hollow chrysalised petrefaction, resembling a drum, which, when struck upon, produces a sound, the reverberation of which will continue for several minutes. Having proceeded through the last-mentioned cave they came to a fissure in its right side, which led them into what they called the cellar cave. This cave, unlike the rest, is not supported by pillars, nor adorned with those productions of nature for which the others are so highly appreciated; but the spectator is amply compensated for the absence of those ornaments by the view of a deep and rapid river, which urges its subterranean course through the middle of a cave, and which, in all probability, is the same which passes through another celebrated cave called the "Sheep Cavern," a place too well known to offer any comment upon.

Your obedient servant,

MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

Coolagarranroe, July 28, 1833.

THE UNCLE'S WILL.

A TALE.

For the Olio.

Concluded from page 7.

"So Mr. Burnett," exclaimed Walter, "what am I to conceive of such conduct as this? Much as I esteem you—much as I admire your principles, and approve of your conduct in general, you know my cousin's hand, (even were I disposed to resign it,) never could be yours. An adventurer, without friends or family, unknown by any honourable distinctions, can never claim an alliance with one whom you yourself pronounced a prize fit for an emperor."

"Your cousin is unwell—fainting, sir, bear her to her chamber, and, on your return, I will satisfy you, if I can." A glance at Emily confirmed the truth of this statement. Frederick did as he was required; and after consigning the trembling girl to the care of her astonished aunt, he speedily returned.

"You have been pleased to call me an adventurer, Fred; and there is something so grating to my feelings in the sound of that obnoxious word, that did I not attribute it to a momentary ebullition of youthful rashness, not one word of explanation should pass my lips till it was

recalled. I once thought you possessed a mind superior to the petty considerations of rank and wealth—but enough. I have a narrative to relate which, perhaps, may alter your opinions—Listen. Your late uncle was, indeed, 'a man among a thousand'—his acts of benevolence and love towards the indigent and oppressed, are recorded in a higher book of record than that kept by the hearts of those he assisted. His hand was truly open as the day to melting charity, and the cry of the afflicted never reached his ear in vain. A merchant, once high in the esteem of his fellow creatures; one not more noted for his riches than for the honourable principles that influenced his conduct, was intimate with your lamented guardian. An unlucky speculation overturned his high expectations, and a total shipwreck of all his effects was the consequence. He became a ruined man. His fortune gone—his wealth annihilated, he was unable to bear up against the scoffs and sneers of a world ever as ready to insult fallen greatness as to pamper exalted pride, and the merchant fell a victim to a keen feeling of sensibility. He sank beneath the stroke and died, leaving an only son—now an orphan—totally unprovided for. The boy was of tender years, and in distress. Heaven seemed indeed to have put "all his acquaintance out of his sight," no earthly being cared for him save one—that was your uncle; but unwilling to blazon abroad this deed of charity, which would necessarily occur, if he received the child into his own house, and, moreover, having two already under his charge, he places him under the care of a poor, but worthy couple, living in the outskirts of the metropolis—he had him properly educated, clothed, and protected; but the boy was never allowed to know his benefactor's name. A few years elapsed, and an opportunity offered itself, which your uncle thought an excellent one, for obtaining for this youth a lucrative situation in Calcutta with a merchant who was then in London; but who intended leaving for the shores of India in a few weeks. The bargain was settled. Your uncle thought he knew the man—he believed him kind, generous, humane. Alas! he was deceived. The merchant betrayed his trust and proved a villain. The sorrows the youth underwent, after leaving his native isle, are too many to relate. He wished to escape from his bondage; but what means had he of doing so. He had no friend to apply to. He was ignorant of his protector's name or place of abode—a private correspondence was, indeed,

kept up between the latter and the merchant; but it was strictly *private*, and there was no means of ascertaining his address. As for the old couple, who had brought him up, he had written to them once; but received no answer. They had changed the place of their habitation, and his letter never reached them. But he bore all with fortitude. He concealed his hatred of the despotism that enslaved him.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and he anxiously awaited some future period when he should be free. To this purpose, he employed every means in his power to obtain a sum of money wherewith to return to England. What those means were I should but weary you by relating—they were just and honourable ones—they succeeded, and at last, with the accumulated earnings of several years he was enabled to flee the country. His passage was taken in a feigned name, and to that name he adhered even on his arrival in England, where, after some difficulty, he procured employment in an eminent mercantile house, through the disinterested kindness of a worthy individual who had noticed him on the passage, and to whom he had confided his tale. He now thrives as well as such a mere *adventurer* can be expected, or perhaps *deserves* to do, and hopes even yet to aspire to higher ground. Such is the history of Roland Byfield. Frederic Walton, he stands before you, and claims your cousin's hand."

"Is it possible—can I believe my senses?"

"Yes; indeed, you may. I have documents to satisfy the most curious; but that we can consider hereafter. It was, indeed, your cousin, Frederic, I saw at the theatre and met;—but you know the whole of my adventures. Have I your permission to call Emily mine?"

"I am so bewildered—so astounded at this unexpected intelligence that I hardly know what I say, or do. Yet, pardon me, Richard—Roland I should rather say—for the unworthy epithet I cast upon you—forget it and forgive. I meant it not so harshly. And for my cousin, take her, take her, Byfield—You know I love her not, and her heart, I see, is your's, and your's only—See, here comes my aunt—I had forgotten her consent would be as well obtained, so make your best bow, and ask permission—it will not be refused, I'm sure, when she knows all your 'travel's history.'—Positively this has been a day of changes and chances; and I really hardly know whether I am walking on terra firma, or

wandering in the misty regions of thin air—but I'll away and write to Emma, and, please the pigs, Roland, you and I will be married the same day—in the same church, and by the same priest. For a moment farewell."

Need we add much more? Our readers doubtless have anticipated all that remains for us to say.—The aunt's consent was not refused, Emily's was soon obtained and Roland was made the "happiest of men," in the same hour that his friend Walter claimed the like privilege by leading to the altar the blushing and accomplished Emma. This last mentioned lady drew no longer back when she found Fred disengaged from his former contract, and willingly yielded to the persuasions and entreaties of his most eloquent tongue which we need not assure our readers was very ably employed on this interesting occasion. To conclude, we may be assured that no dead person's will (however benevolently meant or charitably indited) or living person's manœuvres, can ever bind down the free inclinations of the heart. They cannot obtain power or influence over the affections, and might as well attempt to stem the mountain torrent as expect that others can feel, and be moved by the various dictations, they may from time to time put forth, or find happiness lasting and solid in an union contracted for the sake of mere worldly advantages, where a cold sort of platonic esteem takes the place of that finer passion surnamed by mortals—love. No, the natural bent of the mind unless deformed by early oppression, will have its way in this respect, and true enough is the motto which we have prefixed to these our lucubrations, and with which we make our parting obeisance to the kind friends that have accompanied us through our narrative—"Marriages are made in heaven."

DELTA.

FI-HO-TI; OR, THE PLEASURES OF REPUTATION.

A CHINESE TALE.

Concluded from page 10.

THOROUGHLY disgusted with his ambition, Fi-ho-ti now resolved to resign himself once more to pleasure. Again he heard music, and again he feasted and made love. In vain!—the zest, the appetite was gone. The sterner pursuits he had cultivated of late years had rendered his mind incapable of appreciating the luxuries of frivolity. He had opened

a gulf between himself and his youth;—his heart could be young no more.

"One faithful breast shall console me for all," thought he. "Yang-y-se is beautiful and smiles upon me; I will woo and win her."

Fi-ho-ti surrendered his whole soul to the new passion he had conceived. Yang-y-se listened to him favourably. He could not complain of cruelty; he fancied himself beloved. With the generous and unselfish ardour that belonged to his early character, he devoted his future years to—he lavished the treasure of his affections upon—the object of his love. For some weeks he enjoyed a dream of delight; he woke from it too soon. A rival beauty was willing to attach to herself the wealthy and generous Fi-ho-ti. "Why," said she, one day, "why do you throw yourself away upon Yang-y-se? Do you fancy she loves you? You are mistaken; she has no heart; it is only her vanity that makes her willing to admit you as her slave." Fi-ho-ti was incredulous and indignant. "Read this letter," said the rival beauty. "Yang-y-se wrote it to me but the other day."

Fi-ho-ti read as follows:—

"We had a charming supper with the gay author last night, and wished much for you. You need not rally me on my affection for him; I do not love him, but I am pleased to command his attentions; in a word, my vanity is flattered with the notion of chaining to myself one of the most distinguished persons in Peking. But—love—ah! *that* is quite another thing."

Fi-ho-ti's eyes were now thoroughly opened. He recalled a thousand little instances which had proved that Yang-y-se had been only in love with his celebrity.

He saw at once the great curse of distinction. Be renowned, and you can never be loved for yourself! As you are hated not for your vices, but your success, so are you loved not for your talents, but their fame. A man who has reputation is like a tower whose height is estimated by the length of its shadow. The sensitive and high-wrought mind of Fi-ho-ti now gave way to a gloomy despondency. Being himself misinterpreted, calumniated, and traduced; and feeling that none loved him but through vanity, that he stood alone with his enemies in the world, he became the prey to misanthropy, and gnawed by perpetual suspicion. He distrusted the smiles of others. The faces of men seemed to him as masks; he felt everywhere the presence of deceit.

Yet these feelings had made no part of his early character, which was naturally frank, joyous, and confiding. Was the change a misfortune? Possibly; but it was the effect of REPUTATION!

About this time, too, Fi-ho-ti began to feel the effects of the severe study he had undergone. His health gave way: his nerves were shattered; he was in that terrible revolution in which the mind—that vindictive labourer—wreaks its ire upon the enfeebled taskmaster, the body. He walked the ghost of his former self.

One day he was standing pensively beside one of the streams that intersect the gardens of Pekin, and, gazing upon the waters, he muttered his bitter reveries. "Ah!" thought he, "why was I ever discontented with happiness! I was young, rich, cheerful; and life to me was a perpetual holiday; my friends caressed me, my mistress loved me for myself. No one hated or maligned, or envied me. Like yon leaf upon the water, my soul danced merrily over the billows of existence. But courage, my heart! I have at least done some good! benevolence must experience gratitude—young Psi-ching, for instance. I have the pleasure of thinking that he must love me; I have made his fortune; I have brought him from obscurity into repute; for it has been my character as yet never to be jealous of others!"

Psi-ching was a young poet, who had been a secretary to Fi-ho-ti. The student had discovered genius and insatiable ambition in the young man; he had directed and advised his pursuits; he had raised him into fortune and notice; he had enabled him to marry the mistress he loved. Psi-ching vowed to him everlasting gratitude.

While Fi-ho-ti was thus consoling himself with the idea of Psi-ching's affection, it so happened that Psi ching, and one of the philosophers of the day whom the public voice esteemed second to Fi-ho-ti, passed along the banks of the river. A tree hid Fi-ho-ti from their sight; they were earnestly conversing, and Fi-ho-ti heard his own name more than once repeated.

"Yes," said Psi-ching, "poor Fi-ho-ti cannot live much longer; his health is broken; you will lose a formidable rival when he is dead."

The philosopher smiled. "Why, it will certainly be a stone out of my way. You are constantly with him, I think."

"I am. He is a charming person; but the real fact is, that, seeing he cannot live much longer, I am keeping a journal of his last days; in a word, I shall

write the history of my distinguished friend. I think it will take much, and have a prodigious sale."

The talkers passed on.

Fi-ho-ti did not die as soon as was expected, and Psi-ching never published the journal from which he anticipated so much profit. But Fi-ho-ti ceased to be remarkable for the kindness of his heart and the philanthropy of his views. He was known in after-life for the sourness of his temper and the bitterness of his satire. Was this deterioration of the kindlier elements of his nature a misfortune? Perhaps it might be so; it was the effect of his REPUTATION!

Mon. Mag.

Varieties.

WHEN it was customary to give wages to the Members of the House of Commons, the pay of the representative of Canterbury was fixed, in 1411, at 2s. a day for each, while his duties called him from his family.

THEORIES OF THE EARTH.—Moses relates that the world was created in six days, that all mankind sprang from one pair, and that when the earth was peopled to a certain extent, the Deity, offended with the wickedness of his creatures, destroyed the world by a deluge. Mr. Howard, in corroboration of Moses, shews that all the ancient cosmogonies agree in the most remarkable circumstances with this account. The Persians hold that the creation was effected in six periods, and the Etrurians held the same opinion. The latter, indeed, have a most curious coincidence with the Mosaic history. In the first chiliad (according to this theory,) the Deity made the heaven and the earth; in the second, the firmament; in the third, the sea and all other waters; in the fourth, the sun, moon and stars; and, in the fifth, every volatile, reptile, and four-footed animal. In giving us the history of the Antediluvian period, Moses counts ten generations from the creation to the deluge. So also the Chinese, who make the greatest pretension to antiquity, (and not without considerable claims to it,) count ten generations from Fohi to Yu, who appears at the head of their first dynasty. The Persians, who, in point of antiquity, rank themselves next to the Chinese, count ten generations from Soliman Haki to Caicobed, who was the founder of their second race. Sanconiathean counts ten generations of gods between Uranus and the human race; and, lastly, Bero-

sus, a Chaldean, counts ten generations between the creation and the deluge.—*Mon. Review.*

WINE.—The practice of adding brandy to wines after they are made has been introduced under the mistaken notion of preventing them from turning sour, and enabling them to keep a longer time, but Dr. Macculloch says that this admixture decomposes wine; a most conspicuous effect is the loss of that undefinably lively or brisk flavour which all who possess accuracy of taste can discover in the French wines, or in national wines. Brandy is not added to wines in France or Germany; the finer wines, claret burgundy, and hock, are totally destroyed by it; but the practice is universal in the wines of Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, which are intended for the English market. They are at first rough and strong, but kept long enough in the cask they at length ameliorate; their elements combine intimately, and their aroma is developed.

CORRUPTING UNUSUAL WORDS.—It is Dugald Stewart, who remarks, if I remember, in his dissertation, "That ideas are often conveyed to the mind through the senses by very meagre and mutilated signs." Thus a person who reads rapidly does not, most probably, see more than a very small proportion of the letters, or even of the words, whose meaning at a glance he apprehends; this is proved by the pains required to be taken to analyse the orthography of any new or unusual term when it occurs. A steam-boat on Loch Lomond bore the classic name of *Euphrosque*, which the Highlanders regularly corrupted into the Hugh Fraser. A very pious puritan, who kept an inn in Holborn in Cromwell's time, put as a motto to his sign, "God encompasseth us." In the course of years, the sign became obliterated; and when it came to be renewed, from the treacherous recollections of those amongst whom its designation was remembered, it was entitled "The Goat and Compasses," a blazonry being given to suit the motto. In Fife-shire, there is a farm, which, from standing on the limits of the celebrated ground of the boar hunt, near St. Andrew's, received the Latin appellation of *Aqui Curus*. This, in process of time, was first corrupted into Upper Curus; and then, to find a counterpart to its new name, the next farm lower down the valley was called Nether Curus. A beautiful villa, near Loch Lomond, was named by its travelled possessor, *Belle Retiro*. The country people called it "Bullrutter." Perhaps the most thorough transmutation of a Roman expression of any we possess,

if the classic antiquary be correct, is that of *Hilaritter Celeritter* into our Scotch helter skelter. A celebrated philosopher once received a note from his Italian valet, addressed "Somfriday." It may be necessary to explain, that it was meant for Sir Humphrey Davy.—*Dundee Constitutional.*

THE ALBANES.—Pidavro is now a small fishing village, hemmed in by rocky precipices and so out of the way of intercourse and resort with other places, that it was not to be supposed, that the hope of plunder could bring any straggling party to so poor and sequestered a spot—but no place was exempt from their visits. Just as their boat had reached the shore, a party of Albanese marauders had appeared near the village. A crowd of terrified women and children rushed to the beach, and entreated "with more than Irish volubility," to be taken on board a little bark, which could only contain the passengers who had come in, and already filled her. The men who rushed down with the women, were generally armed; but instead of retaining their arms for defence of themselves and property, such was the effect of debasing terror, from constant suffering and alarm, that they threw their yatigans, muskets and pistols into the boat, and no entreaties of the English would induce them to resume them, and defend themselves.—The Albanese soon appeared: they were, as I conjectured, a straggling party, without pay, or without leader, and subsisting entirely by plunder.—A more squalid ferocious, ruffian-looking set of men I never beheld. They were filthy in the extreme,—their dress was torn and ragged, and their countenances denoted long-endured famine and hardships. They all carried two enormous pistols and a yatigan in their belts, and a long gun over their shoulders. They saw at once that they had no resistance to encounter, so set about their errand vigorously, seizing everything in the way of food or ammunition they could lay their hands on.—The people subdued to the cowardice of silent indignation, stood quietly by, watching the seizure of their stores, without venturing even a remonstrance. I was equally disgusted with the dastardly endurance of the one party, and the brutal oppression of the other.—The brigands, after rifling every house except the one in which we had established ourselves, began to feast upon their spoils. They were soon intoxicated, and their brutality then became unbridled. Their conduct was that of utter barbarians."

Travels in Greece, &c.



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Illustrated Article.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

"Go to your own people, and let those who talk so largely of charity, bestow it on you," was the harsh reply of Nathaniel De Costa, a rich Portuguese Jew, to a poor suppliant who solicited alms.

"Nay, my father," said a gentle voice, "speak not so unkindly; the poor man looks sadly, and I am sure you can spare him a trifle."

"Spare!" rejoined the first speaker, with a scornful laugh, and in a tone which betrayed that the allusion had touched his pride, "it will be fortunate for him if he will find those who will, as well as can, spare him more."

"Then I must turn beggar, and Rachel does not often ask in vain," was the reply; and Maurice Dalton heard his own words repeated so persuasively, that his hopes of relief, which had been damped by the rough repulse he had met, revived, and he drew nearer to the window by which the merchant and his daughter were standing.

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"Peace, Rachel," said the former more sternly, "you do not know these Christians as well as I do; I hate them, and I would sooner see my riches perish in the flames, than that one of their vile race should profit by them." The answer was made in so low a voice, that it was inaudible without; but it seemed to have been an inquiry into the causes of the feeling which had been expressed, for he replied, as if strongly excited, "Why do I hate them?—Does a day pass in which I do not, even in these streets, hear some one of our people made the subject of their jests and mockery? When the miser or the usurer is to be held up to the ridicule and scorn of those who assemble in their theatres, what is he but a Jew? Yes, Rachel, it is now forty years ago, that I heard those walls resound with the laugh which such an exhibition excited, and my blood boiled with indignation; I was not then what I am now, what I never might have been but for the feeling which then took possession of my mind. "I am without friends and in a land of strangers," I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul, and shall I seek them among such as these?"

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Will those who despise and scoff at a nation, fallen for a season from its high pre-eminence, stretch out the hand to raise an individual belonging to it, who is bowed down by the weight of misfortunes? No, but if human exertion can avail, the day will yet come when, by the power of that wealth which they affect to disregard, but which their practice proves they love as well as we do, I shall revenge the insults which now cut me to the heart.' That time has arrived, Rachel; smiles, courtesy, and servile civility await me now, and I glory in them, not because I believe them to be sincere, but because they are an extorted tribute—an acknowledgment that they would gladly share with me that which I triumph in denying."

"May both be forgiven, for we have sinned one against the other," said Maurice, turning hopelessly from the window, as it was shut hastily down, and reflecting that he was not himself wholly guiltless of the charge which had been brought against those to whose faith he belonged. At that moment the door opened, and a female beckoned him to approach; it was the merchant's daughter,

who put into his hand a folded paper, saying quickly, "Take this, lose no time in delivering it, and may you meet with the success I sincerely wish you." The door was instantly closed, and Maurice hastened with fresh hopes to obey the command.

Theodore Stanley, to whom the note was directed, was the son of a banker, residing in — street; he received and read it with evident agitation, and having written a few lines in answer, gave them to Maurice, saying, "You will take this to Miss De Costa, and leave your own address with me. I will call upon you in a few days, and perhaps," he added, placing some money in his hand, "you will not require more than this until that time."

With a full and grateful heart Maurice hurried back to deliver the note to Rachel and to inform her of the successful result of her kind mediation; but the distance was considerable, and before he reached her house it was closed for the night. The conversation he had overheard, and the manner in which the act of benevolence was done, convinced him that it was a secret one, and the fear of

her incurring anger on his account deterred him from requesting to see her, and after some consideration he determined upon waiting until the morrow for a more favourable opportunity. He had, perhaps, lingered longer, but there was one who was looking for his return in hopeless anxiety, one who was still unconscious of the ray of hope and comfort which had crossed the gloomy path they were treading mournfully together; reproaching himself for having forgotten her who had seldom been so long absent from his thoughts, he hurried homewards, and soon re-entered the abode of poverty, with feelings far happier than those with which he had left it.

The arrows of misfortune had pierced deeply the heart of Eliza Dalton. With him to whom she had been united ere it was known to her but by name, she had seen all but one earthly comfort wither at its touch,—mutual affection still clung like the ivy round the blighted tree, and clothed its branches with unchanging verdure, but a worm was at the root, and its fond but feeble efforts availed not for its support. Wasted by privations and suffering, Eliza was now stretched on a bed of sickness over which Death hovered in expectation of his prey. When she first perceived the near approach of the ghastly visitant, her heart sank for his sake from whom its cold hand was stretched out to separate her; but she had now become familiarised to his presence, and regarded him as a deliverer from pain and misery. Often, when she had seen her partner in wretchedness depart to seek, and perhaps in vain, their scanty and precarious subsistence, the sad and solitary hours which succeeded were cheered by anticipations of that happier one, when they would meet in joy to part no more in sorrow. She received him, as usual, with a languid smile, but did not observe the altered expression of his countenance, for her eyes had not been raised to his, lest they should read there the language of disappointment, and betray the pang it caused; the scene which followed will be better imagined than described, at least by those who share the employments of ministering angels, and are the happy, thrice happy almoners of heaven's bounty to the sorrowing and distressed.

On the following day, Maurice, still anxious to avoid awakening the merchant's suspicions, waited until it was sufficiently dark to screen him from observation, and then took his station immediately opposite his house, in the hope that the coolness of the evening, which

had been preceded by an unusually sultry day, would induce his daughter to quit it, and he should thus have an opportunity of speaking to her; but he waited in vain. At length the lower windows became darkened; lights passed rapidly to and fro in the upper chambers, and Maurice feared that the family were retiring to rest; but, unwilling to give up his design, he continued at his post until they were wholly extinguished; his thoughts were so entirely engaged in endeavouring to contrive some more certain method of accomplishing his purpose, that he did not observe, until a sense of suffocation and a strong smell of burning roused him from his meditations, that a dense smoke was slowly issuing from the area of the merchant's house. He instantly gave an alarm, but in a few moments the flames burst furiously forth, and all was confusion, terror, and dismay. Heedless of himself, of every thing but his benefactress, Maurice, who with the help of the firemen had forced the door, darted up the staircase, while the anxious bystanders were endeavouring to prevail upon the affrighted and screaming inmates to descend a ladder which had been brought to their assistance. They succeeded with all but Rachel and her father; the latter had not been seen by any, and the former had disappeared from the window, the moment the ladder was placed to it. A plentiful supply of water had been procured, but nothing seemed to check the violence of the raging element, and it was evident that no further aid could be afforded; the crowd stood by awed into silence, and deeply impressed by the dreadful fate of those whom it was doubted not had perished in the flames. At this moment a simultaneous shout of mingled joy, astonishment, and approbation burst from them, as Maurice appeared, bearing in his arm the fainting Rachel, and grasping firmly that of De Costa, who was struggling to get free. "Keep this madman from going back into destruction," he exclaimed, as he felt himself unable to retain his hold; but the words had scarcely passed his lip, ere his infatuated prisoner had escaped, and rushed back into the house, and ere the cry of horror that followed had died away, he was buried beneath its burning ruins.

As soon as he had resigned his unhappy charge into the hands of her friends, Maurice hastened home to remove the fears of his wife, who he knew must have felt alarmed at his lengthened absence. His mind was full of the dreadful scene which he had witnessed. Rachel's voice

entreating her father to endeavour to escape with her from the window, had guided him to the apartment where they were; and he had found the latter replying to them by urging her to assist him in removing his idolised treasures, though he knew that her life must be risked in making the attempt, and pity for his fearful doom was lost in abhorrence of his covetousness; the words which accompanied his refusal to bestow on him the smallest portion of that wealth which he had hoarded and worshipped to his ruin came into his mind, and he acknowledged His retributive justice, who had denied him that which he had chosen, while conscience told him they were not guiltless whose prejudices, and heartless unthinking levity, had checked the growth of charity in his heart, passed like a blight over its opening blossoms, and left within the soil, thus rendered sterile, the noxious, overspreading weeds of selfishness, inhumanity, and avarice.

Adversity is the test of affection, or rather the ordeal from which that only which is pure and unalloyed comes forth uninjured; and such was that of Theodore Stanley, between whom and Rachel there had long existed a sincere and deeply rooted attachment, but which the difference in their creeds have rendered a source of unhappiness to themselves, and of uneasiness and disapprobation to their respective parents. From the time of its commencement, to that in which they had last met, he had endeavoured to persuade her to embrace Christianity.

"No, Theodore," was her reply, "the faith of my fathers I forsake not at the bidding of earthly affection. I do not hesitate to confess that could it ever prevail it would be now, and the wishes you express are those in which my own heart but too warmly participates, and to accomplish them the world has not that I would not willingly resign; but I may not, I dare not, purchase them at the price you propose. The religion you profess, you love, and I do not blame you for seeking to influence me to adopt a faith which you believe to be the true one; but even were it so, what would it avail me if it became mine not for its own sake but for yours? No," she continued, placing her hand in his, and averting her eyes, which were suffused with tears, "let us meet no more, or rather not until the feeling which induces you to try to alter my fixed determination has passed away."

"Then Rachel," rejoined Theodore, passionately, "we part for ever."

"Perhaps not; at least I ought to hope so," she replied; but the mournful tone

in which she spoke, and her ill-suppressed agitation, betrayed that the change was contemplated with little pleasure. Closely as their hearts were united, the pang of separation was deeply painful, but both felt its necessity, although Rachel alone had courage either to propose or persist in it. From that hour they never met until she had become an homeless orphan, and Theodore then hastened to offer the consolation and assistance her melancholy situation required. The prejudices of his family against the young Jewess had been overruled by compassion for her misfortunes, and they had commissioned Theodore to offer her an asylum with them for the present; but Rachel saw in his expressive countenance, and felt by the quick pulsation of her aching heart, that the time had not yet arrived when their intercourse could be renewed, without increasing the unhappiness of both, and becoming again the melancholy interchange of fruitless wishes and unavailing regrets. Rachel's sorrows had not yet made her forgetful of his by whose instrumentality she had been preserved, and she expressed an anxious wish to discover the place of his abode; and Theodore, glad of an opportunity of diverting her thoughts into another channel, and whose promised visit had been already paid, described so feelingly the poverty and wretchedness he had witnessed, that Rachel listened until her own was forgotten, and placed her purse in his hand without reflecting that she had, perhaps, like the widow of old, "cast in unto the offering of God, (for His is the cause of charity) all that she had, even all her living." A transient flush crossed his wan countenance, as Theodore's refusal to accept the gift recalled to her recollection the change which had taken place in her circumstances, although he accounted for it by saying that he had supplied them with sufficient for their present wants, and that he trusted future assistance will be unnecessary, having obtained for Maurice, who had been educated in a superior manner, a situation as a clerk in his father's establishment. But though the property De Costa had amassed he loved and valued too well to entrust to any but himself, and consequently it was lost with him, yet he had ensured to so large an amount that his daughter, although left in comparative poverty, was not entirely destitute.

When the poignancy of Rachel's grief had in some degree subsided, she became an inmate in the house of a distant relative of her mother's, and a constant visitor to the sick chamber of the suffering

Eliza, whose gentle spirit still lingered, as if in pity to her sorrowing companion: when one morning she received a note from Maurice, informing her that a change had taken place during the night, which made it evident that his wife's death was rapidly approaching, and that she had expressed an anxious desire to see her. The summons was instantly obeyed: she entered the chamber with that feeling of awe which the mind cannot easily divest itself of when called to witness the conflict of the departing soul with its last enemy. Rachel, too, was not a Christian, and therefore knew not that he had been despoiled of his sting, and that the grave had lost its victory: to her there remained the "veil untaken away," which hid from her view the glorious rising of the Sun of Righteousness, whose cheerful rays pierce through the gloom even of "the valley of the shadow of death." As she was slowly and softly approaching the bed, the sound of prayer arrested her noiseless step, and she perceived, through the half open curtains, that a minister of religion was administering to the dying its last solemn and consolatory rite: she knelt down unobserved, and joined with heartfelt fervour in the prayer which commended the departing spirit into the hands of its Creator; but the name in which theirs was offered, was one in which she did not trust, and she mentally substituted his whom she termed "the deliverer," who should "come out of Sion" and "turn away ungodliness from Jacob," unconscious that she had pleaded the same, and that the salvation which the Israelite beheld afar off, the Christian had embraced, and was departing in peace.

As soon as the impressive service was concluded, Rachel drew back the curtain which had concealed her, and Eliza, with a look of joyful recognition, held out her feeble and emaciated hand, as if to express the welcome she was too much exhausted to speak: at length she said, "I am dying, my dear madam, but now that I have seen you I have but one earthly wish remaining."

"Tell me what it is," replied Rachel deeply affected, "and I solemnly promise that, if it rests with me, it shall be done."

"Then I die happy," she exclaimed, placing Rachel's hand, which she still held in hers, upon a Bible which was lying by her, "for there is in this sacred book that which can repay even our debt of gratitude to you: keep and read it, my dear Miss de Costa, for my sake, and when it becomes to you what it has been to me, your promise and my last dearest wish will be fulfilled." It appeared as if

by a strong effort she had kept off the sleep of Death until her design was completed; it was already weighing down her wearied eyelids—in a few moments they were closed, and she had sunk peacefully to rest.

Rachel returned from the house of mourning regretting, but resolved to perform the promise she had given. Eliza's death had tended much to weaken her early prejudices against a religion which she had seen could support the soul in its most trying hour, give that peace which she knew by experience the world had not to bestow, and hopes which shone brightly when those of earth had set in darkness for ever. Still the task was one which she began with reluctance, and for some time made little progress in. Although Rachel was never disposed to doubt for a moment the wisdom or justice of the Almighty's dispensations, the fallen and abject state of those whom she had been taught to consider as the objects of his especial love and favour had from early life been a subject of astonishment and anxious enquiry, for it had been brought home to her feelings, by seeing her father annoyed and mortified by the insults which are the disgrace of those who profess to be followers of Him who came in mercy "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" but as she perused the records of the blameless life and ignominious death of him who was "born King of the Jews," and reflected with abhorrence upon the savage cruelty and inhuman mockery of those who witnessed and derided his last agonies, conviction flashed upon her mind that the difficulty was solved, and that his innocent blood, in answer to their impious imprecation, had been required of them and of their children. With a disturbed and unsettled mind she turned to the prophetic writings, in which she had been accustomed to trace, with the deepest interest, the character and circumstances of the expected Messiah: hitherto she had not understood and paid little attention to those passages which foretold that he should be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,"—"brought as a lamb to the slaughter"—"numbered with the transgressors,"—and for their sakes—"cut off out of the land of the living;" but now that she followed from the cradle to the grave—from Bethlehem to Calvary, Him in whom those predictions were literally fulfilled, with Agrippa she was almost persuaded "to be a Christian." "And yet," she exclaimed, as passages with which she was more conversant crossed

her mind, "is he not spoken of as possessing a kingdom, greatness, and power? What am I to believe?" Wavering and perplexed, her eye glanced over the pages of the Sacred Volume, as she turned them hastily over, until it was attracted by one which Maurice, who had been reading to his wife, had folded down as he closed the book at the entrance of the minister. Preparatory to the solemn service in which they were about to be engaged, he had selected that part which related to the events which immediately preceded the Redeemer's death; and the words, "My kingdom is not of this world," were the first which Rachel's eye rested upon:—another difficulty was overcome, and her almost sceptical question was not repeated.

Day after day found Rachel diligent in the perusal of that Holy Book which was to decide a controversy upon which her dearest and eternal interests depended; and each day the mists which had arisen with the dawn of clearer and brighter hopes than she had yet known, gradually dispersed, until at length "the day-spring from on high" shone upon her in its full splendour, and guided her "feet into the way of peace."

The faith which she had loved and revered was not renounced without a struggle; in abandoning it she was to become an alien from the beloved companions of her prosperous days, and of those who had not forsaken her in the more trying season of adversity; but, like her forefather Abraham, she left, at the call of God, her home and kindred without a murmur; and, like him, she did not, even upon earth, lose her reward. In an hour of trial, she too had not withheld that which was dearest to her, and had laid upon the altar the gift of her heart's best affection; but mercy forbade the sacrifice, and restored to her the faithful companion of her earthly pilgrimage,—him whom she had once unhesitatingly resigned.

Lady's Mag.

GATHERINGS OF MY STORES.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR—If I can add my mite to your general fund of a "mixed Olio," I shall be very happy in receiving insertion, for I think my communication, though of a desultory class, will not possess the fault of tiring your many readers, since I have culled from explicit sources:—

Courtly Courtesy.

When Queen Elizabeth went once

in procession from Temple Bar along Fleet-street; the lawyers were ranged on one side, and the citizens on the other. Lord Bacon, then a student, made this observation to a student that stood next to him. "Do but observe the courtiers—if they bow first to the citizens, they are in *debt*—if to the lawyers, they are in *law*."

A Bishop's Non-resignation.

It is held that a bishop may, if he pleases resign at any time; yet, we do not know an instance in which this valuable privilege has been exerted.

Matrimonial Election.

"Mr. Reynolds aged 62
to Miss Longbett aged 17

Majority on first day's poll 43

Gluttony

Some years since, the Duke of Queensberry made a bet of a thousand guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any one Sir John Lade could find; the bet being accepted, the time was appointed; but his grace not being able to attend the exhibition, he wrote to his agent to know what success, and accordingly received the following note:—

"My lord,—I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and apple-pie."

An Useful Member of Society.

Remicinus de Feschamp built the monasteries of Stow and Bardney, an hospital for lepers at Lincoln, and was the cause of his royal patron, William the Conqueror, building Battle Abbey in England and that of Caen in Normandy. He was exceedingly religious, received the sacrament every Sunday; and for three months in the year fed daily one thousand poor persons, and clothed those who were blind or lame.

St. Hugh's Inscription.

It is translated from Latin thus:—

Gold should have covered these ashes, not marble,
Had there been no fear of a second sacrifice:
We may lament, what were enshrined in silver,
Are now only enclosed in marble.
Best suited to a degenerate age.
This is an humble memorial of the pious Hugh,
He who erected this tomb, also built his own.

A Compliment.

The Bishop of London, when lord keeper to James, in one of his speeches to the house in vindication of the king's imprisoning the popish recusants, said, "That as the sun appeared no larger than a platter, and the stars like nails in the pommel of a saddle, by reason of the

distance of those objects from the eye; so was there the same immeasurable disproportion between the deep designs of a great prince, and the shallow comprehensions of an ordinary people.'

Lincoln Heath.

Upon this plain, on the north side of Lincoln, was fought the famous battle between the friends of the Empress Maud and Stephen, in which the latter was defeated and taken prisoner. Before this prince, no crowned head ever entered Lincoln, on account of this old prophetic saying:—

The first crown'd prince that enters Lincoln walls,
His reign proves stormy, and his glory falls.

But Stephen, in defiance of these words, entered Lincoln with his crown on; after which his reign, agreeable to the tenor of the prophesy, proved a scene of mere confusion and disorder. Upon Lincoln Heath were fought several sanguinary battles between the forces of Cromwell and the royal army.

Inscription on a Sessions' House. 1620.

TRANSLATION.

This court does right, loves peace, preserves the laws,
Detects the wrong, rewards the righteous cause.

Origin of Pope's Raps of the Lock.

Nolueram, Bellada, tuos, &c.

It appears by this motto, that the poem was written, or published, at the lady's request. But there are some circumstances not unworthy relating, as they are not generally known. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Q. Mary, whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies), originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two cantos only, and it was so printed; first in Lintots' Miscellany, anonymously. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the Sylphs, and extended to five cantos; proving the accuracy of the first couplet in the poem:—

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing.

A Simile.

On a gentleman telling a friend that General C— was again defeated, the reply was, "He is like a drum; we never hear of him but when he is beaten."

A Miser's Fare.

A miser, lately deceased in Paris, seems to have pushed the art of self-mortification a point beyond Elwes himself. Till a recent period, he had an old woman to attend on him, but he dismissed her and procured a shoe-black to attend him. Every Monday morning this new servant waited on his master and laid into his garret the provisions of the week, which were never varied; they consisted of three half pints of wine, four pounds of bread, and three pennyworth of cheese. He had a considerable library, and appears never to have quitted his apartment for several years; in it were found 4,000 louis d'ors in gold, great sums in silver, plate, &c. This property goes to an only unmarried daughter, but to whom he never gave the smallest portion. PHILLO-OLIO.

THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATION. FOR THE OLIO.

ONE government has risen by prosperity, another has fallen in adversity. Ambition has enabled one man to take possession of a throne; it has driven another from its glaring eminence, and subjected him to exile and oblivion. The fluctuations of empires, the circumstances which transpire in connection with them and with their causes, effects, and consequences, present a strikingly magnificent picture, which, if viewed by unprejudiced reflection, while it surprises must inform, and while it improves must be remembered. The great use of the past is to assist from the present to the future. To look back for examples of experience is not enough. There is a gift of retention. Hence oral tradition, the real ancestry of history; the hallowed preservation of books. The poorest of men and the most destitute of widows, who have not known the advantages of learning, or the disadvantages of ignorance, will sacrifice to a degree their little all to give their offspring an easier journey through life. How pleasantly the thought operates in those who live to become substantial blessings to their parents! who smoothen the rugged advances of years by affection and knowledge; and who are the unwearied attendants upon aged infirmity. It would not be difficult to prove the reverse, especially among court ingrates

but the inference is not so applicable, to education as passion. Its indulgence at public schools produces its evil concomitant, pride; the conjunction of which causes incalculable mischief in the possessor. To this the heart-broken parent can but too experimentally bear witness! Indulgence, like fire, is good in its place, and its operative qualities are salutary in forming, distinguishing and completing the fabric of man; but when unrestrained, and suffered to mix with inordinate desire, to the loss of wealth, affection and duty, he who grants it with so munificent but injudicious a hand, is a carcass for the eagle and a prey for the lion. Subordination in a family is as requisite as it is in a state; but the moment its greatest enemies, tyranny and oppression, invade its peaceful sunshine, justice retreats, and happiness is wrapped in a mantle of sorrow. The common proverb, which graces a school-boy's spelling-book or psalter, that 'learning is better than house or land,' is replete with truth, and encouraging to the illiterate. Pecuniary endowment is spent in a few midnight revelries, when fortune is capricious, folly crowned and the temple of reason polluted. But a mind that is enriched with the pure constellations of truth-telling books is permanently enlightened, giving lustre to those who are in the circle of its intellectual brightness. 'I have the good fortune to read *Greek*,' said a menial to his arrogant master, meaning that when his services should be dispensed with, he could obtain a more creditable employment. Thousands of persons who have been reduced, have reason to thank their thoughtful benefactors for the timely care gratuitously given and the mature experience generously communicated.

J. R. P.

STANZAS.

My life is like an azure beam
That evening sheds upon the stream,
It awes us with majestic ray
Just as we bid farewell to day,
Like hope deferred through care and strife
Smiles on the closing scenes of life,
Like thee I've roamed, through loveliest bowers
And gathered nature's sweetest flowers,
But every flower this breast adorns
Still leaves behind ten thousand thorns.
By short degrees will life decay,
As shades proclaim departing day,
And those that weep to-day with sorrow,
Perchance may smile again to-morrow,
And every grief the heart has wrung
Will leave some secret chord unstrung.
A smile may oftimes lighten woe,
As suns oft gild December's snow,
Which, though they glitter on the ground,
Will cast no cheering warmth around,
Oh! should'st thou watch when day is done
Upon the wave, the setting sun,
Remember, that life's feverish dream
Glews like that light upon the stream.

HENRIETTA ———.

COURTS OF JUDICATURE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FOR THE OLIO.

WHEN at Philadelphia, I felt a curiosity, not only to see the courts of law, but to behold the administration of justice. I was directed to the court-house, and ascending the staircase, was introduced to a large room, where a number of persons were collected together. I could not conceive this to be a law court; in vain I looked for wigs and gowns, sergeants and king's counsel; it presented a complete group of individuals, without any apparent distinction between the judge or barristers. There were a number of chairs, upon which were seated men of the most vulgar appearance I ever saw; and the judge was not elevated a foot above the barristers. But what astonished me most was the careless manner of both judge and pleaders; independence seemed not only to be felt by all, but to evidence itself in what I should call positive indifference. The judge would now and then indulge in a pun of humour, in which the court would take a part.

To a stranger, all seemed confusion; the continual moving of the chairs, the unremitting conversation of the barristers, and persons going in and out, presented a scene which strongly contrasted with the gravity evidenced in Westminster Hall.

Complaint is made in England of the fulness of the legal profession; but there it is to overflowing, and, instead of having to seek for counsellors, you are sought by them. Although they have adopted, generally, the statute law of England, they seem to deal much in the *lex non scripta*, or, in other words, he that speaks best seems to gain the cause.

I was present at a criminal trial. A coloured female was charged with having in her possession goods of which she could not give a satisfactory account. In the course of the trial it came out that she had received them from her paramour, who was servant to the prosecutor, a respectable merchant. The case was clearly proved. The prisoner, on being called upon for her defence, arose with all the *sang froid* imaginable, and attempted to defend herself in the following manner.

"Now, Massa Judge, you think I be guilty, but *me* will see who *be* guilty. Massa Jones knows (*smiling*) that he gave me them—and he knows for what. Now, recollect, Massa, I shall tell."

"Tell what!" cried the prosecutor, looking with great earnestness towards the judge.

"Ah, you know, Massa, well for what ! Well, if me must say me will . . . I am innocent."

For a moment the court was struck with astonishment, which seemed to give pleasure to the prisoner : her black eyes glistened, and her sable face beamed with seeming satisfaction. On the court recovering from its surprise, it was one scene of laughter, as the prosecutor was well known and highly esteemed. The judge thus addressed the prisoner :—

"You are not content with depriving another of his property, but you wish to fix a stain on his moral character. In this you have failed, and as you are known here, the sentence is, two years' imprisonment in the States' jail."

Complaints are made respecting the rapid administration of justice in some of our criminal courts, but there it seems the perfection of juridical ability, both among lawyers and barristers, that what they do, to do quickly.

E. B.

OLD EXETER CHANGE AND NEW ZOOLOGICALS.

Those of our readers that lionised the metropolis years ago, well remember the difficulties of access and nauseates of endurance ere their country cousins were treated with the marvels and curiosities offered to their notice. From 'Poets' Corner' to the 'Tower'—from the 'Museum' to the 'whispering Gallery'—from 'Chelsea Hospital' to the old 'Custom House';—the 'Bank' to St. Luke's, some key of particular wards was more than commonly necessary for a comfortable passport—but, though a silver one obtained an entree to 'Exeter Change'—what a den was it ! Elephant, lions, constrictors, hyenas and apes, were cheek by jowl :—they roared and shewed their teeth at each other as they sidled against the bars and growled at the visitors, fearing they should run away with a bullock's head, or heel of an ox. The beefeaters paraded in their bloodred costume at the feet of gloomy and sawdusted stairs, and unrolled their long narrow bills of fare before the well-dressed persons, looking up at the large painted beasts on the canvas which faced the Strand Church, and intimated a desire to see the animals feed ! Sometimes, indeed, there was a slip of marvellous verses accompanying the 'analysis,' which set off, by unusual efforts of persuasive politeness, the gratification to be derived by an ascent into the presence of the caged inhabitants ; once into whose presence—the heart tumbled, the eye

dilated, the ear shuddered, and the nasal sense reverted.—So much to see this ; and so much to see that :—once in, who would not see, hear and understand all ! But, we know of none of the visitors who felt pleasure :—pity and pain often filled their breasts on reflecting that the noblest, strongest and most beautiful of creatures were shut in such prisons, when their nature required room, liberty, and freedom of action.—This spot was a kind of annual *Bartlemy*, a tautology of living, moving, and having being.—An environ fair, now and then, gave the animals a round of a few miles in painted and cumbersome vehicles, but with little light, and less hope of air or release ; a few groups of new faces gazed at them, so much per head, and the wonders of the created universe were driven home to their homeless-homes, and the slave trade traffic carried on with wild beasts in the heart of business, without a 'Petition', while biped man exulting over the quadruped, webfooted and creeping race, cried aloud against black men and white men till the clamour reached the walls of St. Stephen's, and met with Wilberforces and advocates eloquent and successful. These special pleadings have brought the negro subject almost to an issue in the parts of the world from which wild beasts are taken—thanks, also, to those who love 'bear gardens' without exhibitions of fighting and cruelty—something like humanity towards the birds, beasts and fishes of other climes, and convenience to the public, may be found at the Gardens of the Regent's Park and Walworth. Though comparatively imprisoned in these places, diet, cleanliness, and nature are very properly consulted by their superiors, and many will live to health and long life, that in their native element and aboriginal state might otherwise have fallen into the doctrine of chances against their existence, and been an early prey to stronger power. But what is the object of keeping these pairs like their progenitors in Noah's ark ? Are they supported at a vast expense, merely to gratify human curiosity and secure good interest to those who have formed the body and bear the pressure ? We should think not ; for, not to say the gratification, health, cheerfulness and other social feelings connected with visits and visitors, we premise two principal things. First, the instruction derivable from their "Natural History" to the rising generation as correctives to their ideas and "Nursery Reading ;" and to adults, also, in their acquisition of obtaining man's knowledge in connection with their studies. Secondly, the fine

specimens of plants cultivated, their state of perfection, their variety offered to the eye, the smell and the mind. Here the artist and the amateur, the philosopher and the chemist, may equally find some object to delight in, some simple specimen for analysis. In fine, any person may read more lessons of truth in these Gardens, concerning animals in particular, than in the perusal of many books on the subject; and we need only draw the comparison from the commencing remarks of this paper, to satisfy our readers the difference between visiting such places *now*, and that of a few years past.

LAW, FATHER, HOW YOU TALK!

A DOMESTIC TALE.

For the Ollio.

'Mary, you thfool!'—'Well, father, well!'

'Have me not often cried,
Two hundred pounds for him that comes
To take thee for his bride?'

'Law, father, how you talk!—the town
Will laugh to hear you cry:
I'm not a hot-bed that can force
A youth to come and buy.'

'Who throws de pebbles at de door?

Who stars de panes of glass?'

'Law, father, how you talk!—Not I.'

'Nor yet de mobs dat pass.

'Your mother at de Flying Horse,
I courted, and I wedded:
Death on the Pale Horse took her off
And she was gravely bedded.

'De Flying Horse consumed her bier
Her spirit and her smoke;
Brought to de bar,—a widowed wife,
Me for my second, broke.

'Mary, you thfool! take my advice—

Stay in, be coy and still.'

'I do stay in as tight as lace
Can keep me in my will.

'I cannot make a young man marry.'

'You thfool! you does not try:

Gild him and put him in a frame,
And hang him hymen high.'

'Law, father, how you talk!—Your tongue
Is pickled to de root;

Two hundred pounds is sovereign weight;
Love's tree with golden fruit.

'None of his secret tappings here,

And nibbling likes yone mouse;

If he wants *billing*, let him go

To *Billing's* public-house.'

'Law, father, how you talk!—Dat Mobbs

Against mine blood rebels;

Hark! 'tis his diamond touch—*I nose*

Yon pair of spectacles.'

Northampton.

J.

* Mobbs, a painter and glazier, and Mary's
sire a gilder and optician, I presume.—Printer's
D—l.

THE SMALL WHIP-SNAKE.

As the wind was veering about rather capriciously, I was casting my eye anxiously along the warp, to see how it bore

the strain, when to my surprise it appeared to my eye to thicken at the end next the tree, and presently something like a screw, about a foot long, that occasionally shone like glass in the moonlight, began to move along the taught line, with a spiral motion. All this time one of the boys was fast asleep, resting on his folded arms on the gunwale, his head having dropped down on the stem of the boat. But one of the Spanish boatmen in the canoe that was anchored close to us, seeing me gazing at something, had cast his eyes in the same direction—the instant he caught the object, he thumped with his palms on the side of the canoe, exclaiming, in a loud alarmed tone, "*culebra—culebra*," "a snake, a snake,"—on which the reptile made a sudden and rapid slide down the line towards the bow of the boat where the poor lad was resting his head, and immediately afterwards dropped into the sea.

The sailor rose and walked aft, as if nothing had happened, amongst his mess-mates, who had been alarmed by the cries of the Spanish canoe-man, and I was thinking little of the matter, when I heard some anxious whispering amongst them.

"Fred," said one of the men, "what is wrong, that you breathe so hard?"

"Why, boy, what ails you?" said another?"

"Something has stung me," at length said the poor little fellow, speaking thick, as if he had laboured under sore throat. The truth flashed on me, a candle was lit, and, on looking at him, he appeared stunned, complained of cold, and suddenly assumed a wild startled look.

He evinced great anxiety and restlessness, accompanied by a sudden and severe prostration of strength—still continuing to complain of great and increasing cold and chilliness, but he did not shiver. As yet no part of his body was swollen, except very slightly about the wound; however, there was a rapidly increasing rigidity of the muscles of the neck and throat, and within half an hour after he was bit, he was utterly unable to swallow even liquids. The small whip-snake, the most deadly asp in the whole list of noxious reptiles peculiar to South America, was not above 14 inches long; it had made four small punctures with its fangs, right over the left jugular vein, about an inch below the chin. There was no blood oozing from them, but a circle about the size of a crown-piece of dark red surrounded them, which gradually melted into blue at the outer rim, which again became fainter, until it disappeared in the natural colour of the

skin. By the advice of the Spanish boatman, we applied an embrocation of the leaves of the *palma Christi*, or castor oil nut, as hot as the lad could bear it, but we had neither oil nor hot milk to give internally, both of which they informed us often proved specifics. Rather than lie at anchor, until morning, under these melancholy circumstances, I shoved out into the rough water, but we made little of it, and when the day broke, I saw that the poor fellow's fate was sealed. His voice had become inarticulate, the coldness had increased, all motion in the extremities had ceased, the legs and arms became quite stiff, the respiration slow and difficult, as if the blood had coagulated, and could no longer circulate through the heart; or as if, from some unaccountable effect of the poison on the nerves, the action of the former had been impeded;—still the poor little fellow was perfectly sensible, and his eye bright, and restless. His breathing became still more interrupted. He could no longer be said to breathe, but gasped—and in half an hour, like a steam-engine, when the fire is withdrawn, the strokes or contractions and expansions of his heart became slower and slower, until they ceased altogether.

From the very moment of his death, the body began rapidly to swell and become discoloured; the face and neck, especially, were nearly as black as ink, within half an hour of it, when blood began to flow from the mouth, and other symptoms of rapid decomposition succeeded each other so fast, that by nine in the morning we had to sew him up in a boat sail with a large stone, and launch the body into the sea.—*Tom Cringle's Log. Black Mag.*

ON GARDEN BURIAL.*

Such was the attachment of many to their gardens, and to the rural scenery of nature, that they have expressed a wish to be buried there. Mr. Evelyn expressed the same wish, but was prevailed on to alter it. Sir W. Temple's heart is enclosed in a silver box, and buried under a sun-dial in his favorite garden. The late Lord Camelford was so charmed when travelling through Switzerland, with a rural spot there, that he gave orders in his will, to be buried under a tuft of trees which he had marked in that romantic country; and a few years afterwards, when he was shot in a duel, near Kensington, his body was accordingly conveyed there. No wonder he was struck

with the scenery of that country, when Hirschfield observes, that "almost all the gardens are theatres of beauty, without vain ornaments or artificial decorations."

That munificent patron of literature, that worthy and benevolent man, Thomas Hollis, Esq. (Milton's great admirer, and of whom Dr. Franklin observed, that "he loved to do good alone, and by stealth,") ordered his body to be buried in one of his fields at Corsham, in Dorsetshire, and the field to be ploughed over immediately after his interment.†

In 1804, the following account is given of his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Gotha:—"He forbade, in his will, all ceremony at his burial, except such as is usual for his lowest subjects. He desired to be buried in his English garden, at the feet of the coffins containing the bodies of two of his already deceased children. No speech or sermon to be pronounced, nor monument to be erected over him; but he desires his second son, Prince Frederick, to place a tree upon his grave. To this Prince he bequeaths his English garden, which is to be open, as formerly, to all visitors. The simple burial ceremony of this sovereign, took place on the night of the 25th, according to the wish expressed in his will. The reigning Duchess with the child on her arm, had strewed flowers round the grave. The midnight hour struck, when the body entered the garden, carried by the servants of the late duke. The walk to the island was laid with black cloth, with the boat that carried it over. The ceremony was only interrupted by the sighs and tears of all present.

No one delighted more in horticulture, and rural affairs, than Horne Tooke. Cató, of Utica, could not have exceeded him in this attachment. The intention of Mr. Tooke certainly was to be buried in his own garden, and he had prepared his vault, and tomb, in his richly cultivated garden at Wimbledon, where both Lord Camelford, and their joint friend, Lord Thurlow, with other men of rank, who admired his integrity, his overpowering talents, and his genius, were proud to partake of his society. Part of the inscription which he had prepared for that tomb, was, that he died "content and grateful:" satisfied at having lived so long, and gratefully feeling a high sense of the Divine goodness in permitting it; a frequent conversation of his being on the

* From a lately published Volume entitled "Gleanings on Gardens."

† Mr. Hollis devoted above half of his large income to deeds of charity. When his house in London was on fire, in 1781, he calmly walked out, only taking under his arm his favorite original picture of Milton.

wisdom, goodness, and benevolence of the Deity. Mr. Tooke was a sincere christian, and closed his long and stormy life, ("after having survived the scorpion stings of slander,") with an extraordinary degree of calmness and intrepidity. On his decease, however, his friends thought it best to bury him in the grave of his sister, at Ealing, (in the seventy-seventh year of his age,) where the words *content* and *grateful* now form part of the inscription on that stone which covers the remains of that acute scholar, that richly gifted and most disinterested of men, whose dauntless mind made it his boast, that "no allurement or threat, no power or oppression, nor life, nor death, thunder or lightning, shall ever force me to give way to corruption or influence, half the breadth of a single hair;" and when enforcing what he deemed beneficial to his country, thus addressed his jury:—"I protest, that if there stood a fire here, and I thought I could by that means affect your minds, and the minds of my countrymen, I would thrust my hand with pleasure into the fire, and burn it to ashes, whilst I was pleading before you." And who, on another occasion, made this declaration, "I have never committed a single action, nor written a syllable in public or in private, nor entertained a thought, (of an important political nature, when taken with all its circumstances of time, place, and occasion,) I wish either recalled or concealed; I will die as I have lived, in the commission of the only crime with which I can be charged during my whole life, the crime of speaking *plainly* the *plain* truth." In the early part of the life of this friendly and kind man, when he resided at Brentford, as a clergyman, no one was more beloved by his parishioners; he administered every possible comfort to the poor; his sermons zealously enforced the excellence of that faith, in which he had been educated.

It is still the custom in many parts, particularly in Guernsey, and in Wales, to strew graves with rosemary, ("that's for remembrance,") and with the most fragrant flowers the garden produces. It was near Milford Haven that Imogen strewed her supposed husband's grave with "wild wood leaves, and weeds;" and where Arviragus sweetened the sad grave of Fidele "with fairest flowers," asserting that the red breast would, with its charitable bill, bring her all this,

Yea, and furr'd moss, besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy coars.

Mr. Cunningham tells us, that "Burns lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a

linen sheet drawn over his face; and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country."

Mr. Carter, in his late spirited Address, read before the New York Horticultural Society, says, "Wilson, the distinguished Ornithologist, made a particular request but a few hours before his death, that he might be buried in some rural spot, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where the birds might sing over his grave. This sentiment was true to nature; for let philosophy preach as it may, our cares and anxieties, our feelings and affections, will extend to the unconscious dust."

LAYING GHOSTS.

For the Olio.

"If thou can'st lay a ghost," said Jack;

"Thou'rt made of very rising stuff;

I tried to lay one on its back,

But the ghost laid me flat enough;

And more, the frightened crew to mend,

It made my hair stand up on end."

"True," replied Dick—"ghosts always lay
Cowards that tremble in their way." J.R.P.

THE AMERICANS.

The following are extracts from a work just published, entitled, "Men and Manners in America."

STAGE-COACH AND COMPANIONS.—"A Virginian Doctor had been our fellow-traveller for some days, and was peculiarly disgusting from an inordinate addiction to the *vernacular* vices of dram-drinking and tobacco chewing. Being generally drunk, he spat right and left in the coach, and, especially after dark, discharged volleys of saliva, utterly reckless of consequences. Being a tolerably old traveller, I no sooner discovered the Doctor's propensity, than I contrived to gain possession of the seat immediately behind him, and thus fortunately escaped the annoyance, except that arising from the filthiness of his person, and the brutality of his conversation."

STEAM-BOAT COMPANIONS.—"In regard to the passengers, truth compels me to say, that anything so disgusting in human shape I had never seen. Their morals and their manners were alike detestable. A cold and callous selfishness, a disregard of all the decencies of society, were so apparent in every feature, word, and action, that I found it impossible, not to wish that their catalogue of sins had been enlarged by one more—hypocrisy. The conversation in the cabin was interlarded with the vilest blasphemy, not uttered in a state of mental excitement, but with coolness and deliberation

truly fiend like. There was a Baptist Clergyman on board, but his presence did not seem to operate as a restraint. The scene of drinking and gambling had no intermission. It continued day and night. The captain of the vessel, so far from discouraging either vice, was one of the most flagrant offenders in both." "One circumstance may be mentioned, as tolerably illustrative of the general habits of the people. In every steam-boat there is a *public* comb and hair-brush suspended by a string from the ceiling of the cabin. These utensils are used by the whole body of the passengers, and their condition, the pen of Swift could alone adequately describe. There is no tooth-brush, simply, I believe, because the article is entirely unknown to the American toilet. A common towel, however, passes from hand to hand, and suffices for the perfunctory ablutions of the whole party on board." "One day, at dinner, (still in the steam-boat), my English fellow traveller, who had resided many years in the United States, inquired whether I had observed an ivory hilt protruded from beneath the waistcoat of a gentleman opposite. I answered in the affirmative, and he then informed me that the whole population of the southern and western states are uniformly armed with daggers. Subsequent observation confirmed the truth of his assertion in every particular. Even in travelling in the State of New York, I afterwards observed that a great number of the passengers in stage coaches and canal boats were armed with this unmanly and assassin-like weapon."

BALLS.—"Within a few days of my arrival, I enjoyed an opportunity of seeing at one comprehensive view the whole society of Washington. The French Minister, who had recently arrived from Europe had determined to open his diplomatic career by a splendid ball, an event of no ordinary magnitude in a society like that of Washington. On my arrival, I found the house, though a large one, filled even to overflow, by one of the motliest crowds in which it had ever been my fortune to mingle. The members of the Foreign Legations were of course present; and the contrast between their appearance, and that of a considerable portion of the company, was more striking than will readily be considered credible in England. Many of the gentlemen had evidently not thought it necessary to make any change in their morning habiliments, and their boots certainly displayed no indication of any recent intimacy with Day and Martin."

ATTACK OF A TIGER.

ALL was quiet, except the rushing of the river hard by, in our bivouac until midnight, when I was awakened by the shaking of the shed from the violent struggles of *mufo* to break loose, his strong trembling thrilling to my neck along the taut cord that held him, as he drew himself in the intervals of his struggles as far back as he could, proving that the poor brute suffered under a paroxysm of fear. "What noise is that?" I roused myself. It was repeated. It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill *muw*, gradually sinking into a deep growl. "What the deuce is that, Sneezer?" said I. The dog made no answer, but merely wagged his tail once, as if he had said, "Wait a bit now, master; you shall see how well I shall acquit myself, for *this* is in my way."—Ten yards from the shed under which I slept there was a pigsty, surrounded by a sort of small stockade a fathom high, made of split cane, wove into a kind of wicker-work between upright rails sunk into the ground; and by the clear moonlight I could, as I lay in my hammock, see an animal larger than an English bull-dog, but with the stealthy pace of the cat, crawl on in a crouching attitude until within ten feet of the sty, when it drew itself back, and made a scrambling jump against the cane defence, hooking on to the top of it by its forepaws, while the claws of its hind feet made a scratching rasping noise against the dry cane splits, until it had gathered its legs into a bunch like the aforesaid puss on the top of the enclosure; from which elevation the creature seemed to be reconnoitering the unclean beasts within. I grasped my pistols. Mangrove was still sound asleep. The struggles of *mufo* increased; I could hear the sweat raining off him; but Sneezer, to my great surprise, remained motionless as before. We now heard the alarmed grunts, and occasionally a sharp squeak, from the piggery, as if the beauties had at length become aware of the vicinity of their dangerous neighbour, who, having apparently made his selection, suddenly dropped down amongst them; when *mufo* burst from his fastenings with a yell enough to frighten the devil, tearing away the upright to which the lanyard of my hammock was made fast, whereby I was pitched like a shot right down on Mangrove's corpus, while a volley of grunting and squeaking split the sky, such as I never heard before. And now, in the very nick, Sneezer, starting from his lair with a loud bark, sprang at a bound into the

enclosure, which he topped like a first-rate hunter; and Peter Mangrove, awakening all of a heap from my falling on him, jumped upon his feet as noisy as the rest. "Garamighty in a tap—wurra all dis—my tomach bruise home to my back-bone like one pancake;" and, while the short fierce bark of the noble dog was blended with the agonized cry of the *gatto del monte*, the shrill treble of the poor porkers rose high above both, and the mulo was galloping through the village with the post after him, like a dog with a ran at his tail, making the most unearthly noises—for it was neither bray nor neigh. The villagers ran out of their huts, headed by the *Padre Cura*, and all was commotion and uproar. Lights were procured. The noise in the sty continued, and Mangrove, the warm-hearted creature, unsheathing his knife, clambered over the fence to the rescue of his four-footed ally, and disappeared, shouting. "Sneezer often fight for Peter, so Peter now will fight for he;" and soon began to blend his shouts with the cries of the enraged beasts within. At length the mania spread to me upon hearing the poor fellow shout "Tiger here, captain—tiger here—tiger too many for we—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many for we, sir—If you no help we, we shall be torn in piece." Then a violent struggle, and a renewal of the uproar, and of the barking, and yelling, and squeaking. It was now no joke; the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. So I scrambled up after the pilot at top of the fence, with a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active Spaniard following with a large brown wax candle, that burned like a torch; and looking down on the *mules* below, there Sneezer lay with the throat of the leopard in his jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still giving the creature a cruel shake now and then, while Mangrove was endeavouring to throttle the brute with his bare hands. As for the poor pigs, they were all huddled together, squeaking and grunting most melodiously in the corner. I held down the light. "Now, Peter, cut his throat, man—cut his throat." And Mangrove, the moment he saw where he was, drew his knife across the leopard's *veinand*, and killed him on the spot. The glorious dog, the very instant he felt he had a dead antagonist in his fangs, let go his hold, and, making a jump with all his remaining strength, for he was bleeding much, and terribly torn, I caught him by the nape of the neck, and, in my attempt to lift him over and place him on the outside, down I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs; and upon the bloody carcass: out of which mess I was gather-

ed by the *Cura* and the standers-by in a very beautiful condition; for what between the filth of the sty and blood of the leopard, and so forth, I was not altogether a fit subject for a side-box at the *Opéra*.—This same tiger or leopard had committed great depredations in the neighbourhood for months before, but he had always escaped, although he had been repeatedly wounded; so Peter and I became as great men for the two hours longer we sojourned in Gorgona, as if we had killed the Dragon of Wantley. — *Tom Cringle's Log. Black. Mag.*

POISON OF THE ANCIENTS:

SIR HENRY HALFORD lately read the following paper before the Members of the Royal Society:—

The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of dispatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison, but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepenthe spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same as that given to other condemned criminals, namely, hemlock. Juvenal attributes his death to hemlock. Whatever may have been the species of poison it was one of weak and slow operation, for the executioner told Socrates, that if he entered into earnest dispute it would prevent its effect, and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed himself? It was improbable that we should ever know. Modern chemistry had discovered a variety of subtle poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances, destroy life. One drop of prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthaginians were acquainted with prussic acid. Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtle and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock's blood, that Sir Henry observed, must be false, as well as in the case of the death of Theonistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison.

An accomplished nobleman had told him (Sir H. Halford) that he had been present at a bull-fight in Spain, when, after the matador had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal's blood in a goblet and drank it off, as a popular remedy for a consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the account given by Tacitus with the effects of laurel-water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug. It appeared that the Emperor applied to Locusta, a female poisoner, to procure some vegetable poison that would kill speedily. She produced one which destroyed a goat in five hours. Nero, however, required a poison which would kill instantly, and she procured such an ingredient. At the banquet Britannicus called for water, which the *pregustator* tasted; it was not sufficiently cool; part was then poured off, and the fatal liquid added; the young man drank; was seized with an epileptic fit, and expired. The case, Sir Henry remarked, was analogous in the effects with that of Sir Theodosius Boughton, who was poisoned by Donallan with laurel water and fell down in an epilepsy. In the case of Britannicus, Nero told the company that the young man was liable to such fits; and in the other case, Donallan said that Sir Theodosius had been subject to fits from his infancy. Tacitus mentions a blackness which came over the body of Britannicus; and Sir Henry stated that he was present when the corpse of Sir Theodosius Boughton was disinterred, and its colour resembled that of a pickled walnut. If we could suppose that the Romans were acquainted with the deleterious property of laurel-water, and with the process of distillation, there could be no difficulty in concluding that Britannicus was poisoned with laurel-water. It was true the species *laurus* which yielded the deleterious liquid did not grow in Italy; but it was a native of Colchis, from whence it might have been brought. The *laurus nobilis* (daphne) grew about Rome, and was used in producing the inspirations of the prophetic priestesses. As to the knowledge possessed by the Romans of the art of distillation, they had not indeed a still and refrigeratory like the moderns: but they received the vapour from the boiling herbs in a handful of sponge, which, though a rude, was not an inefficient substitute. Alexander the Great had been said to have been poisoned; but this was inconsistent with the very detailed account of his illness given by Arrian. The report was that the poison was sent by Antiphon, and was of such a pecu-

liar nature that no silver or metallic substance would contain it, and it was conveyed in the hoof of a mule. But the article was really onyx. Now, the word *onyx*, in Greek, signified not only a stone, but *unguis*, a hoof or nail; and the second sense had been evidently given instead of that of a precious stone. This double meaning of the term *onyx* explained the account of poison being retained by persons in their nails. Alexander really died of a remittent fever caught at Babylon. As to the cause of it, Arrian expressly states that the King was temperate and forbearing in the pleasures of the table; and when we consider the labourious occupations of Alexander, amidst frost and snow, and especially the marsh miasmata of the Babylonian lakes, Sir Henry thought there was no difficulty in conceiving that this was too much for his frame of adamant. The Diary of Arrian, containing details of Alexander's illness and death, vindicated his memory from the imputation of his having brought on his fate by intemperance. Sir Henry Halford closed his learned and interesting paper by a brief encomium upon the character of Alexander, in the course of which he remarked that the efficiency of the British army in India, which kept millions of natives in subjection, was maintained by the same measures which Alexander devised and executed.

Varities.

A GOOD STORY. — I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him; the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak to him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow what do you want with me?"—"My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew; he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money." My Lord went to the end of the pew; the man too; "Give me my money." The sermon was on Avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they that heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath—in short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath

went out and paid him directly. I assure you this is a fact.

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

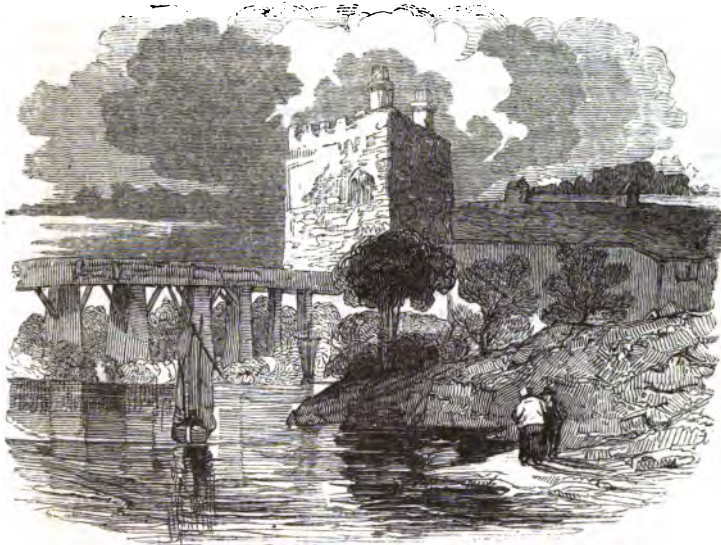
—On Sunday, three weeks ago, Captain Barr, of the Arran Castle steampacket, lost a small terrier dog at the dismissal of the congregation from the forenoon service in the church at Arran, where he had been attending Divine Worship. Being obliged to sail with the packet early on Monday morning, he gave orders to the porter of the Castle Steampacket Company, and to the landlord of the inn, to secure the dog till his return, if he could be found. The porter found the animal, and tied it up with a cord in his own lodgings. On Monday it was discovered that the dog had bit through the cord, and made his escape. On Wednesday morning, however, the faithful creature appeared at the door of his master's house in Rothsey, about five o'clock, moaning for admittance, and as soon as he was admitted, took refuge in his bed, from whence he did not come till the following Saturday, except for a minute on Friday, when he lapped a little water. He refused all food during these three days, and seemed to be extremely exhausted. Unable to guess how he had found out his old lodging, Captain Barr made every enquiry of masters of steamers and otherwise, but no clue has been found, and at present the only conclusion that can be arrived at is, that the dog actually swam across the channel betwixt Arran and Bute. It is true that at the narrowest points the channel betwixt these islands is near eight miles in width, and therefore the feat of the dog, if he did swim across the channel, is really wonderful; but there is no other way of accounting for his appearance at home, and the probability at least of taking this course, is strengthened by the fact of his extreme fatigue, and also by another fact, that the hair of his body had a sleek appearance, as if washed; and his body itself was cleaner at the skin than usual. He is a small animal, rather shaggy, with a head very similar to that of a fox, and is now, as usual, attending his master on board the Arran Castle steamer.—*Scotch Paper.*

ATTACHMENT OF A MAGPYE.—about three leagues from Nantes, in France, is a pretty village called Thunare. In this village flourished, a few years ago, a magpye, whose memory deserves to be cherished. Her master was a justice of peace, and Mag lived on excellent terms both with him and his maid-servant. The justice, who was a great epicure, had a brood of ducks, which were daily taken to the field for food and exercise. The servant

conducted them, and Mag accompanied her. The maid remarked that, at the hour fixed for their walk, the Magpye regularly placed herself in readiness at the hen-house door. One day, just as she had let them out, she was suddenly called away, when, to her great surprise, she saw the cavalcade on its way to the field, under the sole guidance of Mag, who, with her beak, was urging on those who lagged behind to mend their pace. Next day, the servant purposely let her go alone, when, she again took the command of the flock, and from that time the whole charge was left to her, of conducting them, and bringing them in at night. But the justice did not keep ducks for the mere pleasure of looking at them; his views were towards the spit; and, as they had now attained proper fatness, Queen Mag saw the number of her subjects gradually diminish. She bore up with firmness against these trials, and when only a solitary duck she led it to and from the field with her usual punctuality. At length the cruel order was issued; the last duck was to follow its companions, and appear at the justice's table. The maid caught the poor victim, and was about to execute her master's commands, when Mag, giving way to her fury, flew upon her, tore her face with her talons and beak, till she left her streaming with blood, then took her flight, and never returned.

MRS. INCHBALD.—At an early period of her life, when in the green-room, or other part of the Theatre, one of the performers, distressed about the delivery of a note, said he would give half-a-crown to any one who would take it for him. Mrs. Inchbald immediately closed with the proposal, and took it accordingly.—Very late in life, and when living with Mrs. Vopsey, in Leonard-place, Kensington, she observed one of the lady lodgers mending a hole in a black silk gown. "Why do you give yourself that trouble?" said Mrs. I.: "I always mend the holes in mine with black sticking-plaster."

THE RAVEN.—At the seat of the Earl of Aylesbury, in Wiltshire, a tame raven, that had been taught to speak, used to ramble about in the park; there he was usually attended and beset by crows, rooks, and others of his inquisitive tribe. When a considerable number of these were collected round him, he would lift up his head, and, with a hoarse and hollow voice, shout out the word! Holloa! This would instantly put to flight and disperse his sable brethren, while the raven seemed to enjoy the fright he had occasioned.



Subject of Illustration.

SKIPTON CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

SKIPTON CASTLE stands on an eminence that commands the town, and also a good prospect of the surrounding country. The Castle itself is by no means a picturesque object: its outward appearance is heavy and ugly; its form being composed of several round towers, with long sweeping apartments, and heavy stone window frames.

This Castle, which appears to have been a strong fortress, laboured under the great disadvantage of having neither well nor spring within the walls. It was, therefore, supplied by pipes laid from without the works, which were necessarily liable to be cut off by the assailants during a siege; in which case the garrison was obliged to trust to the chance of rain for the replenishing of their reservoirs.

Skipton Castle was built by Robert de Romelli, Lord of the Honor of Skipton. By the failure of issue male, it fell to William Fitz-Duncan, Earl of Marray, who had married Romelli's daughter; and it passed with their daughter to William le Gross, Earl of Albemarle. In the

reign of Richard the First it belonged to William de Fortibus, whose daughter, Aveline, Henry the Third bestowed on his son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster. They had issue one son Thomas, who succeeded to this Castle and Honor; but he, joining in a rebellion against Edward the Second, was taken, and beheaded at Pontefract, when all his estates escheated to the Crown. The Castle and Honor of Skipton were granted in 1309, to Robert de Clifford, an Herefordshire Baron, in which family they continued for many generations. The estate is now the property of the Earl of Thanet, by the marriage of his ancestor with Margaret, eldest daughter of Anne Clifford. This Castle was dismantled in 1648, by an order of Parliament; except the state apartments, which had been erected by the first Earl of Cumberland, on the marriage of his son with the Lady Eleanor Brandon, (niece of Henry the Eighth), and which were afterwards repaired by the above-mentioned Anne. The entrance is by a heavy, ill-fashioned gate. In the north and south battlements is pierced, in large letters, the motto of the Cliffords, DESORMAIS.—*Day's Picturesque Tour in Yorkshire, &c.*

CYNRIC OWEN;
OR,
THE BETROTHED.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but was nipp'd
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book—the rose.
MIDDLETON.

"Lucy! Lucy dear! *do* come down, if it is only for a minute! I have something very particular to say to you;" but Lucy made no reply. "Lucy Morgan, Lucy dear—It is I—Cynric Owen." He threw a pebble at the window; and, presently, it was gently opened, and the figure of a young lady appeared, and gazed cautiously around. "My dear Lucy, can't you come down to me?" exclaimed Cynric, as his dark eye sparkled in the moonlight with joy at the sight of his cousin.

"Gracious heaven—Cynric! Is it you? In the name of all that is rash, what has brought you here?"

"What should bring me here but my true love for you, Lucy! But come down and I will tell you all."

Lucy hesitated a moment before she consented; but she *did* consent; for, al-

though she well knew that her cousin Cynric was one of the wildest lads on the hill side, she knew also that he loved her with all the warmth and sincerity of his impetuous spirit; and, notwithstanding all his errors, her heart told her too truly that she loved him as fervently. So, throwing a cloak over her dress, she joined her impatient lover.

It was a beautiful night; and of that sweet season when twilight has scarcely merged into darkness before day begins to dawn. It was not yet ten o'clock, for Pryce Morgan, Lucy's father, was an utter enemy to any innovation upon the usages of his ancestors, and as the sun rose scarcely earlier than he did, so did the God of day descend not into the sea long before our Welsh squire retired to his dormitory. This Cynric was well aware of; and he knew that his uncle was now soundly wrapped in sleep.

Lucy was the first to speak—"For heaven's sake, Cynric, why do you run this risk, when you know that there is a warrant out against you for that unfortunate affair at Duffryn? Indeed, indeed, you are too venturesome."

"Never mind, Lucy; so that I see you and press this kiss upon those sweet lips,

I care not much about the risk. And how have you been, dear, and how is my worthy kinsman your father?"

"We have been but sadly, Cynric—all of us. My father grieves deeply about you, and seldom goes out now."

"Grieves about me, Lucy! Oh, no! he, who has injured me so deeply, cannot care much about the welfare of his victim."

"You do him wrong, Cynric, indeed, you do. My father always loved you as a son, would that I had only loved you as a brother! It was your own impetuous, ungovernable spirit that brought this evil on you and on us. Oh, Cynric! I wish we had never known each other!" and Lucy's tears fell fast, as she hung weeping on her cousin's shoulder.

Cynric bit his lip, as he endeavoured to restrain one of those ungovernable gusts of passion, which so often possessed him. "This is no time for reproach or explanation, Lucy," he muttered; "I came here," and now his voice was loud and hurried, "to tell you, that I love you better than ever; and by Heaven I swear!"

"Swear nothing now, Cynric!" interrupted Lucy, exceedingly alarmed at the vehemence of her lover. "Remember, that I am here alone with you against my father's express commands; and at an hour when I ought to be in my chamber. If you do, indeed, love me, be calm, I beseech you, Cynric."

"I will dearest, I will; I am a fool, Lucy, a mad-brained, thoughtless fool! But you must promise me one thing, that you will give me a meeting to-morrow evening at dusk at Lowry Pugh's cottage."

"I do promise," was Lucy's faint answer.

"And that you will come alone?"

"I will."

"Then, for the present, farewell! and may God shield you from all sorrow!"

"May He shield you, Cynric, from all harm; farewell!" and so saying, the lovers kissed each other, and Lucy entered the house, while Cynric stood gazing eagerly and anxiously at her chamber window, till he saw by her shadow passing between it, and the light of her candle, that she had safely reached her apartment. He murmured a short prayer for her happiness, and then bent his steps towards a lofty ridge of hills, that skirted the horizon from east to west, lying on the face of the green earth, like a huge hand levelling it.

The situation of Cynric Owen was unfortunate in every respect; and the shadow of a dark and evil destiny had shroud-

ed him even from his cradle. Born of a widowed mother, who had offended her kindred by marrying a profligate young man, he came into the world, un welcomed by those glad festivities, which commonly ushered in the birth of his kindred. On the contrary, he was received by his broken-hearted and discarded mother with tears and with bewailings; for what comfort had she in the birth of such a babe? and five years afterwards, when the hand of death was upon her, the bitterness of the last hour was poignantly sharpened by the conviction that her infant son was to be thrown upon the cold charity of unkind kindred. But there was one amongst her numerous stock of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who was possessed of that infirmity—a kind and compassionate heart; and, while he soothed the agony of her dying hour, he still farther comforted the poor widow by promising to protect her child. This was her cousin Pryce Morgan, who took home the boy, a mischievous urchin of five years old.

Pryce Morgan was himself a widower, with one child, and that a daughter. He had loved his wife so dearly, that her death, while yet in the full fragrance of youth and loveliness, rendered him morose, irritable, and unhappy. Thus constituted, he was, of all persons, the most unfit to rear so wayward and unbending a spirit as Cynric Owen's. It required infinitely more skill and patience than the squire possessed, to bring into proper subjection and control the fierce will of his young kinsman; and, from the very moment of his domestication at Garthmeilan, his impulses were left to take their own course, not uncontrolled entirely it is true, but controlled in such a manner as to render their possessor only more vehement, wild, and impatient of correction.

As Cynric approached towards manhood his disposition assumed a more determined character, and his manners a more decided tone. Impetuous as the mountain torrent, and swift in resolution as its flashing waters, his purposes were executed without a single reflection as to their expediency or consequences. "Uncle!" he would say to his guardian, "I am going to Chester-fair to-morrow. I know that the snow is deep in the valleys, and that the road is pathless and perilous; but I have promised Lucy a fairing, my word is pledged to it, and I must go." And before he was sixteen years old he had ventured forth from the middle of Merionethshire on horseback to Chester, in the depth of winter, and in such weather, as the boldest shepherd

dared not encounter. It was useless, and worse than useless, to remonstrate with him, and so his kinsman never attempted it, and he was permitted to do as he pleased, unchided, and often unquestioned.

One being, one gentle being, there was at Garthmellian, who could assuage the fierce passion of Cynric Owen, sometimes even in its hottest moments. Need I add that Lucy Morgan was that gentle being? With a beauty more winning than commanding, more confiding than imposing, and with a disposition so sweet and gentle, yet resolute enough upon occasion, Lucy presented a direct contrast to her cousin. Yet was she, of all persons, the best calculated to manage him; and often when his soul was fearfully shaken by the ungovernable mastery of his stormy feelings, has she soothed him even to tears; but even she could not always succeed in allaying the fury of his passion, which burst forth like a mountain-flood, crushing, and overwhelming, and scattering abroad every obstacle opposed to its vehemence.

These natural evils were in some degree neutralized by acquirements of a character well suited to his rank, but capable of misuse and misdirection. Those manly accomplishments which become the mountaineer, and which constitute so considerable a portion of his pastime, were by Cynric Owen exercised only among persons of low condition at the fairs and wakes about the country. With such associates, it is true, he reigned paramount; and while their adulation flattered his vanity, their servile submission accorded well with that love of mastery, which so materially governed his conduct.

It was at one of these meetings at a fair in Duffryn, a secluded mountain district beyond Barmouth, that the "unfortunate affair," alluded to by Lucy, took place. During a wrestling match between Cynric's party, and some mountaineers from Caernarvonshire, a dispute arose as to the fairness of one of the throws. Words grew high, as they always do when Welshmen quarrel, and each party became more strenuous in maintaining its point. From words the transition was easy enough to blows, and before the fray ended, one of the Caernarvonshire men was knocked on the head and killed. It was said that the blow was given by Cynric; at all events, he, as the leader, and most important person of the party, was fixed upon as the offender, and a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. Since this event he had not

been at Garthmellian since the night we have mentioned; and Mr. Morgan and Lucy were much alarmed at his absence as they had been fully apprized of the transaction. They concluded, however, that he was concealed somewhere up in the mountains; but they had in vain endeavoured to discover his retreat, as none of his usual associates knew any thing about it.

Faithful to her promise, and full of agitation, Lucy, at the appointed hour, sought Lowry Pugh's cottage. Lowry was one of those aged pensioners, who are to be found attached to the demesne of every Welsh squire; her best days had been spent in the service of the family; and her old age was now petted and protected by its members, in return for the fidelity of her attachment. The old woman, now more than "threescore years and ten," was very comfortable, and all that she wanted, she said, was to see her dear Miss Lucy happily married. Lately Lucy had spent a good deal of her time at old Lowry's cottage; for she had made the old woman a confidant respecting that which, by the way, every one about the house sufficiently knew, namely, her love for Cynric; and she delighted to talk of him, especially now that his fate was so uncertain and overshadowed. It was, therefore, no cause of alarm to Lowry to see Lucy enter her humble dwelling after sun-set; although her agitation on the present occasion did not long escape her notice. "Dear child," said the old woman, "you are not well; tell me, what is the matter?"

"I have seen him, Lowry," murmured poor Lucy; "and he will be here to-night."

"Here!" echoed the old woman, "here! Then he is safe! But when did you see him?"

Lucy told the old woman the adventure of the night before; and she had scarcely concluded, before the door of the cottage was darkened by a shadow, and the next moment Cynric sprang into the apartment.

"It is, very kind of you, dear, to keep your promise with me," said he, as he pressed her to his heart. "It is not every one that would have been so mindful of me in my trouble."

"It is not every one that loves you as I do, Cynric. But tell me, for heaven's sake tell me, where have you been since you left us?"

"Hiding among the hills, love, and often, Lucy, nearer you than you supposed."

"But how have you subsisted?"

"I am not without friends, Lucy; and they feed me."

"I fear, Cynric, that those friends, as you call them, would lead you into deeper guilt. These arms," glancing with a shudder at the pistols in Cynric's belt, "are for purposes of further outrage; and with your hot blood and daring spirit are doubly dangerous."

"Guilt! said you, Lucy!—*guilt!* I am not guilty. Foolish I have been, hot and headstrong I have been; but, by heavens, I am not guilty!"

"Speak those words again, Cynric—say them again!" hurriedly exclaimed Lucy, as her eyes beamed with transitory delight. "Oh! how I have sorrowed and suffered, Cynric, when I thought that your hand was stained with the blood of a murdered man; and that the doom of a murderer was hanging over you. Why—oh! why did you not tell us this before?"

"I did not think that you, Lucy, would believe every idle tale that the wind might blow to your ears; and I did think that you knew me better than to suppose me guilty of such a crime. I was, it is true, engaged in the fray; but the fool fell not by my hand."

"Then why not return to us? My father has some influence with the magistrates; and you, at least might be cleared of the crime. Come back to us, dear Cynric—return with me to-night, even now!"

"To night, Lucy; did you say to-night, and now?" He rose from his seat, and paced the floor in a fit of gloomy abstraction. Suddenly he started, as if from a dream, and exclaimed, while his eye flashed fire,—"No, Lucy, no! I will not return. To exculpate myself I must criminate others. I must turn informer, and betray my friends, those friends who have succoured and shielded me. Chance has fixed this crime upon me; and I will not by accusing others clear myself,—I will die rather!"

"You say you love me, Cynric," said Lucy, mildly; "and you have often said that you prize my love. For my sake, then—for her sake, who has loved you through all the changes of your wayward spirit, and who loves you still; God knows how fondly!—cast off this foul blot upon your character, clear yourself of this dreadful charge, and we shall all be happy again."

"You know not what you ask, Lucy—I cannot, I *dare* not clear myself."

"You *dare* not, Cynric! You, who have dared so much! Alas! you must be

leagued with fearful men, if such a feeling holds you from the truth."

"Urge me no more, Lucy—as you value my existence, urge me no more!" He paced the cottage hurriedly, with flashing eyes and folded arms. Then, suddenly gazing out upon the hills, he continued:—"The evening star has risen, and shines over the Cribbyn. I must leave you, Lucy, and that instantly."

"Leave me, Cynric—and so soon! Cruel, cruel Cynric!" and poor Lucy sank sobbing upon old Lowry's neck.

Cynric was fearfully—terribly agitated; and his dark eye, restless even in his calmer mood, was now darting fire, as his proud heart was torn by the conflicting emotions, which filled his breast. There was his love for Lucy on the one hand, and, on the other, his duty to those who had shielded him from peril.

"It cannot be, Lucy,—it must not be!" he muttered. "Another time, perhaps I may,—I *will* grant your request;—but to-night—it is impossible."

"I did not expect this from you, Cynric," said Lucy, as rising from her weeping posture, she assumed an air of offended dignity. "Had I urged you to the commission of some deed of darkness, I might have better borne your refusal; but to deny me this argues little for your love."

Lucy had touched the most sensitive string of Cynric's proud unbending heart. To be suspected of not loving her with all the enduring fervour and undiminished constancy, of which his ardent nature was capable—and by herself, too—was a stab—that made him writhe with agony.

"Love you, Lucy!—he burst out. "You know I love you—deeply—fondly—daringly love you! And I swear that no peril or pain, no joy or woe, shall ever change that love! And, now, reproachful girl!—swear you the same to me. Swear—that whatever may be my fate you will be mine, mine only, and mine for ever!"

Lucy trembled before her agitated lover, and fearful of adding to his agitation, she murmured, as she sank once more upon old Lowry's bosom—"I do swear, Cynric; and may God grant a happy issue to our "*BETROTHING!*"

Cynric raised her from her drooping posture, and clasping her in his arms, kissed her again and again, as he called her his own Lucy, his beloved, his *betrothed* Lucy. The frenzy of his impetuous spirit was instantly assuaged by the readiness of Lucy's assent; and he was now as calm as when he first entered the cot-

age. "We part now," he said, as he led her towards the door—"soon to meet again. Give me this token of our betrothing, Lucy, and I will give you this." He drew an antique gold ring from Lucy's finger, which he put into his bosom; and gave her in return an old gold coin, which had hung round his neck since infancy. And,—impressing another kiss upon her lips, he rushed out of the cottage, leaving Lucy to watch his lessening form, as he ascended the hill-side in the gathering darkness.

Cynric pursued his way in loneliness and gloom. He had parted from Lucy—perchance—for ever! and was, at that moment, bent upon an adventure, which might end in bloodshed and murder. Lucy was right when she said that he was leagued with fearful men. He was, indeed connected with a gang of smugglers, whose daring exploits held the inhabitants of the hills in terror, from Aberddown to Aberdovey,—a wild upland tract extending several miles on the south-east coast of Merionethshire. It was to meet these lawless men that he was now hastening; for they had fixed upon that night to run a valuable cargo of spirits. Cynric's acquaintance with these men had been of long standing; and he had frequently connived at their illicit dealings, by allowing them the occasional use of his uncle's barns and outhouses; and it was rumoured among the peasantry, that he had actually been out with them on more than one perilous expedition. It is very certain that he was exceedingly attached to marine exercises; and it was a strong trait in his character, that he delighted to sail about the beautiful river Maw, in stormy weather. In spring-tides, as soon as there was sufficient water to raise the little skiff, which belonged to his uncle; and, when the wind was blowing hard off the land, alone and unaided, he would seek the middle of the river, and there buffet the breeze in all the daring hardihood of his daring nature; tacking about, and sporting higher and thither in imitation of the swift and buoyant circlings of the sea-birds by which he was surrounded. In all the mysteries of boating, "Wild Cynric," as he was called, was an especial adept; and at Barmouth, when the hardy fishermen of that little port were afraid to venture out, he has gone over the Bar, and back again, despite their anxious endeavours to restrain him.

It is probable that Cynric's acquaintance with the smugglers would never have ripened into a closer intimacy, but for the unfortunate affair at Duffryn; or some other wild adventure, which would

have driven him into concealment. As soon as he knew there was a warrant out against him, rather than implicate his comrades in the fray, he fled at once to claim the protection of those whom he had himself so often befriended: and this he did the more hastily, in consequence of a quarrel he had recently had with his uncle, respecting Lucy. He was, as may be expected, received with open arms by the gang, who sympathised very cordially in his misfortunes, emphatically imprecated his persecutors, and very heartily wished all magistrates and their minions at the devil.

The place of rendezvous, on the present occasion, was in a wild ravine, just below that most wretched of all wretched hamlets—Llwyngwrl, and about six miles from Garthineilan. This was a noted haunt of the gang; but it was so inaccessible, that *there* they were always secure. The ravine ran up from the water's edge between two lofty and rugged ridges of rock, terminating at the base of a very abrupt and lofty cliff, round which wound a path so narrow, that none but a wild goat, or a practised cragsman could safely tread it. At high water the tide ran up the ravine to a considerable extent; and a broad ledge of rock on each side served as a very convenient quay for the purposes of the smugglers. Nature still farther contributed to their convenience by the formation of a natural cave or hollow in the rock on one side of the ravine, which no great labour had enlarged, so that it constituted a habitation, and a storehouse admirably calculated for its lawless occupants.

There was a wild beauty in this lonely spot, on the night to which we have referred. As the night advanced, the tide rapidly increased; and with it the wind arose, at first, moaning plaintively among the rocks, and then rushing in swift gusts up the ravine, and dashing the foaming breakers against its rugged boundaries. The smugglers had lighted torches, the flickering flames of which, as they were blown about by the wind, cast a flimsy and lurid glare upon the uncouth forms that were moving about by the waterside. At the mouth of the cave, which was just beyond the high waterside, they had kindled a bonfire of brushwood and gorse, and this crackled and blazed, as it was fanned by the night wind, which sent the flame higher and stronger as the fuel became more extensively kindled. The vessel, a small schooner called "*The Kite*," was moored as high up the ravine as the water would allow, with her cargo on board, and every thing ready for sailing at a moment's notice; and the creaking of her timbers,

mingled with the screams of the cormorants and sea-gulls, did not detract aught from the wildness of the scene.

The anxiety for Cynric's arrival was increased as the hour of embarkation drew near. Already was the tide at the full, before he was seen slowly ascending the path which led from the hills to the defile; and, no sooner had they caught a glimpse of his darkened figure, than the vessel was instantly manned; and in less than five minutes, Cynric and his crew being all on board, she was under weigh, with all her canvass crowded, and right before the wind, sending the spray from her bows, as she bounded through the waves, in a shower of liquid silver.

In rather more than an hour "The Kite," neared the point of Abermenai, a mile westward of which was the miserable hamlet, destined for the reception of her cargo; and, without any obstacle to their progress, the smugglers cast anchor in the little bay, which bounded the hamlet on the side nearest the sea. Their vessel was anchored in such a situation, as to enable them to land their cargo without the assistance of the boat, by forming a line from the ship to the shore. The business of unloading began, and was conducted with all possible celerity and secrecy. Tub after tub was handed to their comrades on the strand, and deposited safely in the carts which had been brought to receive them. Nothing was ever managed so skilfully, or seemed to promise so well; when, just before they had finished, the glare of a torch, which had been lighted, flashed upon one of the men on the beach, and revealed to the astonished smugglers the person of a well known revenue officer! Fifty hands were clutching at his throat in an instant: and cutlasses flashed in the dubious torchlight, while some cocked their pistols to revenge upon this bold intruder the stratagem which he had thus daringly used. No sooner, however, was this anticipated discovery made, than a large posse of officers, with about a dozen soldiers, rushed forward, and, rescuing the gauger, stood ready to defend the prize, of which they had so cleverly possessed themselves. But the smugglers were not inclined to give it up so readily, and they also hastened towards the beach to regain their goods.

Cynric, whose hot blood was quickly on fire, stood foremost amongst his comrades, and was immediately recognised by some of the opposite party. The gauger, a daring fellow from Pwllheli, opened the parley:—"Now, I tell you what, my fine fellows, we don't want to touch any of your lives, or harm your limbs; all we

want is the tubs we have helped you to run; and you shall have your schooner into the bargain—so take yourselves quietly off, and leave us the cargo."

"We will see you d—d first!" bawled a dark mouthed fellow; "and if you don't give up the goods you have cheated us of, we'll pepper your jackets with a few pills that you won't like."

The gauger whispered to those who stood near him and then addressed himself to Cynric. "We did not expect to find you in such company, Mr. Owen; but, you may be of service to these foolish men, if you will persuade them to take the terms we offer. You see, our party is strong, and well prepared for the worse—and, I suppose, you know the penalty of resisting his majesty's officers in the execution of their duty!"

"His majesty's devils!"—shouted the former speaker, before Cynric could reply. "We don't care for his majesty, or you either; and so, my lads, let's to work, and have a whack at the gauger!"—He made a rush forward as he spoke, followed by one or two of his comrades; and the next instant he fell weltering in his blood, and completely transfixed with the excise-man's cutlass. All farther parley was at an end, and the conflict became general. The uproar that ensued was wild and terrible. The crowded state of the combatants—their irregular and impetuous mode of fighting with the curses and yells, mingling with the clashing of swords, and the occasional report of fire-arms, created a scene of horror and confusion. It was some time before the soldiers could form themselves into line; but when they did do so, they commenced a regular fire; which proved awfully fatal to the smugglers. Several were killed, many were wounded, while those, who could, fled to the schooner, and were allowed to escape. On the other side, two men were slain, and several wounded, but the gauger, who was a very devil in the *mêlée*, escaped unhurt. Not so our unfortunate friend, Cynric. A musket ball passed through his arm, which, although it did not break the bone, caused him nearly to faint from pain and loss of blood. He was of course, with many others, apprehended; and, before morning he was safely lodged in the strongest dungeon of Caernarvon Castle, a part of which was at that time used as the county-jail.

The intelligence of this adventure spread rapidly among the hills, and was conveyed—with all the marvellous additions, which it had acquired on its journey—safely to the knowledge of Lucy Morgan. Poor Lucy heard the account with dismay;

but not with astonishment. Sad forebodings had haunted her mind, since her last interview with Cynric: and now that her suspicions were confirmed, and the dreadful result revealed, although she bore the shock better than if it had been entirely unexpected, still her heart could not bear up entirely against the torrent of grief which now overwhelmed it—"I do not—I cannot hate him," she said, as she rose weeping from old Lowry's arms. "He is Cynric—my Cynric still; and all this crime has been brought upon him by others, and not by his own heart. I am pledged to love him; and love him I will, even to—" she could not proceed, but sinking shudderingly on Lowry's bed she sought, in troubled slumber, a temporary alleviation of her sorrow.

Time passed on, and the summer assizes drew near. Never before or since was the great town of Caernarvon so crowded with company on such an occasion; for Cynric's situation had excited the interest of all classes. At length, the important day arrived, which was to decide Cynric's fate in this world; and he stood at the bar in a situation, than which none can be more terrible. I have heard my aunt Martha say—for she, with many other ladies, was in court—that she had seldom looked upon a handsomer man than he was; although confinement, and the workings of his proud spirit, had somewhat dimmed the sparkling fire of his dark eye, and cast a shade of shame and melancholy over his fine and manly features. He stood erect and firm, and pronounced, when challenged, the words "Not Guilty!" in a tone, which would have carried conviction to the hearts of all but a judge and jury. In less than three hours the trial was at an end; and the jury, without retiring, gave in their verdict—"Guilty!" There were many tears shed in court that day. The foreman of the jury sobbed when he pronounced the fatal word; the judge was moved when he heard it; and, in his charge to the unfortunate prisoner, he wept, as my aunt said, like a tender maiden. Amongst them all the prisoner himself was unmoved—even the sentence itself, pronounced as it was, with the tremulous faltering of strong agitation, caused no other emotion, than a slight compression of the lips, and a momentary flashing of that still sparkling eye. There was no blenching of the cheek—no hurried beating of the heart—although only one short week remained between Cynric and—the scaffold!

All this time poor Lucy had been suffering severely from sickness. A violent fever, the result of all this misfortune, had

kept her hovering between life and death; and she had but just begun to leave the house when Cynric's trial took place. Of its result she had no doubt: she had made up her mind to the worst; and all that she wanted was to see him once more before a violent and disgraceful death should destroy him. Her father had been with him very often; and if Cynric did entertain any hostile feeling towards his kinsman, it was now completely eradicated by that kinsman's unwearied kindness.

Pryce Morgan did not attempt to dissuade his daughter from visiting her condemned lover; and he obtained permission from the magistrates to allow their interview to be private. Cynric was apprized of the day—and even of the hour; and he waited in fearful impatience for its arrival. Lucy came—but ah! how changed and wasted! Her features—"pale as monumental marble!"—and appearing almost deathly from the contrast of her deep mourning—were expressive of the most withering sorrow. Her form, still, indeed, beautifully graceful, was but the shadow of its former self; and her blue eye, once the betokener of love and joy, was now dimmed and faded, and spoke only of hopes withered, and of happiness destroyed. We will not profane the sanctity of that meeting by intruding upon its privacy. Supported by her father, Lucy entered the cell, and supported by her father, she quitted it: and many a weary day passed by before a smile was seen to play again upon her melancholy and care-betokening features.

The day of execution was fast approaching, and Cynric seemed perfectly reconciled to his fate. "Hope" had long since "withering, sighed Farewell!"—and the Bangor Gazette was full of commiseration at the magnanimity and resignation of the prisoner. At an early hour on the morning of the fatal day, the gaoler, accompanied by the clergyman, who had been assiduous in his attendance on Cynric since his condemnation, repaired to his cell—but it was empty—Cynric had escaped!

Never was criminal's salvation more rejoiced at than this. Even the gaoler himself, although subjected to reprehension for his negligence, was not sorry; and the people who had come from the most distant parts of the adjacent country to witness, in those parts, the rare exhibition of hanging, departed to their homes, rejoicing at the cause of their disappointment. But how did he escape! This was now the *material* for gossip and wonderment. As far as conjecture went, it seemed that some of Cynric's late con-

federates had contributed very considerably to his liberation; for many people now remembered to have seen a strange vessel in the offing for two or three days previous to Cynric's disappearance. Now the cell which he occupied was in that part of the castle which abuts upon the sea. It had a window well barred, it is true, and at a fearful height above the water: but what were these, when opposed to the daring exploits of his late confederates? At all events, he was gone—and gone nobody knew where. And poor Lucy, while she was grateful for his liberation from a disgraceful death, could not but hope that he might at some distant time return, and claim her as his dear betrothed wife.

It was towards the close of the festival of All Saints' eve, not many years ago, that two horsemen found themselves on the summit of a rugged pass in Merionethshire, known by the name of the Pass of the Frozen Portal. They were on their way to Dolgelley, the rude capital of the wild county just mentioned. Military men they both appeared to be; and one, who rode somewhat in advance, though not sufficiently so to be beyond the sound of the other's voice, was evidently of a superior rank to his companion. In conversation neither of them seemed inclined to indulge; and so they rode on in silence with the exception of an occasional question from the officer, who did not seem to be so well acquainted with the *locale* as his attendant. Traversing this rude and desolate district, they gained at length its western termination, but not before they observed some dark and rugged clouds rising from the west, and spreading swiftly over the sky. Descending into the valley, the scenery became so beautiful, that, notwithstanding the indication of the coming tempest, they could not refrain from occasionally lingering to gaze upon some grand or lovely spot, as it burst on their sight. The descent from the pass I have mentioned into the vale of the Gwynion is very gradual: and long after, our travellers had left the barren rocks of the defile they still continued to traverse very high ground. Few scenes, even in Wales, can compete with that which was now exposed to the view of the horsemen. Beneath them was spread a vale richly cultivated, and copiously embellished with wood, water, rich pastures, and smiling habitations. Its boundaries on each side were lofty hills, stretching from east to west, and terminating in another mountainous range, spreading out into apparent infinity. High above all, on

the south, towered Cader Idris, the monarch mountain of Merionethshire, and second to none in Wales, the mighty and mist-clad Snowdon alone excepted; and now, reposing in the soft gloom of an autumnal evening, appeared like some huge petrified monster congealed on the surface of a mountainous ocean. Far, far in the west gleamed the blue surface of the river Maw, or Mowddach; and in the very heart of the valley was the little town of Dolgelley, surrounded by a shadowy mantle of smoke,—the abode, apparently, of tranquillity, and happiness, and love.

But the clouds were gathering faster and faster; and as the wind began to moan amongst the trees, our travellers thought it best to urge on their horses, as they were not very desirous to be overtaken by a storm in a situation so bleak and distant. The rain had begun to fall ere they reached a small alehouse, at the junction of two roads known by the name of the Cross Foxes. The house was sufficiently mean and uninviting; but glad to escape the "peltng of the pitiless storm"—and in those upland districts storms are, indeed, "pitiless"—they readily alighted; and while the colonel stumbled into the house, his attendant took charge of his horse, and saw it, as well as his own safely deposited in a shed at one end of the building.

The colonel's appearance caused no trifling consternation to a group of merry rustics, who were "keeping" with great spirit the festival which they had met to celebrate. The sudden apparition of a stranger—probably an Englishman, and certainly one of a rank far superior to their own—"startled" them from "their propriety;" and the loud laugh of jocund mirth, which the colonel heard as he pushed open the door, was changed into an indistinct and hushed muttering in a language not more musical than that of the Cherokee Indians. "Do not let me disturb your mirth, my honest fellows," said the colonel, as he witnessed the confusion which his unexpected appearance created, "I come but to shelter myself from the shower that is falling." The company, among which were a few rosy cheeked lasses, stared still more, when one of the girls said, "*Dym Saesong sir.*" "Here Evan," said the colonel to his servant, who had just then entered, "you can talk Welsh,—I will leave you to explain matters to these good people, and to quiet their fears of being devoured by an English stranger. Tell the landlord to give them as much ale as they can drink." Evan in a very short time was, with true

soldier-like freedom, sitting furiously with the girls, and drinking the colonel's health with a hearty gusto with the men.

The colonel seated himself on the old high backed settle by the fire, where, wrapped up in his cloak he remained apparently inattentive to what was passing around him. He was roused, however, from his reverie, by the following conversation, every word of which he understood although carried on in Welsh. As our readers, many of them at least, may not be so learned, we shall endeavour to translate it into English.

"And so it was more than fifteen years ago, was it," said Evan, "since this affair happened? And what became of the young devil, Cynric Owen?"

"He went off to Merica after he broke prison, and no one ever heard of him after; and as for the gang that was soon knocked up after this business."

"Is the family still at Garthmeilian?"

"Miss Lucy is, but the old gentleman is dead these four years and more. I was shearing there this season; and though Miss Lucy is a nice good lady I don't much like him as to marry her."

"To do what?" exclaimed the colonel, starting from his seat: "to marry her?"

"Yes, indeed truth," answered the man in very intelligible English, but startled somewhat at the suddenness of the colonel's interruption. "Peoples was say so; and isn't he living close by, and has been this long time. But he must make haste, if he means to have her, for the doctor says she will never get well."

"Is she ill then?" asked the colonel, in a voice so low and mournful as to make an impression even upon the rough hearts of his companions.

"Yes indeed and has been this long time," answered one of the girls; "and it is all about that false-hearted, wicked wretch wild Cynric as they called him. I wish he may be hanged, that I do,—the good-for-nothing cruel fellow!"

The colonel hid his face more completely in his cloak, and sinking down upon the settle, seemed greatly agitated by the intelligence which he had just heard. "Bring me some brandy!" he shouted to the landlord after a pause, "and be quick about it."

The landlord brought a tumbler half full, and was going to fill it with water, when his guest snatched the glass from his hand, and drank up the raw spirit at one gulp. Starting up, he exclaimed, "Now, Evan, bring out the horses!"

Evan looked imploringly at his master—for the rain was beating smartly against

the casement. "It rains hard; your honour; and——"

"Hold your tongue, sirrah! and do my bidding! Quick! Begone!" And Evan went, for he well knew that it was useless to reason with his master: and, however deeply he regretted leaving such comfortable quarters, and such merry companions, there was no alternative: and so the horses were quickly at the door.

"You have had a good skinfull of ale, Evan," said the colonel, as he mounted his horse, "and our horses are not at all blown. Now, drive your spurs into Captain's sides, and follow me: we have some rough ground to go over, and a good hour's riding—it will be hard work, I promise you."

Evan merely muttered his readiness to obey; and striking their spurs up to their rowels in the horses, away they rode thro' the rain, as though they were upon a matter of life and death.

Evan could not perceive what whim his master had now got into his head. Fitful, and strange, and impetuous he well knew him to be: but he generally had some cause for his oddities: but here there was none—none, that is, which he knew of. Sorely puzzled, therefore, was Evan to account for this sudden freak; nor was his curiosity diminished, when, on arriving at Dolgelley, instead of tarrying for the night, as Evan fully expected, at the Golden Lion he galloped across that quiet little town, and rode on towards the mountains which bounded the county on the south-west. "The devil is in my master now, to a certainty," thought Evan. "to go along through the pelting rain at this rate! and the night coming on too! Well, with all his whimsies, he is a good kind master: and I'll follow him to the world's end—even such a night as this—if he likes."

They rode on swiftly and in silence, till they came to an old mill by the brink of a brawling river, whose waters, flooded by the rain which had fallen, rushed in foam and fretfulness over its rocky and uneven bed. The colonel reined in his panting horse. "You will stop here, Evan," he said, hurriedly, "till I send for you. Morgan Davies will give you a lodging."

"Shan't I go with you, sir?" asked Evan.

"No—you shall see me again soon, or hear from me." And again did the colonel strike the spurs into the horse, till he swiftly sped up an acclivity in the road, and was out of sight in an instant.

The colonel followed the sinuosity of the road till he reached a white gate, which glistened in the gloom. This he pushed

open, and found himself in a narrow path, which was plentifully encumbered with stones and brambles, but which nevertheless led up the mountain-side towards a mansion of considerable magnitude. The colonel quickly reached the brow of the mountain, and the mansion lay before him an indistinct and gloomy mass in the increasing darkness. No signs of festivity or joy were there. A faint and sickly light issued from three or four of the lower windows; but all was as still and as silent as the grave. "This looks not like a bridal," thought the colonel, as he breathed more freely, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "This looks more like the house of mourning and desolation." He walked his horse into the court before the house; and his arrival was greeted by the loud barking of curs—appendages always to be found attached to Welsh mansions—great and small. A grey-headed servant came to the door with a lanthorn in his hand; and as the light fell upon the colonel's fine martial figure, he started with surprise at the sight of so important a visiter at that unusual hour.

The colonel as he alighted from the horse inquired if Miss Morgan was at home? The old man stared in a strange manner at the question, and the colonel repeated it. "Is Miss Morgan—is Lucy within?"

"My poor mistress," replied the man, falteringly, "has been dead these three days."

"Dead!" echoed the colonel, as he staggered against the door. "Great God of Heaven! this is terrible!"

Long did poor Cynric—for he it was—remain overwhelmed by the weight of this withering intelligence. Through all his toil and peril, in all the sickening vicissitudes of his absence, was he cheered and consoled, when he thought of Lucy's love and Lucy's fidelity.

"In all his wandering her fond love
Had been to him a dear delight;
A dawning star beamed from above,
A cheering ray of gladdening light."

And the shock which now fell upon him was almost too much for his bruised and broken spirit to bear. When, however, the violence of his grief had somewhat subsided, he disclosed himself to old Howel, who conducted him in silence to the apartment where Lucy's remains were lying. Here he left him; and Cynric was alone with the corpse.

What a meeting was this! To part with those we have loved, and to kiss her cold and clammy lips is, at best, but a melancholy task: and what must poor Cynric's feelings have been under all his

complication of misery and remorse! Soberly beautiful was Lucy even in death; the sorrows of her existence had not passed roughly over her—but, softly withering her joyousness, had at last conquered, and reduced her to the state to which we all must come. Cynric drew off the white sheet which was thrown over the coffin; and his tears fell fast when he saw on her marble bosom the old gold coin which he had given her at the Betrothing. It was her wish, Howel afterwards told him, to have it buried with her; and the last words she uttered were breathed in prayer for him. "Ah! sir," said the old man, "she deserved a better destiny; but God is good, and there is no striving against fate." Cynric echoed the sentiment, for he felt its truth, as exemplified in his own unhappy existence.

Cynric remained till Lucy was buried; and then left Wales for ever. He added largely to the provision which Lucy had made for the servant, out of the wealth which he had acquired in India; and then repaired to some distant clime to pass the remainder of his days a restless wanderer—"a sadder and a wiser man." He was never seen in Wales again; but the scene of his youthful follies—the old mansion, the woods, the river, and the "everlasting hills" remain unchanged, echoing now to the loud and grateful shouts of another generation, and presenting a *tout ensemble* of prospect, than which none can be more magnificent, more varied, or more surpassingly beautiful.

Sharpe & London Hag.

REGATTAS.

For the Olive

I would attempt some verses—but in deference to Christopher North, who says "there will be no more poetry for a century to come," I refrain: though I love to witness a Regatta on the water, whether the prize be resounded to the winner's ear at Vauxhall, or borne triumphantly to the waterman's stairs at Rotherhithe. Let the upper weather but smile on the waters and the ribands will float right gaily round the pretty faces of the softer sex, who hazard a drap or two if they can be comfortably seated in boats, and give countenance to the tight little fellow that tugs at the oars and strides with his favourite Diana beyond the stretch of his competitors, bringing up Amelia, followed by Susan and Nancy, in the presence of shore-lined spectators' and sincere congratulation. *Dogget's Hodge* is an earnest of fame, and a whole-

some stimulant to a waterman's taste, who never better likes "water parted from the sea," than when he can sit in his ingle nook and mix a little genuine spirit in it, or absorb the moisture of his infant's lips with his thirst of parental love, tooting "Handell's Waterpiece."

THE RINGER'S FUNERAL.

FOR THE OLIO.

They bore him home to his grassy bed,
To lie on the breast of his father.

THERE were but five bells in the tower, but they were well toned and well rung. The evening was serene. The reapers had laid their sickles aside earlier an hour than usual. The sheaves of wheat were grouped in the stubble, and the farmer calculating his crops with advantage. The boys and girls, the old men and women in the village had leant over their wickets, and waited the time for the funeral procession to pass their doors. The tolling of the tenor bell informed them of the nature of its errand.

A youth was about to be laid in the ground. He had been beloved by many for his amiable manners and kindly nature; for his person and duty to his widowed mother and his affianced one. It was a scene of no common aspect to see the widow following the coffin of her only son, and her intended daughter-in-law Felicia, hooded, and stepping in the drops of their tears, resigned, but almost heart-broken at their real bereavement. The friends, as numerous as they could conveniently, joined in the mournful duties, and consigned the highly esteemed youth to that "house appointed for the living." But this occasion would have passed in the solemnity of the evening more quietly through the street of the village, and the villagers would have congregated and separated for a season in the converse of his unexpected demise, and the forlorn state of his mother and intended bride, had he not been a favourite ringer in the peal, and won "golden opinions" in the trial between the "lads of the village" and the jocund youths of another not distant hamlet. The rope which yielded heretofore to his skill, and assisted in producing the harmony by the "ringing up"—"the changes"—and the "ringing down," so sweetly chimed in Sabbath evenings, and festivals of all kinds, proclaimed in muffled tones by another less potent hand the news of the departed. The peal seemed by its echoes to hold dalliance with the reverberation, and gave the minds of those who heard them poetic

and pathetic feeling. The imagination was roused from the depth of meditation, and the ear by reception conveyed truth and reflection to the heart. The persons who heard the melodies uttered by the alternations of the bells; then sonorous, then mellow; the birds of wooded solitudes, and the cattle in shadowed pastures, stood and listened to the monodies of art cast out upon the waters and lands of nature. The shepherd sighed as he folded his flock, the thatcher knelt on the ladder, and the miller crossed the paddock, out of the noise of the hopper, in a sympathetic spell of reverence. The sun had dropped magnificently below the fringe leaves of the trees which shielded the Abbey beside the Mound; the daylight receded from the growth of the shadowing horizon; stars twinkled one and two at a time, till the darker atmosphere spread thousands to the eye in the upper element; the evening star shone beside the moon; the traveller from market drew up to the inn, and while refreshing his gladdened horse and himself inquired of the aproned host the cause of this unaccustomed requiem.

How truly the warfare of the "common enemy" communicates the result of nature! Many are the ways of arresting human desire—of speaking kindly to the feelings, to prepare—but none are more gentle in their voice, or more faithful in their admonition, than the tuneful whisperings which breathe from a village tower amid happy peasantries and sylvan associations.

MARIA.

DERIVATIONS OF VARIOUS MANUFACTURE.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR—Your having inserted the article I sent you on "Female Employments" in your last volume, encourages me to forward a few "Derivations" for your approval.—I am, &c.

Z. P. Z.

Shalloon, which is a slight woollen stuff, received its name from Chalons-sur-Marne in the department of Marne, in France, where it continues to be manufactured.

Camelot. This is a cloth made chiefly of hair; a sort of woollen stuff or *camelot*. Dryden says:—

Meantime the pastor shears their hoary beards,
And eases of their hair the laden herds:
Their *camelots* warm in tents the soldier hold,
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.

And another poet adds:—

Put on your *camelots*, for the north wind wails
Amid the shrouded masts and flick'ring sails,

Warmth to your bodies, vigour to your limbs,
The ship no longer in the harbour swims.

The true or oriental camblet is fabricated from the pure hair of a sort of goat, described by travellers as an extraordinary species, the most beautiful in the world, their hair being of a silvery whiteness as fine as silk, and naturally curled locky eight or nine inches in length. M. Tournefort asserts that these goats are peculiar to Angora, in Turkey, in Asia and the adjacent districts; a declaration sanctioned by the concurrence of Mr. Coxe.

No camblets, we believe, are made in Europe of the goat's hair alone, it being found necessary to add a mixture of woolen thread. England, France, Holland, and Flanders are the chief places of this manufacture. But Brussels exceeds them all in their beauty and quantity of its camblets; and those of England are reputed the second. Some give the name of *mohair* to the camblets or stuffs made of the hair now under consideration.

Crape, in which the Clergy were anciently habited, is satirized by the author of the "Dunciad" when improperly worn:—

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in *crape* is twice a saint in *lawn*.

Lawn is the substance of the bishop's sleeve, and Tickell recals a solemn duty to mind, when he says:—

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The duties of the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed.

Groggram is noticed by Swift:—

Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam in her *groggram* gown.

Muslin, which the French call *mousse*, is mentioned by Gay:—

In half-whipp'd *muslin* needles useless lie,
And shuttlecocks across the counter fly.

THE CHASSEUR ANTS AND THEIR PREY.

ONE morning my attention was arrested at Laurel-hill, (Trinidad), by a number of blackbirds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree very near the kitchen. I asked D., who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those blackbirds. She said, "Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God: de are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noon time, how de ants will come and clear de houses." At this mo-

ment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D.'s, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their legs did not communicate with the floor. They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them, and next, they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for, had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also. The open rafters of a West India house at all times afforded shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cock-roach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cock-roaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cock-roaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cock-roaches were stung to death on the rafters or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their storehouse. The windward windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and jack-spaniards on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cock-roach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I intreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm.

From this room I went to the adjoining bed chamber and dressing room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest full of linens, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside: I suppose they must have got in at some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cock-roaches, not one of which escaped. We now left the house, and went to the chambers built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the other house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them, as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period. We next tried the kitchen—for the store-room and boy's pantry were already occupied, but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cock-roaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said,—“Ah, Misses, you have got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it be to get such a clearing!” I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp: and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the blackbirds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois-deux trees in the neighbourhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sun down the negro houses were cleared out in the same way, and they told me that they had seen the blackbirds hovering about the

almond trees close to the negro houses as early as seven in the morning. I never saw these blackbirds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times.

(*Mrs. Carmichael's Domestic Manners and Society in the West Indies.*)

A CHAPTER ON MENTAL CONVERSATION.

(*FOR THE OLIO.*)

Search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of the soul.
LILIAN.

SOME minds are more constituted for converse with books than men; with dead objects than living ones, and feel more pleasure in solitary ruminations than ricketty society in the world. Happy indeed it is for such to find resources in the stores which they have gathered by the means of their predecessors; and, to be able to hold communion with the wisest and best of past ages. However readers may differ in certain points with those whose works they read, they are always at full liberty to dissent, or cease to pursue it which is not congenial with opinion, or consonant to taste. The ideas of one man communicated to paper feed the consideration of another, in pursuit of knowledge, or in search of information. They set the mind thinking, by giving it views of questions and apparatus to proceed with in the laboratory of existence till a work of good, or evil, will be produced. The advice given, however, in the Ecclesiastes, is, “neither make thyself overwise,”—for, as it is likely to engender deceitful vanity in one way or other, “why shouldest thou die before thy time?” But study, when pursued rationally and divested of the monicism of the bookworm, is profitable to the heart, for its cheerfulness; and to the mind, in its individual conversation. The man that is alone is not always the most lonely. Fancy and imagination work wonders and insure rapture which is unspeakable, inasmuch as it is inexhaustible. A bird may be happy in a cage by the tones of its voice; a guiltless mind is so in the sphere of its reflections. The historian finds his theme in history. The scholar in the classics. The idealist in romance. The philosopher in nature. The poet in the skill of genius. The philanthropist in extraordinary benevolence. Thus the portions imparted, first by reading—by observation—by discrimination of character, will next give life to colloquies and

raise emotions in the mind which revolve satisfactorily, therefore advantageously, to the possessor. Why is solitary smoking said to be sedative, but that it encourages the mind to seek its retired pleasures without the assistance of the tongue, or the desire of the eye? The passionate rhapsodist is one that soars higher, and his conversations are with the elements, which lift him out of library society. He is ethereal; he knows no bounds to his career, feels no control to his pinions, but goes forth beyond the length of reason, and finds no reward in his flight. But the mind that seeks guidance from the best examples his nest of books contains, will never lack company and friendship, wherever and whenever he is cast out of the pale of locquacity, or withdraws from publicity. Every one is not gifted with a silvery tongue, nor can keep enough self-possession to shine in the approvable dialogues of life; the mind is a refuge from the slight, or bane—the ridicule, or envy, and always ready and willing to fully compensate for any imperfection, by offering the salutary admonition of truth, and the consoling dictates of reason. A mind which is devoted to the cause of self-examination, and that turns all the opportunities to a good use, when gifted by speech, possesses a double advantage, and applies the conversations of thought, and the deductions of truth to an almost enviable purpose. By these, a mutual interest is secured, and release obtained from the admonition, that, 'of making many books there is no end; and much study is weariness of the flesh.' We are, however, privileged to hold weekly intercourse. The sinews of our sympathies reach over the kingdom; and, though to the making many books there be no end to the infinite satisfaction of booksellers, readers, and trunkmakers, and there be weariness of the flesh in much study; yet, we hope never to be wearied in well doing so long, as the spirit is willing, nor obtrusive in our 'Mental Conversation,' while our faculties indicate amusive dispositions.

MENTOR.

New Books.

The Wreath of Wild Flowers. By T. Fricker and J. Davis. Moore, Store-st.

Some weeks ago, we made a few trifling selections from this amusing little volume. It is the joint production of two young authors, and as such must be treated with

a fostering hand. We do not say this as a preface to blaming the "Wreath"—of which many of the "Wild Flowers"—are worthy of transplanting into a richer soil: some few pieces of prose are *scotches*, rarely to be met with; for instance, the tale of "The Queen of the Clyde," "Superstition," which appeared in our last vol. and "Rhubarb's Gift," a disrespectful of German *distichs*. It is in the poetical department "the Wreath" is found chiefly wanting—our authors should remember that rhyming is not always poetry. However, among them there are a few gems—we select two pieces, as the best, in our estimation.

LINES.

BY THOMAS FRICKER.

Birth, birth, say what is birth?

'Tis the waking up of a mass of death.

Enduing with passions a senseless clod,

To rise and rebel against its God:

A vile return for a gift of worth!

Life, life, say, what is life?

A mingled scene of care and strife;

A transient dream, a fleeting day,

Each moment of which has its part to play,

Each hour with varied passions rife!

Content, content,—what is content?

A feeling to man too seldom lent;

A shadow vainly sought by the great,

Blessing alone a humble state—

Giv'n but to minds on Heav'n bent!

Love, love,—what is Love?

The greatest gift from Him above;

'Tis a fairy-dream on a Summer's day,

Or a sun-beam lighting the ocean spray;

Such, at least, is the Poet's Love!

Death, death, ah! what is death?

Who shall inform thee, child of breath?

'Tis not to erring mortal giv'n

To tell the joys of promis'd Heav'n—

To speak of pangs to come in death!

MUSIC.

BY JOHN DAVIES.

Oh! Not what soft, delicious melody
Steals o'er my ravish'd ear; what heavenly chords
Awake the powers of each slumbering sense;
How gladly doth mine ear its portals open,
To witching sounds of simple minstrelsy!

Oh! who hath heard the music of the spheres,
The bubbling gurgle of the dancing rill—
The song of nightingales,—the sigh of gills—
And hath not lost his soul in ecstacy?
Or who hath laid him on the grassy mound,
And heard the merry sighings of the breeze
Wind thro' the leafy woodland and the grove,
And hath not lift his soul to Nature's God,
In adoration?

Chorus of the soul!
Sweet Sappho, tune the love-impelling lyre:
Oh! strike with joy the wild celestial chords,
And call my youthful soul to rest supine:
Aton, in pealing bursts, and swelling notes,
And then to die in strains of plaintiveness—
Wait o'er my raptur'd sense!

Seto Music.

The Rhine! By T. Fricker. Music by C. J. Westrop. Z. T. Purday, Holborn.

Many persons have declared that this song is a servile imitation of "The Sea." It is certainly in the style of that celebrated song—it is in 6-8 time, and there we believe the imitation ends: as for its being equal in merit to "The Sea," it would be madness to assert. Neukomm has been, and will be unrivalled in his composition, which all must confess to be the Alpha and Omega of a style of music till then unknown in England. Nevertheless is "The Rhine" a fine, spirited song, displaying excellent taste and science. We have, however, heard others of Mr. Westrop's composition that display greater genius—for instance, "The Rover's Song" (MS. we believe), which was sung by Mr. Fraser at many of the London Concerts with merited approbation. We hope soon to see it before the public. The poetry of "The Rhine" is good, and ample justice has been done to it by the composer.

Varieties.

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOURED PEOPLE.

—"Chancing one day, at the ordinary at Bunker's, to sit next an English merchant from St. Domingo, in the course of conversation he mentioned the following circumstances. The son of a Haytian general, high in the favour of Boyer, recently accompanied him to New York, which he came to visit for pleasure and instruction. This young man, though a mulatto, was pleasing in manner, and with more intelligence than is usually to be met with in a country in which education is so defective. At home he had been accustomed to receive all the deference due to his rank, and when he arrived in New York, it was with high anticipations of the pleasure that awaited him in a city so opulent and enlightened. On landing, he inquired for the best hotel, and directed his baggage to be conveyed there. He was refused admittance, and tried several others with a similar result. At length he was forced to take up his abode in a miserable lodging house kept by a negro woman. The pride of the young Haytian (who, sooth to say, was something of a dandy, and made an imposing display of gold chains and brooches) was sadly galled by this; and the experience of every hour tended further to confirm the conviction, that, in this country, he was regarded as a debased being, with whom the meanest white man would hold it disgraceful to associate.

In the evening he went to the theatre, and tendered his money to the box-keeper. It was tossed back to him, with a disdainful intimation, that the place for persons of his colour was the upper gallery. On the following morning, my countryman, who had frequently been a guest at the table of his father, paid him a visit. He found the young Haytian in despair. All his dreams of pleasure were gone, and he returned to his native island by the first conveyance. to visit the United States no more."—*Men and Manners in America.*

CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife, to select her from a *bunch*, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

ALLEN, the first Lord Bathurst, died at the age of 91. Till within a month of his death, he constantly rode about two hours every morning, and drank his bottle of wine after dinner; hence the cheerful anecdote, not yet without its zest by repetition:—Inviting a large party to dinner to meet his son, who had become Lord Chancellor, the whole company sat late, except the law lord, who took his leave at the decorous hour of twelve. "Come," says the aged earl, "now the old gentleman is gone, we can manage to take another bottle."

GULPH CURRENTS.—These are supposed to throw the remains of fruits of the tropical regions on the most northern coast of America; and it is asserted that the same fruits are also found on the coast of Norway. Q. Q.

WELSH FLANNEL—A RATIONAL REASON FOR MARRYING.—"How could you do so imprudent a thing," said a curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision?" "Why, Sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason: we had a blanket a piece; and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

REPLY OF DIOGENES THE CYNIC.—Diogenes the Cynic being interrogated what benefit he reaped from his barbarous philosophical researches, and his pursuit of wisdom—"If I reap no other benefit," says he, "this alone is sufficient compensation, that I am prepared to meet with equanimity every sort of fortune."



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